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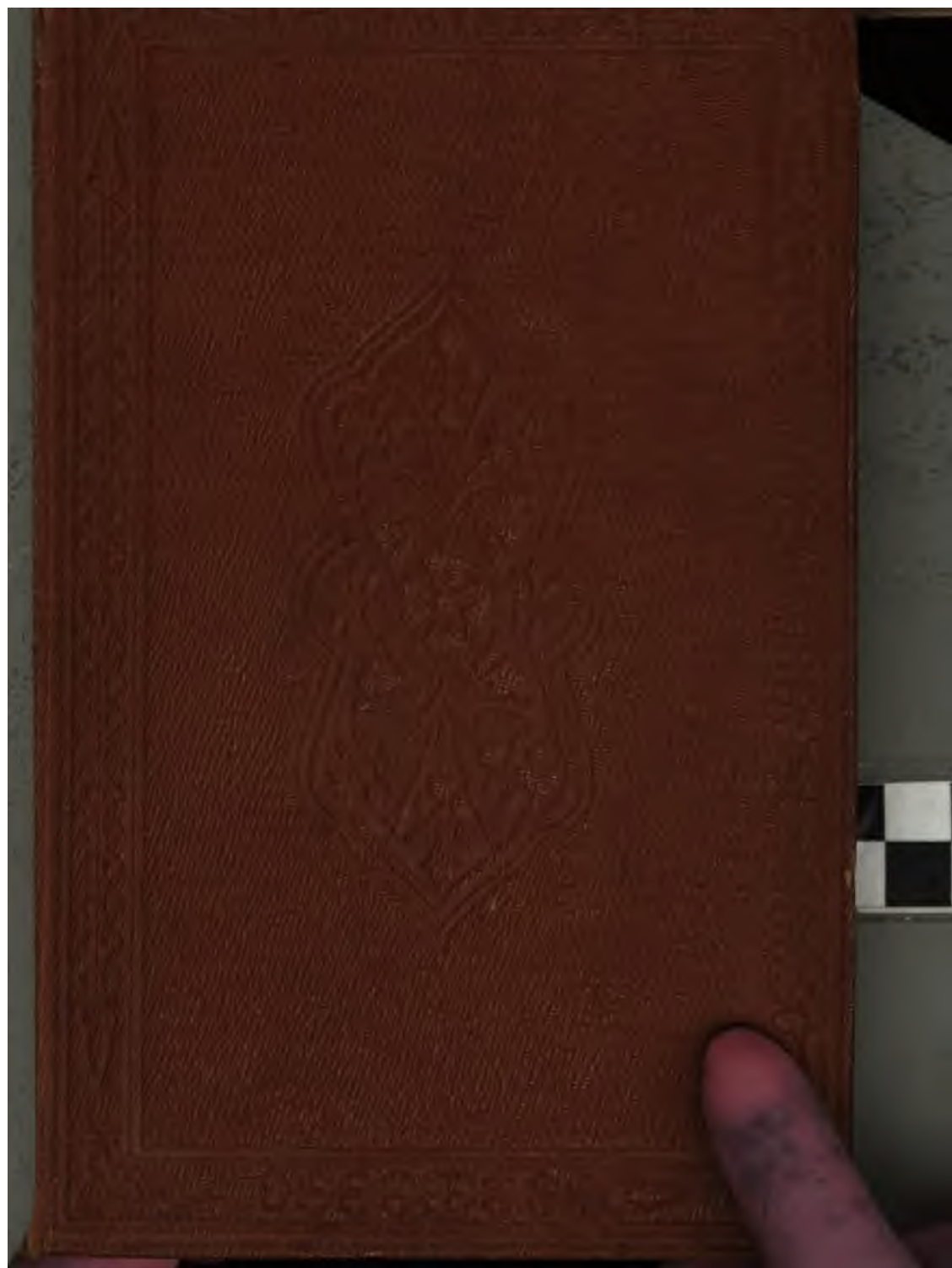
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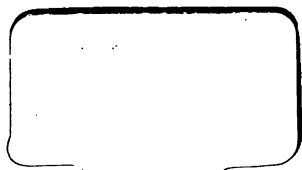
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My very dear Mother
 Your ever affectionate
 devoted & dutiful son
 W. Wm.

PERSONAL MEMOIRS
AND
LETTERS
OF
FRANCIS PETER WERRY,
ATTACHÉ TO THE BRITISH EMBASSIES AT ST. PETERSBURGH
AND VIENNA IN 1812—1815.

EDITED BY HIS DAUGHTER.

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TO MY MOTHER,
THESE MEMOIRS
Are Inscribed,

TO WHOM THEY WILL HAVE THE GREATEST INTEREST,
AND IN WHOSE EYES THEY WILL POSSESS THE
MOST MERIT,

BY HER AFFECTIONATE DAUGHTER,

ELIZA F. WERRY.

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INTRODUCTION.

FRANCIS PETER WERRY was born in London on the 14th of March, 1788. He was the third son of Francis and Elizabeth Werry. It is usual at the commencement of Memoirs to give a history of the family, a custom I have always thought a remarkably tedious one, and shall, therefore, despatch what has to be said about the Werrys in as few words as possible. They came up from Cornwall, and settled in Southwark a few years before the death of Charles II., and were merchants and shipowners, commanding privateers under letters of marque. One was Deputy Master, and they were all successively Elder Brethren of the Trinity House. John Werry was one of the projectors, and superintended the erection of the first Eddystone Lighthouse. Francis Werry was born on the 3rd of January, 1745; he has left some account of his childhood:—"I was," he says, "sickly and timid, and inclined to feel too sensibly for animals, viz. for Chance, a poor, stray black dog, that was years in our house: he was badly diseased, but I would not consent to let him be destroyed. He cost me many unhappy moments, but at last the servant threw him into the river. As I grew older I became a favourite with my Godfather, Wheatley, a jolly fellow, who kept much company at his country house, called Mount Pleasant, in the Wandsworth Road. He bought a little horse

for me to ride with him, but I had not courage to keep up. I recollect once at a large party to dinner in a new room, he made me smoke and drink till I was quite intoxicated, and then sent me home on his footman's back to my mother. This occasioned a quarrel, and I was never again permitted to go to his house. I was then only seven or eight years old. Our house was near the river; when I could get out my great delight was to get into the watermen's boats and pull a scull, which they always indulged me in, till at last I could manage a boat alone. Great complaints were made against me for towing ashore dead bodies, which I found floating about in the river, because it caused the parish expense in burying them. The overseers complained to my grandfather, who encouraged me in it; he was a positive old man, and they gained nothing from him.

"The celebrated Captain Richard Caperthorn was very intimate with my grandfather; he was a singular character, and had strange whims. His wife was a Portuguese lady; she had been entrusted to his care, to be conveyed to a convent in Madeira, of which her aunt was the abbess; but Caperthorn brought her to England instead, and married her. My mother told us, that when he buried her, he had gold lace put on his black cloth waistcoat. In 1758 I first went to sea, in the ship *Crown*, the property of my father. We went under convoy of the *Portland* 64, a winter's passage to Genoa and Leghorn. We put back to Plymouth, where our ship got into Catwater, a dreadful place. I remember several transports lying there, from Cape Breton, which had just been taken by General Amherst, and the poor inhabitants were on board these vessels, in a shockingly diseased and dirty state, and died by scores. I was dreadfully sea-sick all the voyage, and most miserable. My father wished me to give up the sea, but I could not resolve to brave the jeering of my old schoolmates."

It is to be regretted that these reminiscences were not continued, as after years brought him into company with Dr. Johnson, General Paoli, and Mrs. Thrale's circle of

friends, at whose house at Streatham he was an occasional visitor. After several voyages to China and India, he commanded the Tweed frigate, of 36 guns, a privateer, in the war with the American colonies. In the year 1778, he made what was then considered a wonderfully rapid journey, from Constantinople to London, crossing the Balkan mountains, and delivering his despatches at the Foreign Office on the *twenty-ninth* after leaving Pera! In the same year, he took the command of the King George, of 28 guns, 160 men, a privateer fitted out by the City of London, and captured two Spanish vessels, but surrendered on the 1st August, to the French frigate Le Concord, 32, commanded by Le Chevalier Carditache, after a close and severe engagement of two hours, with the loss of 12 men, and 23 wounded. Captain Werry was taken to Corunna, and detained three years as prisoner of war. On his release he was elected by the Levant Company British Consul at Smyrna, and sailed for his destination on the 3rd May, 1793. He filled this office for more than thirty years, with credit to himself, and honour to his country. While speaking of Mr. Consul Werry, I am tempted to insert a few letters from remarkable persons, that may be of interest, and have never been made public.

FROM ADMIRAL LORD NELSON TO MR. CONSUL WERRY.

Palermo, April 1, 1799.

DEAR SIR,

I have to request you will have the goodness to forward my letter to Constantinople, and I shall always be obliged if you have any news from Egypt, of the situation of the French and Turkish armies in that country, that you will let me know it, by the many ships which sail from Smyrna to Messina. The French took possession of Leghorn on the 24th, and I have no doubt we are to revolutionize Tuscany. This is the natural fruit of the conditions of Messrs Thutot and Manfredire: by their delay, and the war which the French have so long waged against their master, they have lost for the present both Naples and Tuscany. However, I now hope it may have the good

effect that all the sovereigns in Europe will see the absolute necessity of a sincere coalition against these modern Goths. Naples has many loyal good people remaining in it, and is now closely blockaded by a part of my squadron.

We are anxiously awaiting the arrival of the Russian army, praying God they may soon come to us. A few thousand good troops to go forward with the loyal Calabrese would get to Naples in a week. I am,

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient servant,
NELSON.

FROM SIR SIDNEY SMITH TO MR CONSUL WERRY.

Tigre, Rhodes, Oct. 11, 1800.

MY DEAR SIR,

I despatch an express to apprise you of my arrival here in the Tigre, and of my intention to go into the secure harbour of Marmorice, to overhaul and refit the rigging, and, if possible, to stop the leaks, arising from the opening of the seams about the waterline.

We shall stay here till the last day of the month, when I hope we shall again be in a state to resist the worst of weather in a winter's cruise. After the Turkish fair-weather birds shall have taken shelter, and thereby contribute our endeavours to render the fall of Malta (which is officially notified to me) conducive to the recovery of Egypt, which I need not tell you I have much at heart, so much so that I will not allow anything to disgust or discourage me, though it must be allowed such a resolution requires no small share of Christian patience in the execution.

Your's sincerely,

W. SIDNEY SMITH.

GENERAL SIR RALPH ABERCROMBY TO MR. CONSUL
WERRY.

Marmorice, H.M.S. Kent, Feb. 4, 1801.

SIR,

I have the honour to acknowledge your several favours, together with the Gazettes, you were so good as

to send. I have the pleasure of assuring you, that your attention, your knowledge of this country, and the services you have rendered us, have been most favourably reported to me from all those with whom I have conversed or corresponded. The delays in a Turkish government can only be believed by those who experience them. The arrival of the convoy under the *Victorieuse* has given us much satisfaction, and promises a speedy end to our sojourning here. I hope the *Greyhound* will soon follow. I request the continuance of your good offices, and beg you will believe me to be, Sir,

Your obedient and grateful servant,
RALPH ABERCROMBY.

LORD WILLAM BENTINCK TO MR. CONSUL WERRY.

Constantinople, Nov. 5th, 1801.

MY DEAR SIR,

Owing to a thousand misfortunes, we only arrived here yesterday. I have every reason to speak in the highest terms of the Janissary whom you were so good as to send with me. He has really done more than his duty by me.

Lord Elgin has received letters this evening from Mr. Faget, giving him information that the Preliminaries of Peace between France and England were signed on the 1st of October. It appears that Lord Cornwallis was the executor of that transaction. We have none of the particulars.

Permit me again to express the obligations under which I feel myself for the very great kindness, hospitality, and assistance which I received from you at Smyrna, a debt which I shall be happy, if circumstances should ever place me in a situation, to repay.

Believe me, with great respect,
Your obedient servant,

W. BENTINCK.

The following highly characteristic letters from that eccentric genius, Lady H. Stanhope, cannot fail to be interesting.

LADY HESTER STANHOPE TO MR. CONSUL WERRY.

The Convent of Mar Elias, May 19th, 1819.

SIR,

It is now nearly two years since I wrote you a partly political letter, in answer to one I had received from you, in which you made mention of my dearest uncle, Mr. Pitt. The affectionate and honourable manner in which you spoke of him, induced me to imagine that a seal, with his likeness upon it, would be acceptable to you, and in the letter I allude to, I told you I should send for one for you. Georgio brought it with him last November, but until this moment I have had no safe opportunity of conveying it to you. I now give it into Georgio's hands, either to present to you, or to send it to you from Scio, as he is about to return to the island of Scyra, and has totally quitted my service. I have no fault to find with either his *honesty* or *activity* in *service*, but I dislike his obstinate, self-conceited, discontented disposition : he came to me the most ignorant and dirty little boy, and it is with vast pains that I have made him what he now is. He has always cost me, upon an average, 1200 piastres a-year, and it is of little consequence whether he has it in dress or wages. It would have been easier for me to have given it him in wages than in dress, but knowing his untidy turn, I knew he would always be a figure, and I like clean, well-dressed people about me. The more that is expected from me, the more required of me, the less I am determined to give ; I like, as far as lies in my power, to recompense silent, *unpresuming* merit, but not to throw away money upon those who are always sounding their own praises, and who are of dispositions never to be contented. I have thus entered into my reasons for parting with Georgio, who has several times wished to stay since he first gave warning, and who perhaps, if he finds his absurd plans for being a gentleman fail, may offer himself to you. It is at your option to take him or not ; if you can make him useful, I shall not take it ill ; but if you dislike *palaver* as much as I do, he is not likely to suit you. I am likewise shortly going to part with another of my people, a young

Frenchman. Levantined, who is as dull as a post, and who, after having put above ten purses into his pocket within the last year in my service, thinks also that he can better himself. The fact is, the honours which have been paid me, and the kindness the inhabitants of Syria have bestowed upon me, in common with my attendants, have turned all their heads, and they all want to be *independent gentlemen*, which from principle I never encourage. I like people to keep to the situation in life in which they were born; to go out of it, unless endowed with extraordinary talents and strength of understanding, never succeeds. The man who can *live* in these bad times should think himself well off, when so many thousands are starving.

All that is taking place in England does not in the least surprise me. I have long calculated what must sooner or later come to pass, from my intimate knowledge of those leading characters who have invented and put in practice a system which, if continued, must eventually ruin their country, and everlastingly blast the honour of the English name, once so justly respected throughout the Universe.

I must now just mention that in a short letter of your's which I received, I think about a year ago, you mentioned having written one, (a *long* one,) entrusted to Mr. Morier's care. That letter I never received, if it was an answer to mine about the seal, which never yet has been acknowledged by you. If you think this one requires any answer, send it to Mr. Pisani, who is a little more exact than Mr. Morier appears to be.

Before I conclude, I must beg leave to express to you my thanks for the civility you showed Dr. Newbury and Georgio when at Smyrna, particularly as the latter omitted, (I know not for why,) to deliver to you a letter of the strongest recommendation, written by the command of H.R.H. the Duke of York, whose affection towards Mr. Pitt, and the friendship with which he honours me, induced him ever to bestow a degree of protection upon all those in my employ. My attachment to this excellent Prince, who keeps up the honour of his family, as well as the character of a true-born Englishman, may, I believe,

rival that which the French people felt for their Henry IV., whose sacred name is now so often polluted in the mouths of a set of filthy emigrants, who have no more real French blood in them, than the present rulers of England have English blood.

Dr. Newbury talked the other day of writing to you : I am not, however, sure that he has put his intention into execution. He is a very good sort of sensible young man, the simplicity and frankness of his character accords with my ideas, and he gives me very little trouble, but studies away in his little house, vastly well contented. He does all the good he can to the surrounding poor, and is much respected by everybody. I thought Mr. B—— the stingiest fellow I ever knew. He is well informed, but if I wished for information, I would rather read a dry book, than converse with a man who never ceases talking, just like an old woman, and who has no heart, no spirit, no generosity, and is devoid of veracity.

Believe me, Sir,

Your's truly,

HESTER LUCY STANHOPE.

LADY H. STANHOPE TO CONSUL WERRY.

Mount Lebanon, May 27th, 1824.

DEAR SIR,

I was prevented answering your obliging letter, which accompanied the dried figs, by the ship which brought it having sailed suddenly without my knowledge ; for as I reside in the mountain, I have not accurate intelligence of the arrival and departure of ships.

I have deferred answering your letter of January 12th, in the hope of sending you a little volume of opinions, by a neighbour of mine who talked of going to Smyrna ; but, as I see his departure is dependent upon many circumstances, I shall abstain from writing a long letter, which may never reach you, and confine myself to thanking you for the kind attention which you always show me.

Mr. Coutts Trotter is not Mr. Coutts, who was a man

who always acted like a gentleman to persons whose character he was acquainted with, and was an extraordinary, sensible, agreeable man, and had constantly lived in the society of the first men of the age. He was a great friend of my grandfather, Lord Chatham.

I have always made a prayer that in another world I may neither meet with consuls (like these *here*) or bankers, for most that I have been acquainted with have been very disgusting to me ; but I have ever made the same exception to you, as my grandfather made towards Mr. Coutts.

I hear that you have some idea of retiring from your situation, and I trust the country you have served so faithfully for so many years will know how to appreciate and reward your merit, which can be best calculated by those who, like myself, have been able to draw a comparison between the character you bear and that of the disgusting consuls upon the coast here, who have lowered the character of the English nation with every class of persons they have had to deal with. I have always put off answering the numerous letters I have received from your neighbour, Mr. Leigh, because it is disagreeable to refuse a stranger what he asks when he pleads for the cause of humanity. But I should be obliged to you to let him know, in a delicate way, that I am by no means deaf to his entreaty, but I have not the means of doing the good I wish. Since the commencement of the revolutions in this country, my feelings have been racked by the voice of misery ; and I have often not known which way to turn to afford temporary assistance to the distressed—therefore Mr. Leigh must not beg of me any more. Half the male population of the mountain, and of the Mittuali country, are now collecting, to be added to the troops which are ordered to be sent to Greece. Many families will be left destitute, as there will be no hands to cultivate the little property by which the women and children are supported ; and if this levy of new troops should in reality equal its numbers upon paper, what is to become of the harvest in the neighbourhood of Saffat, Taboria, and the plains in the Mittuali country I know

not, for the population there has always been insufficient to get in the harvest. A great number of the inhabitants of Mount Lebanon go annually to assist the Mittualies, and are paid for their labour in corn for their families.

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours sincerely,

HESTER LUCY STANHOPE.

When Mr. Consul Werry and his wife left England, in 1793, they left their three sons John, Nathaniel, and Francis, behind them at school. The last is the subject of the following memoirs, and his autobiography commences from this point.

MEMOIRS

AND

CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM 1793 TO 1810.

ON my father being appointed British Consul at Smyrna, in 1793, he left my two elder brothers John and Nathaniel, and myself, in England, under the care of guardians, who placed us at school at a Mr. Thompson's, who lived in a very ancient Saxon manor-house, near Cheshunt, on the north road out of London. Here my brother John soon fell ill of a consumption, and it pleased the all-wise and most merciful God to remove him from this world of sorrow, to I hope and trust, a better world, even the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. It was a dreadful blow to me, for I loved my brother John with the entire affection that was afterwards divided between my parents and my other brothers and sister. For a long time I could not recover from my grief, and to the present moment my feelings overpower me when it is recalled to my thoughts; the recollection of it has accompanied me through life; it has, in a great degree, steeled me against the world, and thrown a salutary melancholy over my mind, even amidst the splendour of courts, as if the spirit of my brother hovered near me, to warn me against the deceptions of this vain world. It taught me to discern the hand of God in all the events which I afterwards witnessed, and to consider life as only of value for the service of God and of His blessed Son.

On the death of my dear eldest brother, Nathaniel and

myself were removed to another school, kept by a Mr. Embling, at Laytonstone, in Epping Forest, in a mansion that had been a hunting-seat of King Charles II. In 1799 Nathaniel was sent to his parents at Smyrna; and Mr. Embling dying, my guardian, Mr. Edward Jackson, one of the Commissioners of Excise, and with whom I sometimes spent my holidays at Windsor, placed me at a school at Walworth, kept by a French gentleman, Monsieur Revoult, for the purpose of enabling me to acquire some proficiency in French and Italian. Here, and at Laytonstone, we were taught surveying, and the use of arms, the infantry exercise, and the broad sword; we had also a riding-master, and were taught to ride, at Mr. Plant's, at Finsbury Square.

Mons. Revoult was a most zealous instructor, and extremely careful of the morals and the religious training of his pupils.

In the beginning of 1803 my father determined that I should join him at Smyrna. The *Enterprise*, a three-masted ship, commanded by Captain Francis, was fixed on for me to embark in. She had been a galley in the slave trade, but had recently been fitted out for the Levant trade. This vessel lay at anchor at Blackwall, near the dockyard of a Mr. Almon Hill, a shipbuilder, whose son was a schoolfellow of mine. On the 3rd of May I embarked on board this vessel, and the next day we came to anchor off Deal, in the Downs, where it came on to blow such a heavy gale of wind, that several vessels were driven from their anchorage, and wrecked on the Goodwin Sands. We had moored the *Enterprise*, but were still afraid of her driving before the gale. At sunset a Deal boat came off to our assistance, and carried out another anchor ahead. On the 6th the weather moderated; we went on shore at Deal for provisions, and had an opportunity of admiring the celebrated Deal boats, and their brave and hardy crews. The surf carried our boat high and dry on the shingly beach. This is a manœuvre these boats execute, with wonderful lightness, and their crews show great skill in presenting the sides of their boats

to the rising wave. These poor men are always in peril of their lives, carrying out anchors, ketches, cables, and provisions to vessels at anchor in the Downs, and but too often fall victims to the fury of the wind and waves. Their bravery, devotion, and humanity must call forth the warmest gratitude, as well as pride and exultation, in everyone who has ever witnessed the bold and steady efforts of these crews in their perilous vocation. Before daylight, on the 7th, we got under way, and steered our course down channel, but keeping at such a distance from the coast, that, as the weather was not very clear, we could not recognize the different places.

Sunday, 8th of May.—Sailing, with a fair wind, down channel, in sight of the coast of Devon and Cornwall, His Majesty's ship *Gannet* made us heave to, boarded us, and pressed our second mate, whom we were glad to be rid of, as his conduct had been very disorderly. At noon we took our departure from the Lizard, and by sunset I bade farewell to this last promontory of the British isles, with very extraordinary feelings of dreariness and sadness, doubting if whether I shall ever see my native country again, or the friends and companions of my youth. This is a memorable day to me, as it was on this day, in 1793, that my father and mother left England.

9th, Monday.—The wind still continues favourable, and the weather fine, which is a great help to my recovery from sea-sickness, though I am not, as yet, well enough to study. We are now, I understand, getting into the Bay of Biscay, where there is generally a heavy sea—and I now perceive it. However, there is a nice breeze, and we expect to get through it soon.

On Tuesday, the tenth, the wind had entirely changed, and is now extremely hazy. I observed this morning from the poop two spermaceti whales, following the course of our ship. They kept us company for some time, at no great distance: though, when compared with the large whales of the northern seas, these are considered of a diminutive species, they appeared to me of prodigious size; they sported in the waves, spouting the water up to

a great height. Their pastime brought to my mind the beautiful description of the works of the Creator by the prophet Job : "He maketh a path to shine after him, one would think the deep to be hoary."

11th, Monday.—Daylight opened on us with a very heavy gale of wind, which increased tremendously by noon, accompanied with a very heavy swell and cross sea. The waves came over us a great deal, so that we had to keep our pumps going. The ship, however, kept her course, under close-reefed topsails; and the main sail being hauled, everything was soon, as the sailors say, adrift in the cabin—a strange medley of muskets, tea-things, swords, plates, boxes, meat, &c. tossed, and rattling from one side of the ship to the other. A heavy iron money-chest, for some merchant at Smyrna, also broke loose, and threatened the lives of all whom it came near; it was ultimately stopped and secured by hammocks and bedding being thrown down upon it. I kept on deck all day, not only on account of the air, but to contemplate the sea, the huge fabric, if I may so call it, of water, which, rolling in high hills on every side of us, appeared ready at any instant to overwhelm us. The trough of the sea, as the sailors term it, was very deep, and the waves so high and steep, that I was lost in amazement at the manner in which the ship righted over them; indeed, it appeared at times quite impossible that our vessel could ever get out of those deep furrows, and I have never since seen the sides of the waves present such a decidedly steep, wall-like appearance as they did in this gale. From the unconcern that prevailed on deck it was evident no danger was apprehended; yet, from the quantity of water we shipped, and the height of the sea, it appeared little less than miraculous, that a vessel of so narrow a construction as our's should have ridden over the waves as she did. This singular, wall-like appearance recalled to my mind the words used in the description of the Israelites' passage through the Red Sea : "The waters were a wall unto them, on their right hand and on their left."

It was the same Lord, and He only, who brought us also safely through the deep.

The gale which blew from the N.E. subsided considerably after five o'clock. I was on deck the whole day, and wet through, sea-sick too, and very weak. A dog we had on board was enraged beyond everything at the sea breaking over us; he flew at the waves, biting them, and barking out his anger at the furious element.

Tuesday, 17th. For the last few days there has been nothing to notice but the state of the weather, and the course of the ship; but to-day, at noon, Cape St. Vincent bore S. $\frac{1}{2}$ E., about seven leagues from us.

In the morning, when we were about three leagues distant, I could see the convent which is on the extremity of Cape St. Vincent very distinctly; it is a large, square, white edifice. A most delicious scent was wafted to us from the shore. It seemed as if it came from the trees from which friars' balsam is made, but the captain said it was the incense burnt in the convent.

Thursday, 19th. About ten o'clock A.M., a Brig-cutter fired twice for us to hoist our colours, which we did; and about three P.M. she came up and spoke us. The captain of the Brig said he made no doubt that by this time war was declared in England, and he desired us to warn all English ships we might fall in with, to keep clear of French vessels. This vessel keeps the same course we do, and I suppose has despatches on board for Gibraltar. She left the Lizard last Monday week, and has experienced the same weather that we have. At sunset the Brig of war was still in sight.

Saturday, the 21st. At daybreak, we stood into the Straits of Gibraltar, with very light airs, so that we made but little progress. About noon the Rock opened to our view, and a little after we spoke an English vessel, from Naples to Bristol, very deep in the water. We communicated the news which the Brig had given us.

A heavy sea set in as we were abreast of Ape's Hill, and tossed us about. It increased surprisingly, though there

was not a breath of wind rolling in from the Atlantic, as if there had been a heavy gale in the ocean.

May 24th. Employment is not difficult to find on board, if one does but enjoy that sweetest of blessings, health. This morning, directly I awoke, I found myself far better than I have done since my voyage, and have spent the whole morning on deck. I took the helm for an hour, and find it a delightful amusement; the Captain has been good enough to teach me the use of the mariner's compass, and to instruct me in the principles of steering. This vessel steers very easily.

27th. A nice breeze all day long, but extremely bleak, though the sun has had considerable power.

When I first began these memoranda, which I seize every opportunity to scribble, I made no doubt that I should have a great many interesting remarks to make, about things utterly novel and astonishing, but up to the present time I confess myself to have been usually at a loss what to say, for everything is the same over and over again. One unceasing round of the wind and weather, course of the ship, varied by occasionally catching a turtle. This morning I translated some Latin, and read French, but find it impossible to study. It is sufficient work for a person who has never been at sea before, to keep himself easy and comfortable, and to amuse himself. Read indeed you may—but you can neither read nor do anything else as you can on shore. Motion is the only thing that dispels the headache, and the prostrating feelings that overpower one; and for this reason I like to be at the wheel for an hour or two every day, and to pull a rope now and then. Sometimes I sit down in some retired place, and think of my arrival at Smyrna. To-day I seated myself in the leeward main chains, and in thinking of meeting my dear parents, brothers and sister, I passed away nearly two hours like a person in a sleep, quite bewildered by my own imaginations. Having been so long separated from my parents, I can form no more idea of them than of the country they reside in, but I form pictures of both in my mind,

which on comparison with the reality, may prove very erroneous.

29th.—Turtle soup was served to-day for the cabin, from the turtle we had taken, besides dinner and supper of the same for all hands. Our cook is a negro, and prides himself on his culinary skill, but everything has a most dingy appearance around his galley or cooking-place.

He made some very fine dishes for us of the turtle, which I found very strong and rich eating, prepared as it was with spice, pepper, and wine, and shall in future leave it to the aldermen.

Thursday, 2nd.—Saw, at a considerable distance to the N., three large French frigates, steering in the direction of Leghorn. We afterwards learnt that they were conveying home from Egypt part of the French army, that had been left there sick or wounded.

Tuesday, 7th.—The Captain kept close in under the Sicilian coast, and during the day we had a fine view of the city of Gergenti, on a sort of terrace, beneath the higher hills, and to the N. W. of it, the temples and porticoes of the ancient Agrigentum, with the gardens of the convents and monasteries at their feet. These ancient edifices appear still most splendid with their long porticoes and high colonnades. I am resolved to devote the first hours of my leisure to studying the history of this place.

Friday, 10th.—We have been hopelessly beating to windward for the last few days, but now a favourable breeze has sprung up. His Majesty's ship, *Niger*, hove in sight, a large, black-looking frigate, commanded by Captain Hillyer. He informed us that war was declared between England and France. By eight o'clock we had let run our anchor opposite the Custom House in the harbour of La Valetta. I was most astonished on entering the harbour, to see, towering up far above us, on all sides, high walls, batteries of cannon, tall churches, streets of stairs cut in the steep rock, and above all, the fine city of La Valetta. All this seemed to hang in the air around and above us, whilst the high ranges of four tiers of cannon, one above the other, in the Castle of St. Angelo, whose

lofty walls are commanded by two cavaliers, presented a frowning and threatening aspect as we steered through the narrow mouth of the harbour.

In an opening between the castle and Fort Ricasoli a large house was pointed out to us. It formerly belonged to the Grand Masters of the Knights, but is now called Bonaparte's house, because he had his head quarters there on his taking possession of the island on his expedition to Egypt. The transport agent soon came on board of us, and advised us to go higher up the harbour, as being more secure, in case it should blow fresh. We therefore ran the ship up abreast of the commissaries' warehouses, and secured her by sternropes to the shore. The intelligence of the war between France and England, conveyed by the *Niger*, has produced the greatest excitement and apparent delight; it has set the whole city in a bustle; nothing but red nightcaps, which all the common people wear, and the feathers of the officers' hats, are to be seen above the breastwork, the bastions, and in the streets. All the bells are ringing in the high towers of the churches; and the constant passage of monks, in large slouching hats, and mules, going up and down the broad steps, offered a spectacle to my mind that I thought I could never tire of contemplating. The buildings visible above the ramparts display no little symmetry and fine architecture, so that the impression made on the spectator is not merely that of wonder, at the height in the air by which he is surrounded by the work of men's hands, but there is also much of nobleness and magnificence in the view.

Saturday, 11th.—The weather was remarkably fine, as, indeed, it almost always is at this time of year, in this climate. We went ashore, and passing through the gate, we found ourselves by a *corps de garde* of British soldiers. We then ascended a broad street, by a steep flight of steps, that the English sailors call the "*Nix mangiare stairs*," from the beggars who crowd there, and follow the passengers, craving their charity by crying, "*Nix mangiare per otto giorni, signore!*" (nothing to eat for eight days,

sir). Here one's olfactory nerves are agreeably assailed by the aromatic odours emitted by the coffee berries, which are roasted in the open air at the door of the wine shops and coffee houses frequented by the sailors: as we ascended, it was mingled with the scent of oranges and citrons. I was the more sensible of this, because the smells in our ship had been extremely disagreeable.

Having reached the top of the Nix mangiare stairs, we arrived on the platform, on which stands the noble city of La Valetta. Before us, on our left, was a range of lofty houses, facing a square court on our right. This court forms the entrance to the great church of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, a very extensive edifice, with two large towers. The interior we did not visit on this occasion, but proceeded to pay our respects to the merchant to whom Captain Francis was addressed. We thus passed along the side of the church, and came into the Strada Reale, the central street of La Valetta, running from the lighthouse of St. Elmo on the sea, to the land-door of the suburb and outworks of the Florian. It is about one English mile in length, in a perfectly straight line, containing some large hotels and churches, and the houses consisting of large mansions of sandstone. On each side of the Strada Reale are two other streets running parallel with it, of precisely the same length, whilst they are regularly and diagonally intersected by others from east to west. We traversed the Strada Reale, and were conducted to a large and handsome house in the next street, where we found the merchant to whom Captain Francis was recommended, a Mr. Saxon Hooper. This gentleman received us in a very friendly manner, and treated us with marked hospitality and kindness. We stayed with him to dinner, at a late hour; his table was profusely served, and wines of the choicest character. After dinner some ladies visited him. I regretted that I could not speak their language, the Maltese-Arab, nor Italian. The weather in the evening became very warm; and Mr. Hooper was kind enough to offer me a bed in his

house, which I thankfully accepted, as I was not very well.

Saturday, 12th June.—There was high mass in the church of St. John, at which a great concourse of people attended. Two sermons were preached in the course of the day, and the natives continued going to offer their devotions at the different altars and chapels within this mighty temple all day long. The high altar is of very beautiful marble, inlaid with lapis lazuli, agates, and precious stones; in the centre of it is a small tabernacle, like a temple, ornamented with pillars of gold, richly chased. To this there is a small door, and little damask curtains; within is a gold box, in which is deposited the consecrated wafer; and here is also kept the chalice, which is also of gold. On each side of this ark are large candelabra of gold, constantly burning, and before it are large lamps of gold, suspended by massive chains of the same metal from the lofty and fretted roof.

The celebration of the mass appears to me in the highest degree impressive and emblematical. The simultaneous kneeling of the vast congregation in the open area of the church on the elevation of the host struck me much; and the priest's benediction at the conclusion reminded me of the Old Testament descriptions of the Jewish ritual. The little clear bells rung from time to time by the sacristy boys may have some emblematical signification; they reminded me of sheep bells, and may be intended to remind us that we are the sheep of Christ. These, and the "fine linen, white and clean," in which the priests are arrayed, the chapels and altars around, in commemoration of the glorious departed members of the church militant, with the tombs of the mighty dead around us—of the grand masters, Wiguacourt, Cottonera, Emanuel Rohan, and the heroic La Valette, are all calculated to elevate the mind in an uncommon degree.

The golden lamps, and chains, and precious stones I have mentioned were taken away by the French, and embarked for Toulon on board a French line-of-battle-ship,

the Guillaume Tell. But the ship was captured by British cruizers, who stripped these disgraceful robbers of their sacrilegious spoil, and, to the honour of our country, restored the treasures to the Church.

In the evening, many of the natives assembled in the square, in front of the Grand Master's palace. Here are coffee and ice shops, much frequented by those who come to take the cool air of the evening, and to read the newspapers. The women were, for the greater part, dressed in black silk, their heads and faces concealed by a large black silk veil, the rim of which is stiffened with whalebone, and which falls down behind them, like a shawl, while they bend the whalebone rim over their faces, so as entirely to disguise themselves. This dress is called a *faldetta*, and is a Spanish costume, which, as well as reminding one of the manners of that great nation, has also something elegant and becoming in its appearance. Many of the men wore powder in their hair, which was tied up, and old-fashioned dresses of almost a hundred years ago, large buckles in their shoes, and silk stockings.

The lower classes very much astonished my English eyes by their costume. They wear on their heads very large red worsted nightcaps, with the points hanging a long way down their backs. They are bare legged and bare footed, wearing loose, dark-coloured short trowsers, and jackets of a dark nankeen-coloured cotton, that grows in the island, and some, waistcoats of black or red velvet. The buttons of these are of great value and beauty, being of pure Venetian gold, wrought most elegantly in filagree, each button hanging from a link of several joints. They all wear broad silk sashes round their waists, and their complexions are in general dark, approaching to olive colour. They speak Maltese, which is a dialect of the Arabic. I have been assured by several persons that it is the purest Arabic spoken, after that of the desert. The citizens and gentry speak this language, and also Italian, very fluently.

Wednesday, 14th June.—In the course of the morning a boat came alongside the *Enterprize*, in which were two

gentlemen and a lady, who inquired for me. They informed me that they had just arrived from Smyrna, where they had left my father, and mother, and brothers in perfect health. The elder of the gentlemen was Count Ludolf, Envoy from the King of the Two Sicilies to the Sublime Porte; the lady was his daughter, and the other gentleman was Mr. James Morier. They said they were going to Trieste, on board a ship of war, commanded by Captain Fife, and made many inquiries as to the news we brought from England, when we had quitted it, and seemed surprised that we had met with such rough weather, at this time of year. We went on shore in the afternoon. I remarked that most of the shops were extremely good, particularly the silversmiths, whose workmanship in gold and silver filagree was very beautiful. On going out of the Strada Reale, on the land side, we passed the deep dry ditch by a long drawbridge, and entered the glacis of the landwork of La Valetta, with a very large open square before us; this is the great outwork of La Valetta, called the Florian, and is principally used for exercising the troops. From this place is a fine view of La Valetta, the eye being able to trace the bastions, curtains, and walls which separate it from harbour to harbour, and defend it on the land side, while its extended glacis, sloping down on the same side, secures it from the fire of an enemy. On our return to the town, we again partook of the hospitality of Mr. Hooper, our merchant. He and his guests were entirely engrossed with the thoughts of what might be the consequences of this war between France and England. They seemed to think that Malta would become a place of greater resort and commerce than hitherto, and that the English merchants from Leghorn and Naples might be obliged to seek refuge here.

Mr. Hooper appears to speak Maltese with fluency. The sound of this language, particularly when spoken by the common people, is very peculiar; the greater part of the words being uttered hard, separated, and detached from each other, whilst every now and then a violent as-

piration, of a deep guttural sound, is made from the chest of the person speaking. Our repast was in some degree after the English fashion; the wines, chiefly French and Italian, were peculiarly excellent, while the olives and Maltese figs, with black skins, were of a kind I have never seen before; the apricots, though very abundant, are particularly unwholesome; they are vulgarly called *mazza Franchi*, or "kill Franks," and are said to produce fevers; they are, however, not of fine quality. At night we returned on board our vessel.

Thursday, 15th.—We began to move our ship from her stern fastenings into the middle of the harbour, and prepare for sailing. We again went on shore to bid our hospitable and friendly merchant good bye, and to take a last view of the town. The palace of the Grand Master, in the centre of the Strada Reale, is a grand and imposing edifice, though if it were but a few feet higher, the effect would be infinitely finer. A square court in front throws it open to the view, and affords an agreeable promenade. The hotels, or, as we should call them, palaces, of the respective tongues, which composed this ancient and illustrious order of the Knights Hospitallers, are most stately and magnificent edifices, though considerably concealed from view by the line of the streets—the Strada del Mercanti, and Strada del Commercio. The hotel of Aragon, and that of Castile, are particularly grand, and are now used as quarters by English officers. In speaking of the times of the order, the Maltese are fond of saying, "*Nel tempo della religione*," as if they thought religion had died with it, and that their present rulers had none. However, trade and commerce appearing likely to flourish under their great maritime protectors, and hating the French cordially, they make a virtue of necessity, shrug their shoulders, and quietly submit to the yoke of the heretic. Now that we must leave, I first begin to form some clear idea of this place; but yet the number of novel sights and sounds, the incessant ringing of bells, the strange cries in strange tongues, the heat, the strange smells, have altogether confused my faculties to such a degree, that I

feel as if nothing would do me so much good as being left again to contemplate the solitary expanse of the ocean.

Friday, 16th.—We got under weigh before noon, and stood out to sea, with a favourable breeze, steering our course to the east, and before sunset the island of Malta had sunk behind the waves.

Saturday, 17th.—We continue our voyage prosperously, though slowly, steering for the southern promontory of the Morea. We have two fresh sailors on board, taken in at Malta, tall, fierce-looking Dalmatians. Captain Francis, who is truly indefatigable in the duties of his vocation, being on deck at nearly all hours of the day and night, tells me that these sailors of the Adriatic are very difficult persons to command, and are sometimes dangerous comrades for the others. They are brave, but extremely irritable, and cannot accommodate themselves to the coarse jokes, or "*jocco di mani*," which their proverb calls "*jocco di villani*," of the low-lived class of northern sailors. Our mate and crew were good, sober, active men, so that they had no difficulty in agreeing with them.

Sunday, 18th.—Should the weather continue fine, we expect to make the land of the Morea in the course of to-morrow. About noon we saw two large ships, apparently store ships, to the south-east of us, steering to the west. We presumed, from what we had heard at Malta, that they were French ships, conveying the last detachment of the French army that had evacuated Egypt. Soon after we made Cape Sapienza, the most western of the southern promontories of the Morea. It seemed about fifty miles off. Before evening we could also discern the snowy mountains of Crete, about ninety miles distant.

Friday, 23d.—Before noon we stood under the precipitous coast of Cape Sunium. On the cliff above our heads, as we sailed beneath, we beheld with astonishment and delight the stately columns and portico of the Temple of Minerva, whence this cape is called by sailors Cape Colonne. We were fortunate enough to get tolerably clear of the land before nightfall, and into the wider part of the

channel to the north of Andros, whose brown, bluff hills are now to the south-east of us.

Monday, 26th.—The city of Smyrna offered a singular and picturesque appearance, as we approached it. In shape like the side of an amphitheatre, being built at the feet and side of a small rocky mountain, the summit of which is crowned by an extensive castle, whose walls are partly of very great antiquity and partly the work of our own times. The streets rise one above another up the side of this mountain, and their uniformity is agreeably broken by the cupolas of the mosques and their adjoining minarets. To our right, and on the left wing of the city, was a steep hill, covered with tomb-stones, the burying-ground of the Jews. A large building, the Turkish custom-house, attracted our attention to the shore. Several large Turkish coffee-houses were near it, and bazaars adjoining it on the land side, and thence a long street of large houses, in the European style, run parallel to the sea, with which the houses communicate by large gates, on a quay extending for an English mile from east to west. This is called Frank Street; and here are the residences and offices of the consuls of the different European nations, as well as those of the principal merchants. The greater part of the town that stretches up the side of the mountain is inhabited by Turks. The Armenians also have a quarter of the city to themselves, as also the Jews, where they live separate from the rest of the population. Off the quay are anchored a great number of small boats, with two or three pairs of oars, that have a very singular appearance, being extremely narrow, and terminating both at the prow and stern in sharp peaks, armed with iron or brass. Towards the east the city of Smyrna is surrounded by extensive gardens, and the groves of cypress that form the Turkish burying-grounds. On the first view of this city, I felt that this most assuredly was Asia. So novel and fantastic was its appearance, it seemed more like what I should have expected China to be than any other country I could think of. However, the prospect of again seeing my parents and brothers and sister somewhat deadened the

curiosity these novel scenes would otherwise have aroused, and kept me in a tumult of agitation.

A very short time after we had anchored, the barge of a man-of-war, the *Brackle*, commanded by Captain Clarke, came alongside the *Enterprize*, and brought the captain on board of us. He told Captain Francis that he would take me with him on board the *Brackle*; that Consul Werry was in the country, but that he would direct one of his janissaries to be sent out to acquaint him with my arrival; and that he would accompany me out to the village in the cool of the evening. I very gladly accompanied Captain Clarke on board the *Brackle*, taking leave of Captain Francis with many heartfelt thanks for his kindness and attention to me during the voyage. After partaking of dinner with Captain Clarke, we got into his barge, and in a quarter of an hour we landed under the British ensign on the quay of the consularian house.

It was six o'clock in the afternoon when I had the happiness of first putting my foot on the Turkish territory, and of thus reaching in perfect health and safety the place of my destination, after a voyage of fifty-six days, this being the 28th of June, whilst it was the 3d of May when we sailed from the river Thames.

Saddle horses were waiting for us at the consulate, which we mounted; and, preceded by a janissary, we started for the village of Boudjah, where my father was residing with his family. The way lay through part of the Frank street, which was broad enough for several horsemen to ride abreast: we then proceeded through several smaller streets, where our horses walked in a broad gutter, or small water-course running through the middle, the water running to the depth of half a foot, whilst on each side was an elevated pathway for foot passengers. Over this the roofs projected, so as to protect the passengers from the sun and weather, being ornamented somewhat after the Chinese fashion. Two horses could pass each other with difficulty in these streets. The windows that overlooked us from above, I observed, had a kind of inner lattice; there were only shops at intervals,

and kitchen offices or stables occupied the ground floors. Some of the passers-by exchanged greetings with our janissary. Our way now was for about half a mile along a broad high road, through the midst of a large *cimitière*, or Turkish burial ground ; on each side were tombs, with a large cypress tree at the head and foot of each. This is the high road to Magnesia, to Brusa, and Constantinople. On coming to a bridge, called the caravan bridge, over a torrent—now dry—that runs by the side of the cemetery, we turned up a smaller road. I remarked by the side of the bridge a small neat hut with an earthen terrace, on the banks of the stream, shaded over by plane trees : here several Turks were gravely seated cross-legged on mats, smoking their long pipes, and drinking Mocha coffee out of small cups, the size of half an egg-shell ; playing at chess, and enjoying the cool air of the evening. On passing this group, our road wound round the side of the mountain, in the bed of the stream, among stones of an uncommon size, that must have been washed out of the sides of the mountain by the winter rains. We then ascended for more than half an hour a very steep hill, having vineyards on our right hand, and the deep bed of the stream beneath us. On reaching the summit, we found that an aqueduct traversed our road, coming along low hills on the north of us. We passed under its arches, and continued our way through the low hills covered with green underwood. On our right was a plain running from the east, having a beautifully picturesque range of mountains for its southern boundary. Before us the hills along which we rode sloped down to a small plain, and we could now see quite distinctly extended below us, the large and straggling village of Boudjah, to which we were directing our course, and where my father had his country house.

Some towering cypress trees, and an adjoining mosque, a Christian church, some large houses and extensive gardens, were the most prominent objects. At the back of it were hills similar to those we had ridden over, whilst in the distance the lofty mountain of the Tartarlee Dag,

with its bold, but naked summit, astonished our vision, and terminated the scene and our terrestrial thoughts and fancies, by exalting them on high unto the celestial mansions.

We soon descended into the plain, and reached the village of Boudjah. After ten minutes' ride through the principal street, between the houses and vineyards of the Greek and Armenian merchants, we alighted from our horses at the gate of the vineyard adjoining my father's country house. On entering this gate, in the centre walk of the vineyard, I met my father and my mother!

It was now ten years since I had seen them. On my father receiving me into his arms, I recognised him, and remembered, when I was a very little boy at my grandfather's at Sawbridgeworth, his coming behind me, and helping me to hang up my cap upon a peg that I could not reach myself. His features at that moment now came back vividly to my memory. It took me longer to recognise the person of my mother, although I could remember much more of her than of my father. My elder brother Nathaniel had gone on horseback to meet us, and we had met him on coming out of Smyrna. I remembered him directly, but I could not at first recognise either my brother Gregory or my sister, though I remembered all about their juvenile days and games. I will leave the reader to imagine the happiness we all experienced, for words cannot explain or describe it. I could scarcely close my eyes all night, for the excitement of feeling I experienced. Remembrances of my childhood came back to me so vividly in thinking of my parents, and brothers and sisters, I scarcely knew whether I was in Epping Forest, or at Sawbridgeworth in Hertfordshire, or in this village in Asia Minor, or still on board the *Enterprise*, ploughing the wide ocean.

Besides the members of the family whom I have already mentioned, I found another whom I had not previously known—a boy of about ten years of age, the playfellow of my young sister, the last child of my father and mother—who had been born at Smyrna, and christened John

Joseph Augustus ; but whom the family generally called Jonicho, or little John. He replaced my eldest and ever-beloved brother John in his mother's affections, and consequently became a very great favourite with my father.

This boy spoke Greek to the female Greek servants of the house, and Turkish to the Armenian butler, groom, and gardener, and when in town with the Turkish soldiers or janissaries on duty at the Consulate, and English to us, in which, however, he was not so proficient as in the other languages. His nurse composed him to sleep of a night by long stories, or Paramethia (*Παραμυθια*), for which, and the avocation of nurses, the women of Tino and Miconi are celebrated. He and my young sister had a preceptor or tutor, who lived in the house. This gentleman was of a noble Genoese family, who had been obliged to quit his country on the French invading Italy, and to whom my father afforded an asylum. I also became one of his pupils, and studied French and Italian under him. His name was Reggio ; he was a learned and gentleman-like man, and I owe him many thanks for his patient instruction, and amiable manners. I myself had also, after a few days, to give lessons in English to my young brother and sister, who knew far less of our native language than of Greek and Turkish ; though they attended the school over which the chaplain of the factory presided, the Rev. Mr. Usko, a man of vast knowledge and learning, who had travelled through the Holy Land, Syria, and Egypt, and who now resided in the village of Boudjah, in a beautiful spot, adjoining a large Tarbal, or Park.

The day after my arrival, the merchants and their families living at Boudjah, and the other principal persons there, waited on my father and mother, to congratulate them on the safe arrival of their son. Coffee in small cups, placed in beautifully worked filagree silver stands, was handed round by the attendants, in the Oriental fashion, with iced water and sweetmeats, while a great deal of ceremonious, complimentary discourse took place, the ladies mostly speaking only Greek or Italian. The weather was now very hot, the grapes in the vineyards being nearly

ripe. The house, though rather small, was commodious enough; the drawing-rooms were on the ground floor, opening on a court, amply shaded by two venerable mulberry trees; among these a beautiful parrot used often to stray, escaping from his perch in the adjoining apartments, and by his shrieks, laughter, and chatterings, and the flapping of his extended wings, seemed to participate in the general rejoicing. However, neither I nor my brother Gregory ever enjoyed his favour, for he would always take every opportunity of climbing up the backs of one of our chairs, at dinner or supper, and throw himself on to the back of our necks, grasping the flesh with his sharp beak, with such tenacity, that it was with difficulty the servants could disengage him. He used to get much exasperated at our laughing at him, and would follow us about pertinaciously, and bite so hard, that I have had the scars from his beak ever since. He was all the while most friendly and familiar with all the other members of the family.

In returning the visits of the families of Boudjah, I was much struck with the magnitude and stately appearance of the plane trees, adorning the courtyards and gateways of most of the houses, and the open spots of the village. Their foliage, which is wonderfully beautiful, afforded a most grateful shade from the scorching rays of the sun. The hospitality, courteousness, and easy intercourse of these good people of Boudjah, delighted me. The house adjoining our's, occupied by a Mrs. Franel, an elderly widow lady, and the godmother of my youngest brother, appeared to me one of the most beautiful residences possible to imagine. A vast plane tree overshadowed its large stone gateway, through which we entered a large quadrangular court, shaded by several smaller plane trees; this was surrounded on three sides by the house itself, a charming edifice, with pilastered porticoes, overhung with a beautiful projecting roof, of Oriental work, somewhat like Chinese, that excluded the rays of the sun, and communicated with the various apartments, the drawing, dining, and tea and breakfast rooms, which opened into this portico, with double folding doors. The

other side of the quadrangle opened into the garden and vineyard, by lattice-work gates. In this beautiful retirement lived Mrs. Franel, her niece Miss Baron, and an old Italian widow lady, a Mrs. Foster; they were very intimate with my father and mother, who passed many of their leisure hours in their agreeable society. Mrs. Foster took a peculiar liking to me and my sister, and her great delight was to shew us both every kind of attention and friendship; she spoke Italian with a strong Tuscan accent. The partner of Mrs. Franel's late husband, a Mr. Jackson, still carried on the business of the firm, assisted by her nephew, a Mr. Baron; they both used to come down at the end of the week, and stay with these ladies until Monday or Tuesday.

Amongst those who came to congratulate me on my arrival, was the Aga, or Turkish magistrate of the village, whose house adjoined our vineyard. I afterwards knew him very well. He was a plain, unaffected, unassuming man, a soldier, very brave, and, what is rarer among that class of men, he was an honest, and I believe, a good man. He had a small military guard at his house, adjoining to which was a small mosque, surrounded by the melancholy and solemn cypress trees.

In affrays with the lawless and turbulent troops, that at times ventured upon depredations in his small district, he had been twice badly wounded: once his face had been cut so severely by the blow of a sabre, as to divide his nose lengthways, completely in two, which, however, grew together again, though leaving a deep scar, that gave him a severe and terrific appearance; on another occasion he was shot through the body. His horses, which are kept saddled and bridled night and day, in the stable, seem to hold their master's injuries in resentful remembrance: they were picqueted in the courtyard, and would not allow us to approach them, rearing up, biting, kicking, and snorting in a wonderful manner. We ascended a wooden ladder-like staircase to his apartments, where in the corridor were suspended the matchlocks of his soldiers. He received us with great simplicity, and in a friendly,

kind manner. After we had taken our seats with him on his sofa, we were presented with long pipes, and coffee. He was very taciturn, but conversed with my father about an aqueduct, by means of which the Consul had engaged to supply the village with fresh and excellent water, from the neighbouring mountains. It had cost my father a large sum of money to defray the expenses of this work ; and to protect his property in it, he and the Aga had met with considerable difficulties from the Turkish authorities at Constantinople. The water is of the most beautiful quality possible, being of delightful flavour, extremely cold, limpid and clear, and will be of great service to the village of Boudjah, where there are but few wells, and those liable to become dry in the great heat of summer. We took our leave of the Aga after some conversation as to the negotiations at Constantinople, and as to a security for the European property expended in this useful undertaking.

Having passed a few more days in this delightful village, we all repaired to Smyrna, my father having been obliged to go there to transact the business of his office.

SMYRNA, 1803.—The house in which the Consul now resides is situated in one of the largest streets of the Greek quarter, almost adjoining that of the Armenians. The houses of this street are tolerably large, but their ground floors, that look to the street, are mostly occupied by shoemakers. These artizans celebrate with great regularity and zeal every saint's day and holiday in their calendar ; and as these, in the Greek calendar, are very numerous, they are obliged to recover the time they have thus deducted from their labour, by sitting up all night and working at their trade. The noise of their hammering, and beating, on a large round stone, the soles of the shoes and the leather they prepare, is then heard throughout the whole street, and resounds up into the Consul's residence, keeping the inmates awake, sometimes, for hours together. This vexes the Consul considerably, and often causes him to break out into invectives against these people, for thus rendering their honest calling a nuisance

to their neighbours, by their unseasonable nocturnal hammering. As in the daytime on these occasions they very frequently get a few glasses too much of wine, disturbances sometimes occur between them and the Mahometans, who, seeing them rather fresh with wine, are apt to pull their caps off, or take their nosegays away, or play other tricks with them, that call at last for the intervention of the police.

The Consul's house had a square court-yard within it, in which, during the cool of the evening, his saddle-horses were picqueted. At the gate was a guard of four janissaries, always on duty. They had suitable accommodation; but, in the daytime, they sat on benches within the porch; where also, at times, the Armenian interpreters used to bear them company. These interpreters, or *dolmatchees*, or dragomen, as they are indifferently called, were engaged when communications were necessary with the governor of the city, the officers of the council, the heads of the custom, or excise offices, and other official authorities. There were four of them,—two senior and two junior. They had also to translate and copy all kinds of documents and official instruments relating to the government, the merchants, or the shipping. The janissaries were engaged in escorting any of our officers who required to visit the Turkish quarter of the city, in bearing despatches to the local authorities, or to Constantinople; and in generally preserving order in the neighbourhood of the Consul's house. They spoke no other language than Turkish. The interpreters spoke Italian to us, Turkish to the Turks, and were also proficient in Arabic and Persian; with both of which languages the ceremonious conversation of the higher order of Turks is considerably intermixed. The forms of speech used at court being almost all Persian; whilst the language of the clergy and officers of law is almost exclusively Arabic.

The apartments of this house were on one story, surrounded by a corridor looking into the square court yard, and were tolerably commodious; a terrace adjoined them, affording a view into the street, inhabited by the noisy disciples of St. Crispin.

The regular Consular establishment was burned to the ground a few years ago, together with the whole of the Frank street, and most of the European quarter of the city. This catastrophe arose in consequence of a quarrel between the janissaries, who were in attendance at a private theatre, erected by the Ragusan Consul for the amusement of the European families; in this affray one or two of the janissaries were killed. The quarrel was then taken up by the regiments of Ortas, to which the slain men had belonged; who demanded redress for this outrage, and threatened to take up arms and revenge the insult their body had sustained. At this time a man called Bouladan-lee was the governor of Smyrna; who bore an extremely bad character, not only on account of his hatred to the Christians and Europeans generally, but also in his relations with his own countrymen. He appeared to take delight in doing all he could to excite this commotion. The janissaries now proceeded to threaten the Europeans, generally, with vengeance; and Bouladan-lee, instead of taking any measures, either to overawe them, or to appease the injured parties, rather fanned the flames of discord. There was not a single ship of war of any European power in the harbour; and Mr. Consul Werry not having then the great experience he afterwards acquired, determined to resist the hostile proceedings by force; finding that the whole of the janissaries in the Turk town, were coming down upon the European quarter, armed, and evidently with hostile intentions, the Ragusan sailors were landed, armed with long muskets, and were stationed in the wine shops and taverns adjoining the British Consul's house, the other Europeans snatching up whatever arms they could, collected together in the warehouses and taverns on the quay. After fruitless expostulations, the Turkish soldiers, being now reinforced by Bouladan-lee in person, with four hundred of his body-guard, fired upon the Europeans, and received in return a galling and destructive fire from the Ragusans. They then, in revenge, set fire to the wine shops and warehouses, in which the Europeans were ambushed; and as a strong

wind was prevailing at the time, it drove the flames towards the Christian quarter ; and before many hours, the whole of the Frank street, and most of the European part of the town, lay in ashes. The soldiers of Bouladan-lee murdered several hundred unoffending and terrified Greek shopkeepers, plundering and burning all they came near ; while their commander excited and encouraged them and the exasperated janissaries in their madness and fury. They were held in check some time by the Ragusan sailors, who kept up a destructive fire upon them, and thus enabled the European merchants and their families to get on board some of the ships in the harbour. The British Consul's janissaries, too, behaved nobly ; keeping the assailants at bay by desperate sallies, and protecting, with partial success, their master's and his neighbours' property. They succeeded in embarking the money-chests and books, belonging to Messrs. Frunel and Jackson ; but were almost immediately afterwards obliged to retreat into the Consul's house. The flames, however, soon reaching it, and the number of assailants increasing, Mr. Consul Werry was obliged to embark his family in boats, with whatever valuables and papers he could hastily collect ; and to repair on board one of the merchant ships at anchor in the bay, from whence he witnessed with grief and indignation the conflagration of the whole European quarter of that city.

The end of this sad affair was, that on Mr. Consul Werry refusing to hold any communication with the city, until a superior officer to the Governor had arrived, intelligence of these proceedings was forwarded to Magnesia, where the head of the family of Kar-Osman-Ogler resides. This is one of the most ancient families of Asia Minor, and has for centuries governed some of its provinces. The present representative of the family was Hadji Hussein Effendi, a very aged man. His son, Hadji Omar Aga, now interposed, collecting a body of infantry from among the peasantry, called Seipecks ; and with the cavalry at his immediate disposal, amounting altogether to nearly 20,000 men, he marched to Smyrna and took possession

of the city. He at once sent to the Foreign Consuls, to express his sorrow and indignation at the outrages of the Governor and janissaries, and earnestly entreated them and the merchants to land. This, however, Mr. Consul Werry, in the name of his colleagues, refused to do, until condign punishment had been inflicted on the ringleaders of the late disturbance; whereupon eight of the most prominent and culpable of the insurgents were immediately seized, and after a summary trial by a military court, to which their own laws made them amenable, they were executed in the Turkish fashion; being strangled with a bowstring in the Frank street, right opposite, I was told, to the British Consul's house. Others were exiled, and at last order and tranquillity were restored. No notice appears to have been taken of the principal criminal, Bouladan-lee; who did not, however, long survive these events. He was furiously exasperated against my father, and swore that he would kill him; but God gave him not into his hand. My mother has often pointed out to me, with great satisfaction, his grave, near the caravan bridge, as we have ridden by together, under the gloomy cypress trees.

A few days after our return to Smyrna, H. M. S. *Anson* came to anchor in the bay, from a cruise on this station. She was commanded by Captain Craycraft; she had been a two-decker, but was now a frigate, having had one of her decks cut off; therefore being what in nautical language is called a *razé*. Vessels thus altered are supposed to lose that buoyancy on the water which they previously possessed.* Captain Craycraft lived a good deal with us: he was a great sportsman, and very fond of the environs, on account of the abundance of game they afforded. He had several English pointers and setters, and used to ride out to Boudjah on a superb black Turkish horse of my father's. He afterwards made me a present of one

* This vessel afterwards, on returning to England, went down bodily, with all her crew, in a heavy storm, at some distance from the mouth of the channel; Captain Craycraft then commanding her.

of his pointers, called Hector ; one of the handsomest dogs I ever saw.

H.M.S. *Stately*, Captain Scott, a two-decker, also came to anchor in the bay. She had been longer in these parts than the *Anson*, having been on service down to Alexandria, during the expedition of the English to Egypt. A yacht also came in, on board of which was the Earl of Aberdeen and his suite, with M. Gropius, and several artists and men of letters, whom he was taking out to make sketches, and to collect coins and MSS., &c. He stayed but a few days at Smyrna, during which time he honoured us with his company to dinner. He was particularly anxious concerning the fate of a Colonel Gordon, one of his family, who had gone into Upper Egypt, and had not been heard of for eighteen months.

The summer, now far advanced, was very hot ; so that the evenings and the early hours of the morning were by far the most agreeable parts of the day. The natives generally retire to rest during the greatest heat in the middle of the day, until the *subat* rises—a fresh wind which soon after noon blows in from the sea, and refreshes the air of the town and country.

About the middle of August, Mr. William Hamilton arrived at Smyrna, from the island of Scio. During the short stay he made at Smyrna, he was the guest of my father ; his agreeable, unaffected manners endeared him to everyone who had the advantage of his personal acquaintance, while his extensive learning, and profound knowledge of the world, commanded the respect of every individual of the society around us. This gentleman was the second son of the Venerable Archdeacon of Colchester, Dr. Anthony Hamilton, who was Rector of Much Hadam in Hertfordshire, and Vicar of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. Mr. William Hamilton being related by marriage to the family of the Earl of Elgin, was, on that nobleman being appointed, in the year 1799, Ambassador Extraordinary to the Sublime Porte, selected by his lordship to accompany him on that embassy. His great acquirements as a classical scholar prompted his lordship to

intrust him with a commission to provide for him artists and men of letters, to survey the monuments of antiquity with which the Ottoman empire is replete. Not long after his arrival in Constantinople, it was found necessary to send him to the head quarters of the British army in Egypt, whence the Commander-in-Chief detached him on a commission with two other officers to the Beys, who had retreated into Upper Egypt. The public are in possession of an account of his observations and researches during his travels in that country, in a work which he published on his return to England, under the title of "Egyptiaca." It is much to be regretted that the arduous and incessant public services of so learned and accurate an observer have hitherto prevented him from presenting the public with an account of his researches in Asia Minor. I can hardly even aspire to the character of an amanuensis to so great a scholar; but as I afterwards accompanied him through a small portion of Asia Minor, and as I kept a journal of what we saw and inspected, I shall insert it in its place, craving the courteous reader's indulgence for my youth, and want of extensive acquaintance with the writings and history of classic times.

Captain Scott, of the *Stately*, invited us to dinner on board his ship. Mr. Hamilton had known him in Egypt, and Captains Craycraft and Clarke were of the party, with some other gentleman then at Smyrna. The weather not permitting us to land in the evening, we were obliged to pass the night on board. A circumstance that much astonished my juvenile mind at that time was the vast number of cockroaches with which the *Stately* swarmed. At supper they fell in great numbers from the beams into our plates, dishes, and glasses. Their smell is somewhat disagreeable. Amongst the inconveniences with which travellers have to contend in this climate, those they experience from various kinds of insects are not the least inconsiderable.

A short retirement from the noise and bustle of the town, and the clear air and quiet of the country, were judged likely to be beneficial to Mr. Hamilton's health,

which had suffered considerably from exposure to the climate and the fatigues of travelling. We therefore passed the greater part of the month of August at our country house at Boudjah, sometimes visiting our friends at the village of Sedecui, on the opposite side of the plain, at the foot of the range of mountains that stretches in the direction of Ephesus, winding round from various ramifications of a singularly picturesque character from the southern side of the bay of Smyrna. These mountains, though not very lofty, are of difficult access. They have but few villages, and are covered with thick underwood ; in which the sportsman may not only find wild boars, but even wolves, and occasionally leopards, whilst the water-courses that run through the ravines in the winter abound with woodcocks and wild-ducks, and are lined with oleanders, myrtle, lentins, and daphne roses. This range appears to have been called Mount Corax, at least the higher part of it to the south, which is on the right of the road leading from Smyrna to Ephesus. The rivulet which runs through Sedecui, and which, increased by the small mountain streams, becomes in its course towards Smyrna a small river, running under the caravan bridge, and round the northern side of the walls of the Acropolis, has by many persons been supposed to be the Meles, on the banks of which it is said that Homer was born ; from which circumstance he was called "Melisigenes." It is even said that he composed his poems in a cave near the source of this river. But we know of no cave whatever at the source of this river, which can hardly indeed be said to have any source, properly so called ; being partly the collected contributions of several small mountain streams, and partly emanating from the marshes at the feet of Mount Corax. The only cavern or grotto of any kind I ever saw or heard of at the head of these waters is a hole in the rock at Cosagatch, which appears to me to be an excavation of modern times. There is no tradition to support it ; neither are there any remains of antiquity in the neighbourhood, though some traces of ancient walls may be found on the adjoining hills and in the plain, which I do not believe to

extend even so far back as the age of the successors of Alexander.

On the other hand, there are remains of very great antiquity, and a long-established and very prevalent tradition with regard to other grottos and caverns near the sources of a small nameless river, that flows into the end of the bay of Smyrna, running through the village of Bournabat, out of the range of Mount Sipylus, at the feet of which was situated the Æolian Smyrna, against which Gyges directed his arms.* The city of Antigonus and Lysimachus is not at the feet of Sipylus, but at the foot of, and partly on, Mount Pagus, or Coriphus. This, therefore, leads us to place old Smyrna geographically in Æolia, in such a situation as that pointed out by the medals. On examining the country in that direction, ruins and remains are to be found that bear the appearances of the most remote antiquity. At a short distance from the village of Bournabat, to the south, an old, deserted Turkish burying-ground is covered with large marbles and stones, some concealed in the thickets, some partially buried in the sand, their dimensions and masonry testifying to their great antiquity. Near this spot it is that tradition places the grotto of Homer, and a sarcophagus on the top of Sipylus is said to be his tomb.

The conflicting reports on this subject made Mr. Hamilton very desirous to examine these localities himself, and we both determined to repair to Bournabat and make a complete exploration of the neighbourhood. We started accordingly at an early hour from Boudjah, and proceeded by a narrow footpath across the low ridge of hills to the north. The air was perfumed with the balmy and dewy exhalations from the wild thyme, lentins, origanum, arbutus, and other beautiful shrubs and bushes with which they are thickly covered. In about an hour we reached the summit of this low ridge. Nothing could be more beautiful than the view that was spread before us. Immediately under our feet, on the descending slopes of the

* Herodotus, Clio, xiv.

hills on which we were standing, was the small Turkish village of Cooklujah. An extensive plain, perhaps of fifteen miles in length, and from four to six in breadth, extended from the feet of Sipylus on the east, to the head of the bay of Smyrna on the west, almost one continued grove of olive, pomegranate, and fig trees, here and there interspersed with villages and vineyards. On the north, immediately opposite to us, rose a bold, rugged mountain, formed of bluff, bare masses of rock, piled one upon another. On the east it was connected with the precipitous and inaccessible heights of Sipylus, that opened by two large and striking passes, between which a lofty and, as it were, separate peak raised high its insulated mass. Almost immediately beneath the ridge, on which we tarried to admire this almost unrivalled scene, we could discern the high road to Magnesia; and at the feet of the northern barrier to the plain were visible the mosques and houses of Bournabat. After a charming ride through the groves of pomegranate and orange trees, we entered Bournabat a little after nine in the morning, and alighted at the house of Mr. Perkins, a friend of my father. That gentleman, having been previously informed of our intended expedition, had been kind enough to engage guides, who were thoroughly acquainted not only with all the paths and tracts of the mountain, but with the caverns themselves. They were provided with cords and wax tapers, which they informed us we should find requisite in descending within the grotto, and to enable us to pass through it. As the tract was very rocky and difficult, we were advised to take mules, as sure-footed and accustomed to the mountain paths. We passed through the village and traversed the river, which, notwithstanding the advanced time of summer, flowed in a full stream of pure water of greater width than that at the Caravan Bridge. The bed through which it ran afforded us convincing evidence of the violence with which, in the winter seasons, when swollen with rains and the melted snows from the mountains, it rushes down the ravines and, overflowing its ordinary channels, hurls along with it rocks and whatever

other obstacles impede its course. We had to cross it more than once, and soon began to ascend the mountain by a tract that wound up through the rocky ridges, and repeatedly led us for some time along a narrow and precipitous ledge.

In about an hour we found ourselves tolerably far advanced up this ravine, and the stream still flowing in undiminished size. There were but very few fir trees to be seen, the higher ranges being barren rock; but underwood, arbutus, and some lentinsk grew scantily on each side of our track. We met some mules, and had some difficulty in passing them. At some distance in the mountain to our left, they told us, were sheep-cotes, to which, however, this track was not the path. The mules generally bring honey from hives which are kept at some distance up the mountain; the wild thyme and organum affording excellent nourishment to the bees, and imparting a fine aromatic flavour to the honey. Our guide told us that, a short time before, a mule laden with honey had been dashed to pieces on slipping off the narrow track we were following, down a precipice he pointed out to us. In about two hours after we had begun our ascent, we reached a spot where the rivulet was divided into two streams, or rather where two smaller streams joined to form the one we had been following. The one came down the mountain from the north, the other from the north-east; they were separated by a projecting ridge, terminating in an elevated, rocky summit which overlooked them at their junction. We could perceive that the summit of it had been cut level, and in the wall-like face of the precipice were three apertures, which our guides informed us were known to them by the name of Homer's Grotto, whilst on the level summit of the rock was a large sarcophagus, called Homer's Tomb.

We beheld the scene with astonishment; the secluded spot; the wild scenery; the confident assertions of our guides; together with the total silence of all authors and preceding travellers on a point of such great classical importance, made a great impression on our minds, though

we would not give the rein to any sanguine expectations, but kept our judgments in suspense. We crossed the north-east stream, and alighting from our sure-footed mules, ascended the hill on foot. We found the three apertures to be of a vaulted form, but so small that it would require us to crawl on our hands and knees to get through even the largest. Our guides assured us that the cavern was very extensive, but that after some distance there was a descent, and we should require the help of the cords to enable us to pass down it; when down we should be able to come out on the other side of the hill; but that we must take lighted tapers with us, as we should find the cavern at first very dark.

After a brief parley, we decided to proceed with the adventure, and lighting our tapers, prepared to explore the cavern. We crept through the aperture on our knees, and continued to grope our way along in that position, for we could not yet stand upright. A dense cloud of gnats and *morte fugis* very speedily put out our lights, and left us in total darkness. We still, however, crept on towards the place where we had to descend, and after a few minutes Mr. Hamilton said he could see something like light before us. By this time I began to perceive a very unpleasant odour, and found myself entangled amongst some very large bones; I got hold of one, that seemed by the feel of it to be the leg-bone of a horse or camel; this led me to form some very uncomfortable suspicions, and on looking out to discover the light Mr. Hamilton had discerned, I plainly perceived flashes like those from the eyes of a wild beast.

I immediately called to Mr. Hamilton, telling him of the bones, and my suspicions as to the light he saw; he still, however, wished to continue, but the bones increasing around us, and my urging him to give up the attempt, he at last agreed in my view of the case, and as there did not seem to be anything in the cavern to compensate for the risk, we made the best of our way out again, to avoid the chance of becoming the prey of the hyænas or leopards, into whose den we had intruded. The guides appeared as

much surprised as we were, but agreed with us as to the probability of the then inmates of this subterranean place. They then conducted us to the summit of the rock, and here we were fully repaid for our trouble. The top was, as we had seen, carefully levelled, and before us stood, cut out of the solid rock, a large and perfect sarcophagus of ancient Greek work. It had neither lid nor inscription. This, they told us, they called the tomb of Homer; they knew no other name for it. This sarcophagus overlooks the junction of the two streams, the mountains at the back progressively rising. The lake of Tantalus, and the statue of Niobe, may be presumed to have been on this mountain, some four or five miles distant from this spot.

We returned to Bournabat by the same track we had come, and found the descent more difficult than the ascent had been. The family of Mr. Perkins entertained us with great kindness, and were much pleased with the account of our adventures; they told us that the peasants thereabouts all firmly believed the tradition the guides had related; and, as it is also handed down historically by Pausanias, it may be thought worthy of some consideration, especially as in the principal mosque at Bournabat is an inscription, evidently of remote antiquity, concerning the river Males. I copied it myself, on visiting the building afterwards. It is in large, ancient characters:—

ΤΜΝΩΘΕΟΝ
ΜΕΕΛΗΤΑΙΠΟΤΑΜΟΝ
ΤΟΝΣΩΤΗΡΑΜΟΥ
ΙΑΝΤΟΣΔΕΛΟΙΜΟΥ
ΚΑΙΚΑΚΟΥ
ΠΕΠΑΥΜΕΝΟΥ.

It is cut on one of the columns in the Turkish mosque, near the river. The pillar is one of twelve or fourteen pieces of red granite, of very large size. They were, most probably, not brought from any distance, but taken from some temple or Greek edifice close at hand.

The mountain we ascended appears to be that on which Quintus Smyrneus or Calaber fed sheep; he describes it as being of middling height, in the territory of Smyrna,

and three times as far from the Hermus as a man when he hollows can be heard. In the course of the years 1804-5, I often passed days successively in this range of mountains, but was never able to discover either the lake of Tantalus, or the statue of Niobe. I have lost my way for hours among the labyrinths of rocks and ravines—in one of the latter is a sheepfold, which I have frequently visited. The shepherds told me there are many hyænas in this range, and that they have bred in the grotto we visited; and an old Turkish sportsman had, by building a bush-hut on the opposite bank of the rivulet, in which he kept watch, succeeded in shooting an old female hyæna that had young ones within the grotto. So we may thank God for the decision we took of retracing our steps out of that den.

In the year 1805, a hyæna that had lost its way among the gardens that surround Smyrna, having been attracted thither by the dead horses that are occasionally thrown out in the lanes there, attacked a baker who was opening his shop at daylight, and so lacerated him that he died shortly afterwards; the animal then left the baker to seize on a passenger, and thus he nearly tore to pieces six persons before he could be destroyed, in the great street leading into the gardens, where two armed Candiottes after much difficulty killed him. My father, coming into town from the country early in the morning, saw him just after this happened; he was hung up in a tavern for show, and was about eight feet long. In the following autumn, a Greek servant, whilst shooting with a French gentleman, a Mons. Conturier, beneath Tartarlee, fired duck-shot at an animal which he thought was a wild boar, not being able to distinguish through the underwood that it was a hyæna. It immediately turned on him, tore his clothes, and, had he not been armed both with dagger and pistols, would have killed him. This creature, which I saw afterwards, was nearly nine feet long.

We returned from Bournabat much delighted with our excursion, and soon after returned for a few days to Smyrna, that Mr. Hamilton might have the opportunity of examining the Castle, the Stadium, the traces of the

theatre on mount Pagus, the place called Homer's school, and the fountain of Fassolar, and the tree on the mountain that marks the spot where the sepulchre of St. Polycarp stood.

Having inspected these remains, we once more returned to Boudjah, and then Mr. Hamilton began to form his plans for visiting the seven churches, before proceeding to Constantinople; and, after some deliberation, it was decided that I should accompany him on this journey. I had already imbibed a great taste for these investigations; but, being scarcely fifteen years old, and not very proficient in Greek, although tolerably master of Latin, I was but ill-prepared for the journey; except for the kind instructions of Mr. Hamilton, and by reading such books of travels as I could obtain.

It was Mr. Hamilton's wish, in the first place, to visit Ephesus, from thence to proceed to Miletus, and, if possible, to discover the Pan-Ionium, or place of assembly, of the states of the twelve confederate Ionian cities; thence to the temple of Apollo Branchidæ, and as far south and beyond Megus and Priene as we could conveniently go; then to cross over the mountains into the plain of Sardis, inspecting the ruins there, and proceed to Pergamus, whence by Adramytium and Assos, if not through the range of mount Ida. It was our intention thoroughly to examine the plain of Troy. My father obtained official orders to the Agas and persons in authority at the principal places; and one of his janissaries was ordered to accompany us, as well as a trusty Armenian, who had been a servant in our family, who procured grooms and purchased horses on his own account, for which we were to pay the hire, at a stipulated price;—there being no post-horses on these routes. We also provided ourselves with a small bell tent, under which we could sleep, on serdahs or small Persian rugs, when we should be obliged to remain where there were no houses or huts; we laid in a small supply of tea, coffee, rice, tobacco, &c., and armed ourselves with pistols and swords, not only to keep off robbers and wild beasts, but chiefly to give ourselves a

certain air of authority and importance amongst an armed population. Thus if we could surmount the difficulties, and withstand the heat and fatigue we were likely to meet with, we were prepared to explore this part of the country, and anticipated great pleasure from our researches. As Sedecui was in our route, and Mr. Hamilton had some acquaintances there, it was proposed that we should leave Boudjah in the afternoon for that village, there to pass the evening, and sup ; after which, on starting in the cool of the night from Sedecui, we hoped to reach Ephesus in eighteen or twenty hours, at least the village of Aiasalouk before it was dark, so as to take up our quarters there, whence we could examine the extensive site of Ephesus itself.

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We set out from Sedecui at midnight, on the 5th of September, attended by one of my father's janissaries as a guard, a servant of Mr. Hamilton, two horses to carry our baggage, and two grooms. After having ridden about three hours, and crossed a small river, we stopped under a large plane tree, where a caravan were reposing themselves, stretched out round a large fire, and sleeping as soundly after their long day's journey, as princes on beds of down. After having crossed a rugged mountain, we arrived, about six o'clock in the morning, at a small hut made of branches of trees, where we got a cup of coffee. At nine we reached the river Cayster, but were not able to get across it, there being no ferry ; we therefore followed the banks towards the mouth, and at twelve came to a fisherman's hut, with large pens made in the river to keep the fish in. We saw several fine fish in the hut, of a kind unknown to us.

We stopped here and dined from our own provisions, the bread sopped with the rain in which we had been caught. We then resumed our journey, crossed the mouth of the river that was choked up with sand ; this river was, formerly, navigable for boats, and could be so still, were it kept in proper order. We kept along the marshy banks for upwards of half an hour, our horses half-way up

their legs in water; and at last, arrived at Aiasalouk, about half-past three. Our janissary conducted us to the Aga, who accommodated us with a dirty apartment, in which the martins had built their nests; however, next to his own, it was the best in the house. After having laid our beds and baggage in the sun to dry, we went to take a walk amongst a few ruins close by. We first visited the castle, an old Saracen or Turkish building, in ruins; there are a great many cisterns within it, one of them holding water. Over one of them we found a Greek inscription, the characters bad, and of no importance. This building is of very little strength, like most Turkish works, though built on a commanding spot. We went to the mosque below, an old Saracen work, containing some fine columns.

On the right hand side, coming from the end of the aqueduct to the Aga's, is a piece of marble lying on the ground, which we found to have been a part of the Temple of Diana; it has a long inscription, copied by Dr. Chandler, who is very exact hereabouts. We then returned to our room at the Aga's, supped off bread and cheese and a water-melon, and afterwards composed ourselves to sleep, amongst the vermin that infested the place.

6th September.—In the morning, after having made our tea, we sent our baggage on to Scala Nova, intending to visit the ruins of the once superb city of Ephesus. We first took our leave of the Aga, who is an old man. He was ill in bed with a fever; but, nevertheless, would not let us depart without the customary coffee and pipes. Leaving Aiasalouk, we first ascended the southern side of Mount Prion, having the stadium on our right hand, a little before us. This mountain has proved an inexhaustible source of marble, of very fine quality, used in building the city. The quarries are plainly to be discerned. Descending, we entered the street leading to the stadium; turning to the left, we found ourselves at the arch, which served to support the seats; to the left of it is a basso-relievo, and on the right is carved in fine letters, "*Accenso rensi et Asiæ.*" Proceeding towards Mount Corissus,



there are several buildings, most probably for public purposes, and a marsh, formerly the port, on the right hand, and further on, the theatre on the left. A little further on our right, we came to the Agora or market-place, which, in maritime cities, was always near the port; the remains of a small temple were at one end of it. We now came to the valley which runs between Prion and Corissus; in this are the gymnasium, and several ancient arched buildings.

Turning back, we ascended Mount Prion, on which a very small but ancient castle is situated, due west of the one at Aiasalouk. From this spot we had a fine view, and took a plan of the ruins. Here we found a stone, with four inscriptions on it, the only inscriptions we have found here. There are not the least remains of the celebrated Temple of Diana, though some travellers have supposed some huge piles of brick and mortar that lie close to the morass, and are exceedingly firmly cemented, to be parts of it. That it was situated on a low, and near a marshy spot, we are tolerably certain, to prevent its suffering from earthquakes; but it has also been conjectured that they are the remnants of the church dedicated to St. John, by Justinian.

We then started for Scala Nova, and after an hour's ride halted at a pleasant coffee-house under a large plane tree, where we dined from the provisions we had brought from Smyrna, and treated ourselves for the first time to a glass of wine; while the envious Turks looking on, turned up their noses at us in solemn contempt. We reached Scala Nova by sunset. This town is very singularly situated on the side of a steep hill. It has a good harbour, where ships of different nations were taking in cargoes of beans, cotton, corn, botargo, and fruit. We were politely received by the vice-consul, to whom I had sent my father's letter, by the man who took care of the baggage. After a good supper we retired to our beds, and slept for the first time without our clothes, which we thought a great luxury.

Sept. 8th, Thursday.—Having laid in a fresh stock of

provisions, and given the grooms time to get their horses newly shod, we took leave of Signor Guistiniani, and started on our way at ten o'clock, keeping along the coast to Changlee, and searching on all sides for the Pan Ionium, but in vain. We arrived at Changlee, a small, but pleasant village, at two o'clock, and dined with the Aga in the Turkish manner, after having drunk two cups of coffee. This Aga was a subordinate officer to the Aga atournabat. He treated us very kindly, and sent a guide with us on to Suki, where we arrived at four o'clock, having crossed Mount Mycele by a very bad path. Here we expected to find Eles Oglu, and to be well received by him, having a letter for him from our dragoman. We entered the court, and were conducted through a numerous company of officers to an inner room, where we presented our letter, to be delivered to the Aga; and waited upwards of an hour, during which time they brought us pipes and coffee. The janissary then returned to say the Aga had ordered a guide to proceed with us to Kelibesh. We were not very well pleased at this reception, or rather dismissal, but the sun having set, we thought it best to mount our horses at once, and proceed. On our road we enquired of the janissary the reason of this disrespectful treatment. He informed us that Eles Oglu had just lost an uncle, and that there was a Capidgi Bashi just arrived from Constantinople at that moment, in his house, to demand the effects of the deceased. These Capidgi Bashis are dispatched by the Grand Vizier, to demand the head, or money, or jewels, of any Pasha, or subordinate officer, whose power seems likely to become inconveniently great.


We passed along a valley at the foot of Mycele, from which we could see the sea, and arrived at Kelibesh a little before nine o'clock. We took up our quarters in a good Greek house, where we got a fire lighted, and our supper cooked, which consisted of a fish we had got at Scala Nova. We now found that the man from Suki was ordered to accompany us through his master's territories. He was an elderly man, with a venerable white beard, and knew the country very well.

Sept. 9th Friday.—We set out about eight o'clock to visit the ruins of the city of Priene, and after winding up the mountain by a very rugged path—in some places scarcely passable—and meeting here and there with a stream, we arrived on the summit about nine o'clock, where the Acropolis, Pseudirodomum, once stood, on the brink of a most fearful precipice. The city being at the foot, we had to descend this height by one of the most dangerous paths I ever saw ; being a few uneven steps cut out of the rock, scarcely broad enough for your foot to rest upon. In less than half an hour we had safely reached the bottom, and saw before us one of the finest existing ruins of Anatolia, the Temple of Minerva Polias. Scarcely any part of it is standing, all the columns are lying of a heap, one over the other, so that it is difficult to make a thorough inspection. Most of the capitals lie on the west side. At the north-east end of the heap are three long Greek inscriptions of ancient date, the most legible of which we copied. The wall of the city is discernible in almost all places, and the masonry particularly solid and regular ; but in some places seems to have been repaired. We had some trouble in finding the Stadium, which lies in the same direction as the temple with regard to the precipice, just within the wall of the city ; only a few of the seats are discernible. Most of the buildings seem to have been destroyed by earthquakes, assisted by the Turks, who destroy the finest columns, for the sake of the lead they contain.

After having examined everything worthy of notice, we descended (for the ruins of this city, though situated in the plain, are on a rising ground, which gives it every appearance of having been maritime), and mounted our horses, that had been led round from the precipice. In half an hour we arrived at Kelibesh ; where, by Ibrahim's (our janissary's) assistance, we partook of a good dinner, and employed ourselves the rest of the evening in writing our notes.

At three o'clock in the morning we were again in the saddle, and traversing the plain by the light of the moon.

We were ferried over the Meander below the ruins of Miletus, and arrived at half past six o'clock at a village of about twenty-five miserable huts, called Balarjack, and by the Greeks, Pallatia, from the adjoining ruins. At present the theatre is all that is left of this once noble city. It is situated on a fine eminence facing the south-south-east: very few of the seats are remaining. The niches on each side, and all the side work, are very fine, and exceedingly solid; but appear to have been executed under the Roman emperors. On the north-west side of the theatre is an inscription, in small and bad characters, three times repeated. It is the one mentioned by Chandler;—an invocation to Jehovah and the archangels, for the preservation of the city. We searched in vain for the two pedestals—one, of the statue of the Emperor Hadrian, the other, of that of Severus—which Chandler saw at the back of the theatre. The ruins are scattered over a wide surface, but they are broken up into such small pieces, that there is no possibility of telling what they have formerly been. We wandered over them for some time, but finding nothing to repay our toil, we set out for the village of Acqui, whither we had sent our baggage, and reached it about nine o'clock. Leaving it at twelve, and keeping along the sea coast, we soon observed the mouth of the Meander, choked up with sand. A Greek vessel was lying in shore, and two others were standing over to Samos. We were now passing over a flat country, covered with arbutus; and in a short time gained a gentle rise, from which we enjoyed a fine view of the Icarian sea, with the islands of Samos, Patmos, Leros, and Calimnos. We had not proceeded far before we beheld the remains of the Temple of Apollo Didymæus, crowning the level summit of a small hill. It is an immense pile of ruins, lying regularly in an oval form: two fluted columns, with a piece of the architrave still attached, and one plain one, are now the only ones left standing. The whole of the building is white marble. The different columns are lying in such regular order, that one may suppose they have been overthrown by an earthquake. On the east side of the houses is the statue



of a man lying on the ground, with the head and feet broken off. On the left thigh is an inscription, of the same kind as the famous Sigæan one called *Boustrophedon*, the first line of which must be begun at the right, the second at the left, the third at the right again, and so on. This statue is extremely ancient, most probably before the time of Alexander. To the east of the temple are a great many sarcophagi, running like a street, and near them a sphynx, and a broken statue of a man,—both very ancient.

Sunday, the 11th.—We rode north-east, over a level country, till we came to lake Myas, then along its shores, over an exceedingly rugged hill. At one o'clock we rested at a fine, noble well, covered with an arch, and close by a venerable plane tree, under whose shade some tired fellow-travellers were reposing from the heat of the sun. We then proceeded up the mountain, that was overgrown with wood, but yet every now and then afforded us a delightful glance at the magnificent scene the lake and its environs exhibited. Half an hour more brought us into the midst of the fields adjoining the village of Baffi. Here we found all the inhabitants assembled, with the Aga, who is a very old man, and deaf. At this time of year it is the practice to sleep out of doors, not only for coolness, but for the convenience of getting in their crops. We drank a cup of coffee and smoked a pipe with the old man, whilst they were pitching our tent. In a short time a very good supper was served, which Ibrahim and Mehemet (the guide Eles Oglu had sent with us) partook heartily of, and we passed a very comfortable night in our tent.

Monday, 12th.—Visited the ruins of Myas, situated on the northern side of the eastern extremity of the lake. The road up to Myas is almost impassable; the Janissary's horse fell with him; the man had a roll, but was not hurt. The arbutus tree grows very thickly here; this fruit is now nearly ripe; it is red and sweet, and partakes slightly of the flavour of the strawberry. After ascending for about half an hour, we had a most beautiful view of the lake and its surrounding shores. In two hours we arrived at a village, and took up our quarters for the night in a

stable, which we had cleared out for the purpose; here we spread our rugs, and dined at sunset off bread and grapes, eked out by some English cheese and wine.

This village is inhabited by about twenty-five Turks, who are quite different people to any I have ever before seen; they are sociable, and do not wear arms. They paid us a visit *en masse*, and we treated each of them to a cup of coffee, which they regarded as a great luxury. They sat sociably talking till nine o'clock, filling their pipes from our janissary's tobacco-bag.

Tuesday, Sept. 13th.—It was seven o'clock before we mounted our horses, and we took with us a guide to conduct us to a village called Chesmay, situated on the north side of the mountain to the north of the plain of the Meander.

The path up this mountain wound amongst large rocks, with a few pines and evergreen oaks growing between them. We crossed several beautiful streams, gushing down its sides, and bordered by plane trees and arbutus, the never-failing companion of water. At eleven o'clock we came to an iron mine. We had observed the soil of the mountain to contain a great quantity of this metal, but here the strata rose above the surface. I picked up several pieces of the ore; they were exceedingly heavy, and seemed to contain few earthy particles. The Turks work only the surface, where they can obtain it with very little trouble; they dig it out and pound it, and then put it in a stream that runs close by;—the earthy particles being thus separated from the metallic by the current. The ore is then put in a furnace close at hand, composed of loose stones, and fed with the pine trees of the mountain; the dross being thus separated, it is then sold to be manufactured. This subterranean store is supposed to be very valuable, and were it in the hands of Europeans would doubtless be very productive.

After passing the iron mine, we proceeded by the worst track imaginable, winding along the brink of horrible precipices, over the naked rocks, where I was surprised to see pines growing even to some magnitude. I suppose it is

to be attributed to the iron particles with which the rocks are impregnated. At one o'clock we halted to cool and rest under some trees, and at four we discovered on a small rise some ancient works, the walls of a city, and those of an Acropolis. Where the latter formerly stood was nothing but a pile of ancient marbles. On the south side of this heap was a long and very ancient Greek inscription, and at the corner one quite effaced. The walls are of marble, and of very solid and magnificent workmanship. Within the citadel are some Ionic columns, and a Corinthian capital of apparently the time of the Roman Emperors.

Wednesday, Sept. 14th.—We still continued ascending the mountain, which in this part is covered with very fine specimens of the evergreen oak. At one, we were ferried over the Meander, here as broad as at Miletus, and our road then lay through cotton fields, vineyards, and plantations of olive and fig trees, which always extend for some miles round the principal towns of this country. We entered Guzel Hissar (*i.e.* the beautiful Castle) a little after two o'clock. The lower part of this town is miserable in the extreme, but as we advanced through it to the Aga's, we passed several bazaars and some good buildings. After talking awhile with the Aga, he sent a janissary to the principal Greek, to order him to procure us lodgings. This man led us to the most miserable place I ever beheld; a wretched khan, that we should not think good enough to keep pigs in. On our refusing to accept this, he led us up and down the streets until our patience was exhausted, and it was not until our janissaries drew their swords and threatened to turn him and his wife and children, and all his relations to the remotest degree, out of doors, that he recollected the house next to his own was empty, and that we could lodge there. He was now in a fright lest his conduct should be reported to the Aga, and became most civil, getting us a very good dinner, and paying us every attention.

Thursday, Sept. 15th. — Visited the ruins above the town, erroneously supposed to be those of the ancient Magnesia. We crossed the bed of a torrent, where some

Turks were sitting under the shade of a row of trees, smoking, drinking coffee, and playing chess. We entered the ruin by a Roman gateway, having on our left a large Roman building, amongst whose marbles are several inscriptions, but far too high up to be legible; at the back of it are several columns standing. It is from this structure, seated on an eminence, and visible a great way off, that the town of Guzel Hissar derives its name. As we ascended, we observed innumerable arches in ranges in the ground, and in a great many places under ground, regular solid stone-work; these are literally quarries, from whence the Turks dig up stones, and hew them for their tombs. These deep underground foundations must have been submerged by some earthquake. Ascending, the vaults increased in number, and from their uniform situation they appear to have served merely to make the streets level. When arrived on the site of the Stadium, we had the Theatre a little to our right; above us, from thence the spectators might enjoy a good view of the performances in the former. We found the proscenium to be forty-six yards across. The Theatre faced south-south-west, and commanded a delightful view of the plain and the opening in the mountain to the west-south-west. The whole of the ruins are covered with olive and fig trees, the former drooping under the weight of their fruit, particularly abundant this season.

In the yard of a cottage by the torrent we found a beautiful tomb of the Roman times, of exquisite workmanship, and exceedingly well preserved. The lid is of two inclined planes meeting at the top, and forming a triangle at each end; on which was a Greek inscription. The body of this tomb is adorned with festoons of flowers in high relief; the edge between the lid and body with a wreath of laurel leaves. In a field on the right-hand side of the road leading to Sultan Hissar is another still finer tomb, of the Ionic order. It is of fine white marble, the lid in form like the other, having a human head at each end, much defaced; and round the lower edge of the lid is a row of eggs. The body is oblong, and stands on a pedestal,

ornamented with a frieze, a row of eggs, a wreath of laurel leaves, acanthus, and roses. This tomb is remarkable for the finish of the workmanship, and is by far the finest thing I have yet seen. We were also shown a head of a good ancient sculpture, which we bought for a piastre.

From the appearance of these ruins, we cannot think them to be those of the ancient Magnesia, but should suppose them to be the remains of Tralles. There are not the least remains of any building like that of the famous Temple of Diana at Magnesia, amongst these ruins of Guzel Hissar. Magnesia was situated on a plain at the foot of Mount Thorax; but these ruins are by no means on level ground: in short, everything, with respect to situation, distance, and appearance points to this being the site of Tralles rather than of Magnesia. Strabo particularly mentions that the city of Nyssa appeared like two separated cities, being divided in two by a precipice; this is exactly the case with the ruins at Sultan Hissar, and it is this which has caused Chandler to take them for the cities of Nyssa and Tralles; but it is very improbable that two such large cities should be so close together: therefore, having agreed upon the site of Priene, we will at present place Magnesia at Inec Bazaar, Tralles at Guzel Hissar, and Nyssa at Sultan Hissar, and when we arrive at Inec Bazaar, we will bring forward a few more local proofs, to make it clear that that place is the site of Magnesia.

Friday, Sept. 16th.—On riding through the town at nine in the morning, we observed a great deal of trade. We were told there were in this town 36,000 Turkish houses, about 200 Greek, but very few Armenians. The streets are broader and cleaner than those of Smyrna, and are refreshed at intervals by the agreeable shade of trees hanging over them from the courts of the mosques. The road continued for an hour through the gardens which extend to some distance round the town. We passed a great number of broken columns, and through several tracts of land sown with darai, a kind of grain of

which the common bread is made. The bread is made flat and thin, like a pancake, only considerably larger.

At two o'clock we arrived at some ruins a little off the road to Inec Bazaar, which we suppose to be those of the city of Magnesia. We first examined the pile of the Temple of Diana, which is within the walls, of the Ionic order. At the west end we found a statue, and after a great deal of trouble, with the assistance of some Turks, turned it upon its back. It proved to be very ancient, representing Diana, and of exquisite work. The dress was particularly beautiful, but the head, arms, and feet were broken off. This was not the first time during this tour that I regretted being unable to sketch. Close to this statue we found four pedestals in their proper positions; on three of them were inscriptions, which we got at by removing the earth. One of these leaves us little reason to believe this spot to be the ancient Priene; but leaving the situation out of the question, as in the eighth line we find $\Sigma\Theta\epsilon\varsigma\text{M}\alpha\gamma\text{N}\eta\text{N}\iota\alpha$, though broken, it still leads us to believe it was written for MAGNESIA. In approaching the ruins we twice crossed a stream running out of the mountains to the right, and which we will call Pactyas.

In a ditch at the end of a valley, to the right, we discovered the statue of a man, the same age and workmanship as that of Diana; the legs, arms, and head, were also missing; close to it were several seats, like those of a stadium, forming the segment of a circle. As it was growing dark, we had not time to search further, but descending, we had a distinct view of the Islands, now hills, mentioned by Pliny. On reaching the village, we found our men had obtained the use of the Aga's house, who has gone to Eles Oglu: they had made a good fire, which was very agreeable, as it was blowing an equinoctial gale.

Sept. 17th, Saturday.—We started at 6 o'clock, under the guidance of a Turk from the village, for Bindere. We wound for some time along the sides of a mountain covered with pollard evergreen oaks; at half-past nine we crossed a bridge built over a small stream, that runs be-

tween between two mountains, and a short time afterwards, descended a small mountain, entirely composed of marble, by a very bad path ; then wound our way down a long range (covered on all sides with pine trees, amongst whose boughs a number of jays kept up an incessant clamour), once more into the plain of the Cayster. In a short time we had a pleasant Turkish village on our right, situated on the side of a mountain. The part of the plain through which we were now passing was very barren and uncultivated : here and there only were scattered a few fields of *darai*, the substitute for corn used by the poor inhabitants. At 4 o'clock we entered the town of Bindere by a deep road, where our horses were half way up their legs in water. Fields of cotton were, however, on both sides of the way. The person acting as Aga received us very complacently, and being known at Smyrna, inquired very particularly the news of that place. Whilst we were smoking our pipes, a Cephalonian, named De la Porte, entered the room, and after a little conversation, pressed us to go to his house to pass the night. We accepted his invitation, whereupon he had all our baggage removed there : he behaved to us with the greatest hospitality, treated us with an excellent supper, and insisted on our taking some medals, without accepting the least compensation, except our thanks. He is a doctor, and has lived in this place thirty-five years !

Sept. 18th, Sunday.—After returning our hospitable doctor many heartfelt thanks, we started about nine in the morning for Cassaba. We could discern Tyra in the opposite range of mountains, which we understood from the Turks to be abounding in deer ; it had the appearance of being a considerable town. We climbed up the rocky mountains facing us, between groves of olive trees, loaded with fruit, and soon found the road to become tolerably good. At eleven we stopped to rest at a small coffee house, from which we had a fine view of the plain of the Hermus, Mount Sipylus appearing like an island in a gulf of verdure. On each side of the road now were

walnut and chesnut trees, most agreeable to weary travellers, for the shade and coolness they afford.

It was past five before we arrived at Cassaba. This is one of the cleanest towns I have yet seen in these parts. The houses are low, but regular, chiefly inhabited by Greeks. As the Khan appeared a tolerably clean place, we took up our quarters in it, though there were several caravans there already, and the yard was full of camels, horses, and mules. We expected here to taste the much-vaunted Cassaba melon in its perfection, but were wofully mistaken, for we had two of the worst I have ever tasted, which we were told they grow in a plain some distance off. Here we heard the Imaun chanting the call to evening prayers, from the minaret. It really had a solemn and somewhat awful effect.

Sept. 19th, Monday.—After breakfast, a doctor called upon us, and invited us to his house, to look at some medals. How different from the civilized and hospitable Signor De la Porte! His home, if such it can be called, consisted of a single room of a Khan, with no other floor than the bare earth. A table in the middle was laid out with a collection of dirty phials, containing a variety of mouldy liquids, under the common denomination of medicine. A dirty, ragged bed, which served the double purpose of a sofa by day, was in the farthest corner of the room, on which was seated the partner of his dirt and misery. The medals he showed us were all Roman, excepting four or five, which we took;—one of Priene, one of Sardis and Pergamus, and another, on which was a beautiful head. They were all copper. For these, and about four pounds of conserve of roses, nothing less than a Venetian sequin would satisfy him. The streets were swarming with people, it was market day, there were droves of cattle, and loads of melons and vegetables brought in to market; every kind of trade seemed to be going on briskly. On returning to our Khan, we found that our janissary had procured a couple of fresh horses, and we started again about ten.

This day's ride was a very uncomfortable one to me, for

I was suffering much from fever. The first two hours' ride through the plain, where the rays of the sun were reflected fiercely by the sand, was like riding through a sandy furnace. Under a venerable and shady plane tree where we stopped to rest and drink some coffee, and where by comparison, it appeared delightfully cool, the thermometer was 105. At four o'clock we arrived at Sart, a place surrounded by capouse, or water-melon grounds; and as we could not obtain any decent room, we pitched our tent under some trees, on the banks of the Pactolus.

Tuesday, 20th.—In such a spot as this, the verdure alone reminded us of inquiring for butter, milk, and yourt. Of the former we laid in a good stock, and of the other two we made an excellent breakfast. I entirely forgot my illness of yesterday. We were engaged all the morning in visiting the temple and castle. The former is supposed to have been dedicated to Cybele. It is of the Ionic order, but from its present vestiges it is impossible to form any idea of its former symmetry. Five columns are still erect; a part of each immediately below the capital is fluted; the remainder of the shaft is plain; three are standing in a row, and two apart. The capitals are beautifully wrought; some of the volutes are ornamented with acanthus and laurel leaves, and others are plain. On one of the capitals is part of an architrave of immense size, composed of four pieces of marble. Four of the columns are still crowned with their capitals, in their original position, but one has its capital reversed; two of the shafts are much patched, and the Turks have made large holes in all of them, to obtain the lead that is inside.

From hence we proceeded, with a Turkish lad for our guide, to the Castle, and ascended on horseback, though with some difficulty, on the side facing Tmolus. The wall here is much undermined, and is a strange mixture of ancient and modern work, and Roman tiles. We passed through an archway to the interior, but found nothing within; though we enjoyed a fine view of the plain and tumuli, and admired the amazing steepness of the mountain. We dismounted from our horses, and continued

along a long, narrow, vaulted passage, of Roman work, and then pursued the line of the wall, among fragments of temples, foundations of buildings, and the remains of a conduit of water. From the heights where no vestiges of the wall remain, we had some tremendous glances down the precipices, and walked for some distance along a goat path, on the brink of an abyss. Returning to our horses, we emerged by a place where the wall is broken, and close to this spot we took several inscriptions.

On our descent we were furiously attacked by several dogs belonging to the Turcoman shepherds, who feed their flocks around these ruins. They are prodigious animals, and rather wolves than dogs, and had nearly dismounted us. Turcomans' tents, with their flocks around them grazing on the abundant herbage of the plain, were scattered all around. These Turcomans are supposed to be the descendants of the ancient conquerors of the country. They are a hardy people, and lead an entirely pastoral life, removing from place to place as the nourishment of their flocks requires. Their tents, made of horsehair, are in shape exactly like the tilt of a waggon, and cost them very little trouble to remove.

The Theatre has but two or three seats remaining ; the proscenium measures about sixty yards across, and faces north-north-east, with the stadium at the foot running at right angles with it. It is probable that this Theatre was of the same dimensions as that at Tralles, as it is built in exactly the same manner. At Tralles the end of the proscenium was broken down, so that we could only guess where to begin our measurement.

As we could not leave this region without inspecting some of the tumuli, we determined to go over to a village near the lake Gygaus, on the opposite side of the plain. We accordingly crossed the Hermus, which is broad, but shallow ; then passed through a small forest of *seges*, a kind of cedar-like shrub, and afterwards passing a small muddy lake, in little more than an hour we reached a village of ill-built houses, and in two hours dismounted at a sheepfold, managed by a Greek, who seems to be in

high favour with Kar-Osman-Oglu. He gave us a good thatched room and some water, brought in jars from the Hermus, and we made a good supper of pilau.

We always carry a bag of rice and pot of butter with us, in case of emergencies, and we should often have to fast were it not for this precaution. We generally take a cup of tea in the morning before mounting; about noon, if we are near a village, or meet with any goatherds, or a sheepfold, we stop to rest, and refresh ourselves with a morsel of bread and some fruit; but do not take our substantial meal until our day's journey is done, and we are stopping for the night.

Wednesday, 21st.—Went to examine the tumulus of Alyattes, the father of Cræsus. As we had ridden along yesterday we had seen it towering above all the others. We ascended it on horseback by riding round and round, and found the top to be fifteen yards in diameter, and a large marble, trefoil in shape, was four yards in diameter and three and a half in height. From the summit I counted about sixty others, of different dimensions, all supposed to be the tombs of Satraps, and great men of Sardis. We paced it round on our descent, and found it to be 1,410 yards in circumference.

We now directed our course towards the lake Gygaus, along the banks of which we rode for nearly two hours; when we arrived at the village of Balloukhani, where some Greeks are established by Kar-Osman-Oglu, to carry on the fisheries. A great sickness has prevailed amongst the fish of this lake, and hundreds lay dead on the shore, the putrid exhalations from them affecting the air for some distance. At the end of the lake we rode across some marshy ground, and entered the Arkhissar plain. We now passed through a well-cultivated country, and at two arrived at Mermerrai, a town with two minarets.

Thursday, Sept. 22nd.—The Æsculapius of this place, who is a Cerigote, showed us several inscriptions, and in the yard of a Greek's house an ancient sarcophagus, about twenty feet long, and five wide: the lid was wanting; the marble of which it was made was six inches thick.

The master of the house showed us a brazen head, supposed to have belonged to a statue of Titus; it was, however, but ill executed.

We were busy all the morning in the Armenian burial ground, copying three long inscriptions. Ancient marbles are scattered all over this town in small quantities, but we could discover no vestige of the ancient Thyatira.

We dined with the doctor, who treated us with some very good wine, and we set out at five for Kirkagatch, and reached it at nine. We had scarcely dismounted, when the doctor here came to welcome us. He insisted on our going to his apartments in a khan, to sup;—an unlucky invitation, for there was, unfortunately, nothing to eat; some tea he proposed should be made directly, and he gave a quantity to his servant, who presently boiled it, and brought it in in the saucepan. Our host politely poured out a cup of this decoction for each of us, and drank his own with a few wry faces. It tasted more like brine than anything else, and neither Mr. Hamilton nor I could finish our portions. This doctor is a Sicilian, from Palermo: we could hardly dissuade him from the belief that we were about to establish ourselves here as rival medical professors. Our familiarity with Latin, and Mr. Hamilton's proficiency in Greek, were the grounds of this, to him, alarming notion. He is determined to accompany us to Bergamo (Pergamus), to keep an eye on our movements, as he evidently cannot forego his suspicions; we have given him to understand, that his company will not be altogether agreeable, but it is of no use.

Friday, 23rd.—Passed the morning in searching for and copying inscriptions. Set off at nine, accompanied by the doctor, who had provided himself with a couple of chickens and a bottle of wine, and would not let our man buy anything. We passed through a well-cultivated plain, interspersed with villages; and about half-past one, halted by a fountain to dispatch the doctor's viands. Soon after the island of Mitylene became visible. Cotton, corn, and tobacco are the principal productions of this plain; indeed, great quantities of the former are grown in it.

We arrived at Bergamo a little before eight, the doctor wishing much to persuade us to go to the house of a friend of his; but as we were not to be persuaded, he was fain to content himself in the khan with us.

Saturday, 24th.—In the morning the doctor's friend called to see us, and insisted on our removing to his house, as the khan we were in was a miserable place; we accepted his invitation, and found ourselves much better off.

We were kept in all the forenoon by heavy rain, that made a torrent in the dry bed over which we had passed yesterday. The afternoon proving clear, we visited the ancient gate, an archway built of stone, and appears to be of the period of the kings of Pergamus. A great part of it now rests on a single stone, and threatens every moment to fall and overwhelm the poor huts that are built at its feet. Adjoining the gate is the Theatre. Two or three seats only are remaining, with a part of the arches at each end. At the top we found the semicircle to be 280 yards. Descending the hill to a building at the foot, we found it to be the Amphitheatre. It is built quite at the bottom of the valley, with a small stream running through the midst of it, an arched bridge being thrown over it at each end. Over this are the remains of vaulted passages or chambers, which were doubtless used to keep the wild beasts in. On each side of the stream the ground gently rises, and we could trace the plans for the seats half way round. I took as good a plan of this curious building as I was able.

Sunday, 25th.—This morning we visited the Castle, situated to the north of the city. We ascended by a zig-zag paved way, and entered the castle by a gate of modern Greek building, surrounded on all sides by the same work. In a recess in the wall, to the left of the gate inside, is an inscription near the roof, which we copied. To the north and west the wall of the castle is modern; but the out-work, which edges the brow of the craggy mountain, is ancient Greek. Towards the north-east the outer and inner walls meet; and here we observed the building to be of the most solid and massive character, each range of stone falling in, as it became a certain height, thus leaving

a narrow step, resembling the work of a pyramid. This is the only part that appears of greater antiquity than the time of Alexander. From the number of cisterns and corn magazines of a bottle shape within the wall, it is probable that the city may once have stood here. We found too the remains of a temple, of the Corinthian order, dedicated to Bacchus. We dined with the doctor's friend, and in the afternoon paid a visit to Hadji Omer Aga, for whom we had a letter. He received us very politely. While we were smoking our pipes, the conversation turned on the English, the war, and the late affairs in Egypt, with which he showed himself to be quite conversant. He is an elderly man, with a venerable white beard, is very affable and cheerful, and bears a high character. We took our leave, with an invitation to return on the morrow to see the game of jerrid played. We went home and bought some medals at an extravagant rate.

Monday, 26th.—Passed the whole morning with the Aga in conversation and seeing his horses, some of which are very fine animals and exceedingly swift. We praised and admired them exceedingly, which pleased him much. He spoke a good deal of the war between the Turks and Germans in his young days, in which he had commanded a troop of horse, and had nearly taken the Emperor Joseph prisoner, and received a severe wound on the hand from a sabre. On taking leave, the Aga made the doctor, our host, a present of a brace and a half of partridges and a goose. We then went to a bath in search of antiques, and found a basso-relievo in marble in the yard, representing a dog, with an inscription under it mentioning his name and the pleasure he took, in hunting. Within the bath is a vase, an oblate spheroid in form. Fifteen figures on horseback, in bas-relief, are represented as performing a course round it. The top is broken, but the sculpture is beautiful. It is reported that seven of these vases were discovered, linked together by a chain, by a slave, who lit upon the end of the chain, while digging in a field. He traced it, and thus discovered the vases. Having broken one, and perceived that it contained gold, he im-

mediately made the discovery known to his master, whom he conducted to the spot. The reward of his fidelity was death; for his master, fearful of his being a sharer in the treasure, murdered him, and then, taking horse for Constantinople, communicated the discovery of this immense treasure to the Sultan, concealing, of course, the murder of his faithful slave. The vase we have seen was presented to this vile wretch, under the belief that he had made the discovery. The other six were removed to Constantinople. This story was told us here, and is generally credited. The vases are also supposed to have contained the treasures of Lysimachus, which might have been thus concealed after the battle of Ipsus. We are not acquainted with several particulars which, though simple, would clearly prove it one way or the other. After undergoing the shampooing operation in this bath, we retired to our khan, deferring our departure for Cumer until the next morning.

Tuesday, 27th.—Left Bergamo at eleven, and rode for some time along the banks of a stream whose bed was overshadowed by plane-trees. We then passed through a plain cultivated with vineyards, and fields until we reached the foot of a mountain about sunset, which we had to ascend in the dark by a very bad path, that we often lost, the grateful rays of the moon being obscured by clouds, which the angry wind was driving rapidly across her disk. We passed a village in the dark, where we could hear the poor inhabitants diverting themselves with their monotonous and melancholy music. We arrived at Cumer at ten. It is built in a low and marshy situation, and is pronounced Kemure. We found the khan full of people; but a Greek merchant, who had just come from the Troad, and was going to Smyrna, offered us half his room, which we gratefully accepted.

Wednesday, 28th.—We set out from Cumer at eight, and directed our course across the plain, the summit of Mount Ida being opposite us, nearly concealed in the clouds. At mid-day we stopped under the cool shade of some planes, in the bed of a torrent, where there was a

small coffee-house. Here we found a man roasting a piece of meat, a luxury we immediately seized upon. After an hour's rest, we resumed our course along the shore, a great quantity of olive plantations lining the beach on our right hand, and extending all the way from Cape Baba, the ancient Lectum, to Adramytium. At seven we struck away from the sea, and lost our way upon a mountain, until we were fortunately guided to a sheep-fold by the barking of the dogs. The shepherds led us into the road; and at ten we arrived at the village of Bairam, which is perched upon the summit of a rocky hill.

Thursday, 29th (Michaelmas day).—The name of the mountain we are on is Cas Dagħ (*i. e.* Goose Mountain). This is unfortunately the nearest approach we are able to make towards spending the day in the English style. Having drunk our tea, we visited the mosque on the brow of a craggy rock above the village. The front of this building is ornamented by two modern columns. On the architrave over the door is an inscription of the time of the Christian Greeks, which, however, we copied. Behind the mosque are two large, vaulted wells, of amazing depth. From the brow of this rock we took the bearings of the place, and had a delightful view of the island of Lesbos (Mytilene), the intervening sea, and the adjacent villages. Here we found some blocks of granite, with bas-reliefs, representing groups of figures, one with two bulls fighting. They were of very ancient workmanship. There were also many fragments of Doric columns, and a line of capitals lying in regular order. A few paces beyond them, we found another bas-relief, representing three Centaurs at full speed, and one with a representation of three persons apparently partaking of a meal. One is reclining, with his elbow propped on a cushion, holding a vase in his hand, while his right arm is raised, as if he were in the act of speaking. Close to him is another figure reclining in the same manner, while his right arm is extended with a cup in his hand to a boy standing behind him, who is pouring wine into it.

The Theatre is a beautiful structure, with nearly all the

seats entire. It faces the sea on the south, and the vomitorio is on the east side. On the south-west have been two towers, with an entrance between them.

Near the precipice, in the wall, is a very curious gate, nine feet wide, and of the same thickness. Having entered this gate, you have on your left hand three long ranks of tombs, upwards of a hundred running in a straight line : they are all of great size, and much ornamented. The ruins here are entirely of granite,—we found only one piece of marble among them ; the kind of mortar used also shews their great antiquity.

We set out again at half-past three for Touzler, a village that derives its name from the salt that abounds in the neighbourhood ; the hills around are covered with it ; and within a few paces of the village are two hot springs, gushing from the rock, and forming a stream that runs through the street. We plunged the thermometer into the first, and found it rise to boiling heat ; it had even taken the paint off the graduated degrees, though the instrument did not remain a minute in the water. In the other spring the mercury rose still higher.

The stream formed by these two springs runs through to the other side of the village, where it is drained off into the marshes, and the water left to filter through the earth, leaving the salt behind on its surface. The bottom of the stream is of yellow clay, perhaps containing sulphurous particles. The marshes are very extensive. The Turk to whom the land belongs pays 500 purses yearly to the Grand Seigneur.

Friday, 30th.—At nine we set out from Touzler, passed the salt marshes, and rode through a well-cultivated country, covered with oaks of the same kind as those we had seen yesterday. We enjoyed a fine view of the islands of Tenedos and Lemnos. At twelve we drew a little out of the road to give passage to the Harem of an Aga, mounted on beautiful horses, and closely veiled. Striking a little inland we arrived at a place among a great quantity of oaks, where we found part of the ruins of Alexandria Troas, now known by the name of Eski Stamboul (old

Stamboul), from the immense ruins which were formerly found here. They have all been unfortunately made away with by the Turks, who have hewed them into balls for their immense cannon at the Dardanelles.

From this spot we had a charming view of the Trojan plain, with its tumuli, and the sea.

A large Roman building, which we took to be the Gymnasium, next attracted our notice. It is built of stones, mortar, and tiles, and faced with stone of very coarse quality; it is one hundred and twenty yards long, by eighty broad. I regretted much having to leave this place without further investigation; but Mr. Hamilton's sudden illness obliged us to make the best of our way to some village.

On our way down to the sea we passed the sites of several large buildings, now completely razed to the ground. On the shore we found a large Caique being built, with some Greek huts around it. This reminded us of the building of Æneas' vessels, and the Grecian ships hauled on the strand. The coast, as I have before remarked, abounds in oak, and the ascents of Mount Ida produce great abundance of pines, which they export to the isles; several boats were unloading wool and taking in timber here, for Tenedos. We arrived about six at Udjeck, a village situated a little to the east of the tomb of Ægysyetes. From some of the adjacent ascents we enjoyed a fine view of the plain of Troy, with its tumuli; the Hellespont, from this distance, only like a stream in magnitude, the Simois and Scamander, winding through the plain, interspersed with villages, and flanked by beautiful hills. The prospect was beautiful in the extreme, and nature has here shewn herself more prodigal of her gifts than elsewhere, particularly in that of water, which is the *summum desideratum* everywhere in this country. Udjeck is a miserable village of twelve or fourteen poor Turkish huts; we were lodged in the best, whose floor was cut out of the naked rock,—a poor lodging for a sick person! We could neither get corn nor straw for our horses.

Saturday, October 1st.—Mr. Hamilton appearing much

benefitted by some bark which he has taken, was able to set off at nine to visit the tomb of *Æsyetes*, about a quarter of an hour's ride to the west of us. We found it to be thirteen yards in diameter at the top, where, as we stood and looked around, we were necessarily reminded of the choice of *Polites*, *Priam's* son, who gained this station to observe the movements of the Greeks. He must have had a complete view of the whole plain, even to *Troy* itself, and of whatever passed between the *Sigæum* and *Rhœteum* promontories. This tumulus is situated on a considerable rise above the plain, and it is very probable that both the roads from old and new *Ilion* to *Alexandria-Troas* passed close by it. We took several bearings from this position. We then proceeded to *Erkessie*, to look at an inscription on a large sarcophagus there; we found it at the entrance of the mosque, and another on the lowest step of the *Pacha's* palace: we supposed both to have come from *Alexandria*, as, indeed, have all the few pieces of marble to be found on this plain. Intending to examine the river further to-morrow, we went on to *Bourna Bachi* (chief of the springs), riding east along the marsh, and in a short time arrived at the source of the *Scamander*. It springs from a peculiar kind of rock, that looks very much like a mass of mortar, in which a few pieces of black marble are imbedded; it issues from three principal sources, besides several smaller ones. The water is beautifully pellucid and crystalline, and of excellent flavour. We put the thermometer in, when it fell to 60;—12 degrees below the temperature of the atmosphere. We afterwards passed several larger springs, all joining the same stream, running along the hedge of the *Aga's* gardens. These gardens are supposed to be on the same spot as those of *Priam*, where *Lycaon* was taken whilst cutting wood. They might be made amazingly beautiful were they in any other people's lands than those of the *Turks*; who, though they have not the least idea of laying out land, will never let nature have her course, but destroy and mutilate her finest productions before they arrive at maturity.

We enquired for the hot springs, and some Turks led us to the fountain, or principal source, round the mouth of which some slabs of marble are regularly disposed. It is surrounded by reeds as formerly, and hither the Turkish women resort from the village of Bournæ Bachi to wash their linen,

“Where Trojan dames, ere yet alarmed by Greece,
Wash’d their fair garments in the days of peace.”

This water was of the same temperature as the other sources, but the villagers assured us that it was warm in winter, though always drinkable, and emitted a smoke like that arising from a fire.

“Duo erumpunt Scamandri vorticosi :
Alter quidem aqua calida fluit, circumque fumes
Oritur ex ipso ; velut ab igne ardenti :
Alter vero æstate profuit, similis grandine,
Vel vivi frigidæ, vel ex aqua concreta glaci.”

By the word *æstate*, as applied to the cold sources, it is probable that another season was alluded to in reference to the warm fountain,—a liberty often made use of in poetry.

This spot is visible from Bournæ Bachi, from the ascent above it, from the tomb of Hector, and from the place where it is most probable that the Pergama Alta, or acropolis, formerly stood: some of these must have been within the precincts of the wall, and the Scæan gate was most probably to the east of this fountain. Thus Hector expiring by the hand of Achilles—

“Hæc in eum ardenti animo latus feriit hasta
——nobilis Achilles——”

must have been “*miserabili visu*,” a sad spectacle from the wall of Troy. Here the description of Virgil was again called strongly to my mind. The language of that poet could not fail of moving the most insensible feelings, when recalled on this classic ground.

“Infelix puer, atque impar congressus Achilli,
Fertur equis, curruque hæret resupinus inani,
Lora tenens tamen ; huic cervixque comaque trahuntur
Per terram, et versa pulvis inscribitur hasta.”

We determined to sleep at Calafat, as our poor animals had been without barley or straw for several nights. Here we found an inscription, close to the mosque, opposite the Aga's house: the greater part of it was effaced, but we copied what was legible, and then ascended a rising ground, north-east of the minaret. Here we imagined ourselves to be standing on part of the very ground of the famed city of Troy. Below us, to the left, was the rapid Simois—

“—Ubi tot Simois correpta sub undis
Scuta virûm galasque et fortia corpora volvit,”

winding along between the mountains, its broad bed divided into several shallow streams. It is rather a torrent than a river, and, after a little rain, rushes down the sides of Mount Ida with all the impetuosity described by Virgil. In this season, however, even the largest rivers are almost dried up. A little to the right, on the mountain before us, was the tomb of Hector.

“In pyra autem summa cadaver posuerunt, injicerunt
qui ignem——”

It seemed very improbable to us, from where we were standing, that Achilles could have driven his chariot round the walls of the city, even without the body of Hector; for the whole north side is a mere precipice, where neither horse nor chariot could go. Perhaps the signification may be Three times about; *i. e.*, three times, turning below in the plain before the walls. The city must have had a fine effect when viewed from the plain; the situation being striking and noble in itself; and especially in spring and summer, when the plain is green, and the rivers full, must have commanded a beautiful prospect.

From some notes we had with us, we were given to understand that there were ruins of a temple near a place called Tchiblack, whither we accordingly bent our course; but to our mortification found them to consist only of seven columns placed upright by the Turks, to throw the jerrid at. We found a comfortable room at Calafat, a welcome shelter from the north wind that has been blow-

ing so violently all day. We have sometimes found it difficult to keep our seats, thus verifying the windy reputation of Troy. It is indeed exposed to every wind that blows.

Oct. 2nd, Sunday.—Renewed our investigation of the course of the Scamander, and search for its ancient bed. It is beautifully bordered with oaks, and the stream runs swiftly between its high, artificial banks. On returning to the bridge, and resuming the search we had relinquished yesterday, we found a bed full of water, and after tracing it for some distance, found it suddenly dammed across, and the dry part cultivated with French beans, water-melons, and tobacco. This bore every appearance of being the ancient bed of the Scamander, and ran towards a stagnant piece of water at the north extremity of a small range of hills. At the west end of these we traced the ancient bed without difficulty into the Simois, which it entered at two or three mouths.

We proceeded to Yeni Shair, a miserable village; and from the windmills on the precipice above the sea, had a fine view of the Hellespont, though it was blowing so furiously from the north-east, that we could hardly stand.

After dining in the village, we visited the tomb of Achilles. It is much ruined; the large hole made by Chevalier is still remaining. This tomb is now situated among vineyards; but the sea appears to have formerly come close up to it.

The tomb of Patroclus is about 150 yards from that of Achilles, and is about the same size; it is in better preservation than the latter; vines are planted all over it. They are both within a few minutes' walk of the village of Koum Kalli; on entering which we passed several other tombs of the Grecian chieftains slain during the siege.

Monday, 3rd.—Started at 9, for the tomb of Ajax, and in three quarters of an hour crossed some water, which we supposed to be the river Thymbrius; but regretted not being able to spare time to investigate its course.

The tomb of Ajax is not discernible at a distance, being concealed under a range of hills that bound the plains of

the Thymbrius. On the top of it are the remains of a building, generally supposed to be very ancient, but most probably Roman. Underneath is a small arched passage, with Roman tiles in it.

Leaving the tumulus, we crossed the hills towards a village which bears to this day the name of Thymbriek, where we expected to find the ruins of the Temple of Apollo. On our arrival, we found nobody knew anything of any ruins in their vicinity, but, by good fortune, we at last met with a man from the village of Hallily, about an hour and a half in our rear, to which he conducted us, where the ruins were found in a Turkish burial ground. There are but few remains, only broken parts of columns, ancient and modern: no cornices, and only very few broken pieces of bas-reliefs. We found only two inscriptions. Chevalier, however, mentions several, and a great many bas-reliefs; but being so near the Troad, and much visited, it is probable they have been carried away.

The only bas-relief we saw, was a representation of Belona, winged, and seated in a chariot drawn by two horses; and on a piece of cornice we found a representation of the goddess Flora, holding in her extended hand a wreath of flowers. A few Doric and Corinthian capitals were scattered about, the latter exceedingly high, like those of the Temple of Bacchus at Pergamus.

On our road from this village to Thymbriek, we could see nothing of the river Thymbrius, which, according to Chevalier, ought to run at least near our route; but from hence to the sea we passed nothing like the bed of a stream. Striking across through an opening in the mountains towards the sea, we arrived about seven in the evening at Sultanie Kallisie, where we were kindly received by our Consul there, and lodged in his house very commodiously. He is a Jew, but very hospitable, and treated us with a very good supper, *à leur mode et gout*.

Thursday, 6th.—As Mr. Hamilton intended to take a boat for Constantinople in the course of a day or two, I thought it best to start on my homeward journey without delay, especially as the rainy season was fast approaching.

The fever had already left Mr. Hamilton, and a few days' rest, we hoped, would remove the remaining weakness. It was with great regret that I parted with so estimable a friend and pleasant a companion. Mutual promises of a regular correspondence were some alleviation to the pain of parting.

After taking leave of the Consul, who has been most kind to us, I started, and crossing the plain of the Thymbrius, left Halilyly about a quarter of a mile to the right, and about noon crossed the bed of the Thymbrius, then perfectly dry. We wound along the ascents of Ida by a very bad path of solid granite. A few pines were scattered here and there, growing seemingly out of the granite itself. In about an hour we found ourselves in a small plain, bounded on all sides by the mountain, except at two defiles, through which the Simois rushed with a rapid current. We kept along its banks, which it appears to overflow considerably in the rainy season, until we reached *Ænei*, where there is a large bridge built over the river. We did not stop here, though it is a considerable town, but went on to Chinar Ken for the night.

Friday, 7th.—Continued our route at seven in the morning, traversing this delightful mountain region, and enjoying a beautiful prospect of the skirts of Ida, the sea, and the neighbouring islands. Our descent was by a rugged path, through thousands of pine trees; and at eleven o'clock arrived at Nazuratley, a large village, delightfully situated and surrounded with vineyards. Here we stopped half-an-hour to dine, and then resumed our route towards the sea. We passed Adramyttium in the dark; and having wandered considerably out of our road, it was near midnight before we reached Kemure, where we could not gain admittance into the khan before the janissary had presented himself before the Musselim.

Saturday, 8th.—Left Kemure at nine, and, crossing a low range of hills to the south-west, descended into a fine plain, remarkably well cultivated, all grain, no *darai*, and abounding in *tchiflecks*. These have been established here by Kar Osman Oglu, and are large buildings for the

reception of a certain number of Greeks, sufficient to cultivate the adjacent land, look after the cattle, and engage in other rural employments. Villages in this country being always built on the sides of hills or mountains, the plains are usually left uncultivated; but by the institution of these *tchiflecks* the whole of Kar Osman Oglu's territory is well cultivated. Throughout his dominions we have always experienced much greater attention and kindness than elsewhere, Kar Osman Oglu being known to be a lover of Europeans. Harmony and order reign in all the towns and villages under his jurisdiction, which is far from being the case in other places, where the Aga and his people are frequently at variance.

Sunday, 9th.—Saw a plain block of granite by the road side with this inscription,—

ΦΙΛΑΕΤΑΙΡΟ,

in fine, large letters. Having passed the range before us, which is cultivated in many places, the village of Guzel Hissar appeared, perched on an eminence right opposite, the soil white all around it, and appearing very much like a castle. A small river was running below it, probably the Hyllus. Soon after we had a good view of the picturesque mountain, "the two brothers;" and at six crossed the Hermus, exceedingly broad at this part, with amazingly wide banks of deep sand, but destitute of the gold for which it was once so famous. Lodged for the night in a khan at Menimai.

Monday, 10th.—Left Menimai at seven in the morning, and crossing a mountain to the west, entered on the flats, at the north of the bay of Smyrna, called by the Europeans of that place *Cordeliere*, and abounding in olive trees and corn fields. From hence we had a picturesque view of the city, with the old castle above it, which has something of magnificence in its situation, towering at such a height above the town. The tall cypress trees, rising here and there in solemn groups, and the various colours of the houses had a novel and pleasing effect. At the sight of every other British subject must instantaneously put your-

the town joyful anticipations filled my mind. It appeared to me as if I had been absent a twelvemonth, and I longed once more to meet those who were so dear to me. So true is it that a restraintment of happiness makes us feel its return doubly joyful. We passed by several large granite rocks, by which were two or three coffee-houses, a few fishermen's huts, the crew of an imperial brig, encamped in quarantine, as they had lost two of their men by the plague. At one we entered Smyrna, when the janissary, grooms, and baggage horses seemed to be simultaneously seized with madness. The horses set off at full gallop through the narrow streets, the men making the most horrid outcries imaginable, and knocking down everything in their way. Melons and tomatas were sent rolling about the streets, and loaded mules and asses were knocked into barbers' shops. Vexed as I was at their extravagance, I was ready to die with laughing. Nobody attempted to resist or to remonstrate. They evidently thought it was the arrival of some important firman from the Porte, and that I was a bazeadaï (son of a prince). My father's court-yard was soon filled with people to inquire the news. Most were French, who were under some apprehensions of a war with the Porte. As my family were at Boudjah, I mounted one of my father's horses and rode out there, where I had the pleasure of finding them all in perfect health.

Fearing that a sudden change from an out-door life to one of repose might be detrimental to health, I abridged my exercise very gradually, taking long shooting excursions amongst the hills, then long rides every morning. The rest of my time I spend in mental improvement, principally in reading the classic authors, for whose works this tour has given me a new relish.

FROM MR. ARBUTHNOT, AMBASSADOR TO THE PORTE,
TO MR. CONSUL WERRY.

[Most secret and confidential.]

Pera, 29th January, 1807.

SIR,—The very instant you receive this letter, you and

selves on board the *Glatton*, and make the best of your way to Tenedos, where I hope you will find——.

Show this to the captain of the *Glatton*. I have not time to write to him. If you regard your own interest, you will be expeditious and secret.

I am, yours,

CHARLES ARBUTHNOT.

Thursday, 5th February, 1807.—Embarked on board H.M.S. *Glatton*, at Smyrna.

Sunday, 8th.—Made sail at daylight with a very strong breeze, and about half past twelve came to anchor off the east point of the island of Tenedos, where the *Canopus*, *Thunderer*, *Standard*, and *Endymion*, were lying. At two o'clock we were joined by the *Lucifer* and *Meteor*, fire ships, who informed us that they had left Admiral Sir John Duckworth in the *Royal George*, and Sir Sidney Smith in the *Pompey*, off Cape Lectum, in the breeze in which we were caught last night, with the *Windsor Castle*, *Ajax*, and *Repulse*. My father went on board the *Canopus* to see Mr. Arbuthnot and Admiral Louis, and returned after dinner, bringing with him several letters, amongst them one for me from Eliza.

Monday, 9th.—Anxiously looking out all day for the squadron, which by noon became visible from the mast-head.

Tuesday, 10th.—About nine o'clock the royals of a line-of-battle ship appeared, clearing the southern point of Tenedos, followed by another and another, till before noon the *Royal George*, *Ajax*, *Endymion*, and *Repulse* had all come to anchor. Soon after the *Windsor Castle*, and Sir Sidney's ship, the *Pompey*, attended by the *Active*, frigate, and the *Spider*, brig, came round the north point of the island, and also anchored. The *Royal George* had no sooner anchored, than Admiral Louis inquired by signal if he was to dine on board of her, which was answered in the affirmative. A council of war was held after dinner, at which it was decided that Mr. Arbuthnot was to go off early in the morning in the *Endymion* with a flag of truce,

to see whether the Turks were disposed to come to our terms. The plan of attack upon the Dardanelles was also agreed upon. Mr. Lloyd, chaplain to Sir Sidney, came on board of us to see my father, with Lieutenant Bencroft, first of the *Pompey*. Captains Halsey of the *Standard*, Talbot of the *Thunderer*, and Mowbray of the *Active*, spent the evening with us.

Wednesday, 11th.—At daybreak, the Admiral made the signal to clear for action, and at ten to weigh anchors. The *Standard* was the first ready, and afterwards, when the general signal was made, the *Windsor Castle* led the way, followed by the *Repulse*, *Active*, *Ajax*, *Spider*, *Thunderer*, *Royal George*, *Canopus*, *Lucifer*, *Meteor*, and *Pompey*. They passed between the small islands off the town, and advanced in face of the first castles of the Dardanelles, when the wind veered round from the north-east, and blowing right down the Channel, obliged them to come to an anchor, awaiting the result of Mr. Arbuthnot's mission.

As the *Pompey* passed under our stern, Sir Sidney got on the taffrail, and waved his hat to us on the poop, and to all his old Smyrna friends.

For the next few days nothing remarkable appears to have happened; the north-east gale continues to blow, and the convoy have a tendency to run on shore.

Saturday, 14th.—Rather calm in the morning, but very cold; nothing remarkable till half-past ten at night, when we heard the firing of several minute guns, and an officer ran down into the ward room with the dire report of a fire amongst the squadron. We rushed on deck, and to our great horror, beheld a large ship all in flames. The boats were immediately manned and ordered out, and we remained on deck witnessing the awful scene with silent horror. One or two ships under sail glided between us occasionally, and intercepted it from our view for a few minutes; but it was a tremendous sight, the fire raging without check, the flames running up every rope and spar, gushing out of every port-hole, by which we perceived she was a two-decker, and illuminating the whole sea and sky.

As the fire advanced her guns went off one after the other, and sometimes in a great explosion of several together. In about half-an-hour one of our boats returned, and the officer reported that he had rowed up to the island, where he had fallen in with the *Royal George*, and gone on board. The admiral had informed him that the vessel on fire was the *Ajax*, and as she lay athwart his hawser he had been obliged to cut his cable and run. Up to this time, a midshipman and the captain's clerk had been the only persons saved; but between eighty and ninety boats were rowing about, to pick up all they could.

From the midshipman it was ascertained that the fire originated in the bread room, in consequence of the negligence of the purser's steward, who was given to intoxication, the men being at the time mostly asleep in their hammocks; it burnt for some time below unperceived, and when it burst out, blazed up at once as high as the main-top, which rendered it impossible to get it under. We remained watching the awful spectacle nearly the whole of the night; but as it is reported they have drowned the powder magazines, it is probable she may continue to burn some hours longer.

At three our cutters returned, not having been able to do any good. The admiral sent back the barge. The *Royal George* has come to anchor ahead of us. At four, the fire having burnt through the cables, the *Ajax* drifted towards the north shore of Tenedos, and about five she blew up with a tremendous explosion.

Sunday, 15th, 1807.—This morning Captain Secombe and my father went on board the *Royal George*, which ship got under weigh about half-past nine, with a fresh north-east wind: they returned to us about ten. We then learnt the terrible intelligence that it was probable that not less than 350 poor men perished last night, though one vessel had not yet given her report of saved. Amongst them were Messrs. Pickering and Farquhar, of Constantinople. Captain Blackwood was saved.

The admiral sent on board of us for the dimensions of our anchors, having lost two last night; he then made

the signal, "Though less in numbers, weigh." The *Phoenix* saw an officer's body and those of two seamen float by this morning; they tied shot to them and sunk them.

Tuesday, 17th.—I went ashore with our boats to visit the wreck. On our landing, several Turks who were there ran away, but returned on the captain's waving his handkerchief, and took their seats on a carpet near a fire they had lighted. The party consisted of the Aga and Buluk-Bashi of the island: when they heard that we were come to work on the wreck they made some objections, and wanted an order from the Capitan Pasha; but Captain Secombe's firmness gained the day, and they were obliged to yield. The Aga promised to let us have provisions from the shore, hinting at the same time at a Bachsheesh.

The stump of the mainmast of the *Ajax* is left, and part of the hull; the lower deck port-holes are above the water, and about twenty 32-pounder long guns are still inside. The whole side of the mountain to leeward of the wreck is quite black with the explosion, and pieces of timber, cordage, &c., are thrown up to its highest points. The coast is indeed entirely covered with the wreck, and the inhabitants are running off with the wood in every direction, no wood growing on the island. The hull lies in three fathoms water, and was still burning when we visited it. The Aga told us that the explosion shook the town considerably, and had the burning mass gone but a few hundred yards to the south, it would have drifted right into the town.

Thursday, 19th.—With the wind fresh from the southwest, the squadron got under weigh about eight o'clock, and half an hour afterwards the leading ship, the *Canopus*, stood in with the European Castle, which immediately opened a smart fire on her, though she did not return a single gun. The rest then passed in line of battle, under their top sails, and returned a few shot on the Castle, the *Royal George*, however, giving them a whole broadside. We could sometimes see the flash of the guns, and always the columns of white smoke, until Cape Janissary concealed them from our sight. About half-past twelve there

arose immense columns of smoke across the plain of Troy, on a line with the Dardanelles, which we judged to arise from some explosion. We were engaged all day in detaining boats, amongst them the *Hirondelle*, Lieutenant Skinner from Malta, with despatches for the admiral. The Castle fired several shot at us, which fell wide.

Friday, 20th.—The Castle has improved in its practice ; the shot fall very near us.

Saturday, 21st.—The launch returned from a cruise after a Turkish boat, loaded with troops, which she stranded. She left us on the nineteenth, and fell so far to windward as to oblige her to go on board the *Spider*. As that brig was working up, the Castle fired some very well-directed shot at her ; two passed completely over her at a good distance. Mr. Poole, ambassador's secretary, and Mr. Proctor, first lieutenant of the *Ajax*, came on board to-day ; they are going home with despatches.

Monday, 23rd.—During the morning we perceived several sail coming down from the Dardanelles. Detained a ship and boat. They told us that one frigate only remained at the Dardanelles, and that the English landed some men on the nineteenth, and destroyed a masked battery on the other side of the inner castle.

Having heard from the master of the Egyptian boat that a large Turkish caravella, loaded with coffee, was lying in Port Segrie, Captain Secombe fitted up the boat that had brought the Greek sailors, with two long brass four-pounders, put fifty men in her, and a few Greeks, under the command of Lieutenant Watson, and sent them in search of the prey. As it was lying under the guns of the Castle, he also sent the *Hirondelle* to cover them.

March 1st.—Started at daylight in the white cutter, with a fresh breeze from the east, for Shag Island, and shortly after fell in with one of our prizes, a *Sacoleva*, with Lieutenant Hawk and a crew in her, going to the same place. They had taken several empty butts to fill with water, and intended to bring off some oxen. In half an hour it began to blow very fresh indeed, obliging us to tack in order to make the island. We landed with our

fowling-pieces, but it blew so extremely hard, as to render it quite impossible to shoot. The Sacoleva's crew were employed in loading wood, and they secured the oxen in their stable for the night, intending to take them on board in the morning. Finding that there was no shooting, we thought it as well to depart in the cutter, in spite of the weather. We had only our mainsail set, and that with two reefs in it, and were repeatedly drenched from head to foot, every now and then shipping heavy seas. However, thank God! in about an hour and a quarter we arrived safely alongside of the *Glatton*, where we found a comfortable home, and change of clothes.

We found that during our absence, the *Hirondelle*, with the barge, black cutter, and launch, had sailed for Port Segrie, to cut out the Turkish ship there. Lieutenant Watson, Lieutenants Trueson and Sandwith, of the Marines, and Mr. Parker, a midshipman, were of the party.

Tuesday, 3rd.—A sail was seen coming down from the Dardanelles, and the castles volleying out smoke, as in a short space of time eleven sail were anchoring off the mouth, a little to windward of their former berth.

Wednesday, 4th.—Captain Secombe went off to the admiral at four o'clock. When he returned in the evening we learnt that the fleet had burnt a sixty-four gunship at the Dardanelles, four frigates, and fifty other sail, spiked the guns at the castles, and blown up their magazines. They then advanced to Constantinople, and anchored off Prince's island the next morning, at nine o'clock, where they landed, taking in fresh stores and water. On the arrival of the flag of truce, despatched in the *Endymion*, the Turks appeared to wish to come to terms, but demanded twelve hours for consideration, which were granted. At the expiration of the twelve hours, a calm of five or six days ensued, during which the Turks made the best use of their time to arm their coast at every point. It is said that the French ambassador offered large rewards to induce troops to return to the Dardanelles and other forts; but it is certain that the forts were manned, and the coast armed at every point before the wind changed

again to the north-east. Our admiral, then perceiving this very unfavourable state of things, and being furthermore advised that the Turkish fleet, of eighteen sail of the line, and twenty frigates, was to come down on him under the batteries, thought it best to get under weigh and return. In passing the Dardanelles they met with a most terrible resistance, and our ships sustained great damage from their immense stone shot. Though the number of killed and wounded is not yet exactly known, it is believed to be about four hundred. The *Standard* alone had forty men killed and wounded, and was very near being blown up; and she was hit several times by red-hot shot from the batteries. The *Endymion* received a shot of 160 pounds weight.

Thursday, 5th.—The *Endymion's* gig arrived in the afternoon with a letter from the admiral for my father, saying that he wished to advise with him, as the ambassador was ill, and not able to attend to business. My father accordingly went off to the fleet at half-past four. At seven the black cutter arrived from the *Hirondelle*, and informed us that they boarded the Turkish vessel in Segrie last night, and after a brisk engagement cut her cables, and brought her out from under the fort, with the loss of Lieutenant Watson, two sergeants of marines, a corporal, and a private, and eight wounded. Having possession of the ship, they turned her guns on the fort, but found their carriages so rotten as to render them utterly useless. A shot from the fort carried away her maintop sail halyards, and two went through her foresail. The Turks lost about twenty killed, while the wounded and the rest jumped overboard, to make for shore.

Friday, 6th.—Went on board the prize; she is a large caravelle, with a deep waste, and stern gallery, loaded with coffee and rice from Alexandria. We buried the dead, the marines firing volleys from the forecastle.

At night the captain, for whom a signal had been made in the course of the day, returned from the admiral with my father. We heard that the *Windsor Castle* had lost her mainmast, and that we were to go up to the fleet to

supply them with all the stores and provisions we could spare. An imperial brig informed us that she had left several Russian men-of-war in Idra.

Saturday, 7th.—A Russian line-of-battle ship hove in sight early in the morning ; captain went on board of her. Shortly after, eight or nine others came down, and were abreast of us just as we were getting under weigh to join the fleet. We passed between the island of Tenedos and the town ; the castle did not think proper to fire on us, but our men were at quarters. The Russians passed us, and anchored to the east of our fleet. We took up our station astern of the *Royal George* and *Canopus*. At ten o'clock we received a visit from Sir Sydney Smith, Sir Thomas Louis, Captains Capel and Mowbray. They said that in the *Windsor Castle* there was a stone shot weighing 800 pounds. It had made a hole that a man could stand upright in. The *Standard* had been struck by one weighing 756 pounds, and the *Active* by one of 560 pounds weight.

Sir Sydney told us that when these shot come into collision with iron, they strike out an electrical fire, that burns with wonderful vivacity. The *Standard* had, he said, taken fire in this manner, and sixty-one men were killed and wounded on board of her. My father dined with Sir Sydney, and my brother went on board the Russian admiral's ship. The Russian officers made very light of the damage our fleet has sustained, and were in great spirits. They suppose they are going to Constantinople. They said that Sir Thomas Duckworth was to have called at Corfu for them, and that they were to have made the attack together. Mr. Arbuthnot received from them the news of a victory obtained by the Russian army over the French in Poland, with a column of 47,000 against 60,000. The Russian ships seem fine vessels, and in high order.

Tuesday 10th.—I went on board the *Standard*, and saw the large stone shot. They say it weighs 774 pounds. It came in at the lower deck, making a hole as big as a port hole, and carrying away two timbers and a knee. It

struck fire, by striking against the stopper of the capstan, and setting fire to a salt box that contained powder and cartridges, blew up the deck, and wounded about forty men. I saw these poor fellows on the main deck, lying on beds made up for them between the guns; they were scorched quite black, and so disfigured, as to be hardly recognizable as human beings. A horrible stench pervaded the whole ship. Sixty-one is the total number of her killed, drowned, and wounded. Went from thence on board the *Active*, and saw four of these enormous shot-holes.

* * * * *

Constantinople, April, 1809.—The first four or five days after my arrival, I was confined to the house by the weather. It is difficult to imagine the effect of a chilly, cold atmosphere, rapidly succeeding to burning heat. With my face perfectly black and scorched by the sun, except in those places where the skin had peeled off, I was shivering and shaking with cold; the vicinity of the Black Sea rendering the north wind particularly keen, and causing a good deal of mist, rain, and snow, during the winter months. The first fine day I did not fail to employ in some excursion, and that round the walls of Constantinople was the first we undertook.

We took a boat at Tophana with three pairs of oars, and passing under the walls of the Seraglio, rowed along those of the city as far as the Seven Towers. On our way we stopped at a coffee-house, where we were entertained by a "Mettah," or story-teller; the object of his narration seemed to be to ridicule the manners of voluptuous Pachas, and incapable great men in office. We visited a large muslin printing manufactory, which we understood belonged to the government, and was farmed out to some Armenians, who were very polite, and seemed pleased to conduct us over it. It is superintended by no less than 100 masters, who have of course a due proportion of workmen under them. Their business is merely to print the muslins which are brought to them for that purpose. The patterns are rude, but adapted to the Turkish taste.

The Castle of the Seven Towers is situated at the western extremity of the city, on the wall of the land side; on our way to it, we passed by several of the sea-gates. The wall barely deserves that name, it is so completely ruined, in some places; it has not been repaired since the great earthquake, which threw a considerable part of it down. Every now and then are columns, fragments of marble, and occasionally inscriptions.

We landed at the Sultan's slaughter-houses, which are just without the walls, at the western extremity; we were informed that 1000 sheep were daily slaughtered; 500 for the Seraglio, and 500 for the janissaries on duty. That for oxen, we were told, is in another quarter.

Passing through one of the gates in the wall, we entered a kind of enclosure, surrounding the quarters of the governor in one of the Towers. After smoking a pipe with him, and giving him to understand, that although not provided with a firman, we should make it worth his while to show us round the Seven Towers, he conducted us into several miserable dungeons, whence, after winding our way up an unsafe flight of steps, passing at every few minutes through a barricading door, we arrived in a dark prison, at the top of one of the turrets. From the different arms of several ortas of janissaries, we immediately understood for what offenders this place was intended.

On one of the bastions is a very pleasant kiosk, where the Sultan sometimes takes the air; on being admitted, we were gently reminded not to commit the disrespect of sitting down there. This kiosk is situated exactly without the celebrated Golden Gate, by which alone the Greek Emperors were wont to enter the city; it is still to be distinguished by the superiority of its architecture, and the wall is just here more solidly and regularly built. Close by it, and within the same inclosure, is a small arch in the wall, in which a lamp is kept constantly burning, to the memory of those who fell in the first assault; and here we were shown the place where the first breach was made. From this spot, we continued our tour round the walls, which afford the most romantic and picturesque views.

Without the greater wall is a ditch, and on each side of that, a smaller wall ; at every forty or fifty paces a kind of turret, sometimes square, sometimes round, and in many places ruinous ; they having fallen in, and the ruins being covered with ivy, and the ditch planted with fruit trees, and scarcely any part of the city visible from this side, would never lead one to suppose oneself so near the metropolis of an empire. At the extremity of a burial-ground, just without one of the gates, we were led to a small subterranean chapel called Ballookli. This is a Greek chapel, cut out of the rock, and dedicated to the Virgin. Within it is a small source of water, containing fish, said to be constituted in a very peculiar manner. It is currently reported, and wonderful to relate, *believed*, that these fish are on one side fried, and on the other side *au naturel*. The tradition is, that at the siege of Constantinople, the Emperor was standing near this spot, when the news was brought to him, that the Turks had entered the breach. He replied that it was no more possible, than for some fish that were frying close by, to jump from the pan into the pool of water and swim ! No sooner were the words out of his mouth, than the fish leapt out of the frying-pan, not into the fire, but into the water ; where they have continued to swim ever since, in a semi-fried state.

The priest who showed us the chapel, had the candour to say that he knew no harm in the people believing in the semi-fried fish ; the report leads thousands to the place, who in general leave a few paras at the shrine. As it was a Greek festival, an orta of janissaries was encamped in the burial-ground. This cemetery not being appropriated to Mussulmans, the cypress is not allowed to shade the remains of those who sleep within its walls ;—the lime is therefore adopted in its stead.

The business of another day was to stroll about the city. I was provided with a janissary, who served me as a guide. My general way, when I had no fixed object, was to cross over to Stamboul and stroll through the bazaar, bezeistains, and streets. One day I had an opportunity of seeing the

Stambol Effendi examine the weights of the different shopkeepers and retail dealers. This person is the police officer, and a man of great authority; he was preceded by two files of janissaries, one on each side of the street, in their dress of ceremony, with their enormous felt-caps and long sleeves, the ends being turned up and tucked into their girdles; they marched slowly along with long white staves in their hands, and kept the way clear. The officer was on horseback, and very plainly dressed; he saw the weights compared himself. A cheese-seller was detected with light weights, and immediately walked off by one of the janissaries to the Seraglio to receive his punishment, it being deemed too great a dishonour to a Mussulman to be bastinadoed in the open street. Had the offender been a *rayah*, he would have been laid on his back, and his legs passed through a cord, the two ends of which are fastened to a pole and twisted very tightly; he would then have been bastinadoed on the soles of his feet, on the spot where the offence was committed, the implements for the infliction of this punishment always accompanying the procession. It is also the duty of the Effendi to see that the city is well provided with necessaries. As to the police of the city, that is supplied by the janissaries; at the gate of every large bezestain, or other conspicuous place, there is always a large body of them, and their quarters are decorated with the peculiar symbols, or arms of their regiments. They are each of them furnished with a large-knobbed club, besides their arms, which they hang up near them, and at these stations they sell large quantities of hard-boiled eggs.

A very large basket of eggs is always before their quarters. I have never been able to understand this custom, but believe it to be some particular privilege of theirs.

The kibaub, or cook-shops, deserve notice, for their cleanliness, and for the variety of customers who frequent them. I have often got a lunch in them. They serve you with kibaubs, which are pieces of lamb cut very small, and roasted on long skewers, salad, and yourt, a sort of clotted cream. At one of these shops the waiters refused

to pour the water over my hands ; this is considered by them as a very menial office, and the true believing waiter could not so humiliate himself to a Christian.

It would be an endless task to describe the numberless strange scenes and customs of this city ; I shall, therefore, only mention a few of the principal objects.

The Turks have made choice of all the most elevated positions for the site of their mosques ; and therefore their round cupolas and lofty minarets are seen from almost any point to great advantage. That of Santa Sophia, to which the Turks continue to give the Greek name, is so well known, that it is not necessary for me to describe it particularly. It has been much injured by the different earthquakes by which this city has been shaken ; in many places the walls are cracked, and several of the columns are in very awkward positions. When I visited it, many priests were chanting, muttering, and studying the Koran in the different aisles. Its only ornaments were, as in the mosque of Sultan Selim at Scutari, a few carpets and festoons of small lamps.

The mosque of Sultan Achmet, which adjoins the Atmeidan, is very magnificent ; the court is very spacious, and shaded with fine planes and cypresses, and the porticoes are supported by columns of red granite. In the middle of the Atmeidan is the famous obelisk that has been so often described ; and close by it is the tripod. Not far from this spot we were carried to a subterranean cistern, supported by many rows of pillars ; we were informed that there are several of them in different parts of the city, that still serve the purpose of containing water, although this does so no longer. People were busy in winding silk in it ; being a moist and shady place, the silk is not so liable to break. The promontory on which the city is built has no natural supply of water ; the cisterns are therefore intended to be filled during the rainy season, to obviate the danger of suffering from drought during a siege, when the water supplied by Justinian's aqueduct from Belgrade would be cut off.

April 26th, 1809. — It was eight o'clock a.m. before

we started from Tophana in a large row-boat with four pair of oars, that we had hired to carry us to the Scala of Moaslatch. The weather was delightfully clear, but the sun excessively hot, and not a breath of air in the heavens. Our crew were strong, active Greeks, and rowed without intermission until five o'clock, when we arrived at the island of Callolinos; we landed here and stopped half an hour, treating our crew with some wine, which gave them fresh vigour. We then again started, keeping our boat's head direct for the mouth of the Ryndachus, that runs into the sea through a defile between two mountains visible at a great distance. Cyzicus, Marmora, and Greduvo were on our right; on our left, Mount Olympus, covered with snow, and north-west the low land of Europe.

The sun set gloriously below a beautifully clear horizon, and the clear light of the moon encouraged us to proceed. At eight p.m. we made the sand-banks formed by the Ryndachus, and after winding for some time through their intricate channels, our tatar piloting us with great dexterity, we arrived at a coffee-house on the banks of the river, where several other boats were anchored. Our boatmen here took a quarter of an hour's respite, refreshing themselves each with a pipe and a cup of coffee, and then repaired to their oars with redoubled vigour. It was impossible to sleep, the moon shone so brightly, that we could make out the recesses and hollows of the mountains; and had it even been dark, sleep would have been banished by the sweet warbling of the nightingales in the trees and bushes that bordered the stream. It was two hours past midnight when we reached the Scala, where we found a large comfortable coffee-house, and many fellow-travellers stretched on their mats in profound repose. Whilst our tatar was gone to a neighbouring pasture to hire horses, I seated myself on a mat, and in the intervals between puffing forth volumes of tobacco, and drinking coffee with Turkish gravity, I made the present notes, to the great astonishment of two Bulgarian shepherds who had fixed their eyes upon me. I was only interrupted, however, by

the howling of the jackals, and occasionally by the involuntary ejaculations of the sleepers, who were snoring loudly, and perhaps dreaming of future perils.

April 27th, Moaslatch.—A merchant arrived at the khan a few minutes after us, with four black and three white slaves. They alighted from their horses in the yard; he got them rooms, and seemed to be very careful of them. The white women were Georgians, but were dressed in the Turkish manner. Reached the village of Sonigerlee late in the evening, and were very comfortably lodged in the hut of a peasant, where my janissaries are accustomed to stop. We had a very good supper of five different dishes, and having been thirty-six hours without repose, I slept like one of the seven.

April 28th.—Started from Sonigerlee at six o'clock, and just out of the village met a tatar proceeding to Constantinople with despatches from Cyprus. In a few hours we passed through the strong defile of Demir Capi, *the gate of iron*. The mountains on each side are covered with wood of sufficient height and thickness to afford shelter for a strong detachment of troops, who could completely command the pass. Although it is but twenty-four days since we came this way, when there was not a leaf on these woods, the mountains are now perfectly green, and the leaves of a large size. For about an hour after passing through Demir Capi, the road winds over low hills without trees, but covered with grass, on which horses, sheep, and goats were now feeding, until it descends into a large plain, to the westward of which, at the foot of the mountains, the large town of Balook Kissare is situated. We here overtook two miserable runaway negro slaves of some Aga. Their master had sent soldiers in search of them, who now came up to seize them. The youngest of the slaves drew his pistol from his belt to resist, whereupon one of the soldiers fired and wounded him badly in the thigh; they then surrendered. The poor wounded negro was mounted on an ass, the blood trickling down his leg; the other had his arms tied behind him, and was marched by the side of his ill-fated companion, who from

time to time groaned with pain. This scene touched my very heart, and made me bless our own government for the wisdom of its measures with respect to the slave trade.

The numbers of children I have observed in these village leads me to suppose that the small population of these countries is more to be attributed to the bad policy of the government than to polygamy. The villagers seldom or never have more than one wife; it is only the people of property who avail themselves of the freedom which the Koran allows in this respect.

Amongst the many and various thoughts that came across my mind during this long and tedious journey, one was particularly forced on me, from the consideration of the lavish abundance of the Almighty's gifts. The very fact of the blessings around us being *His gifts*, ought to make us regard this world, with all its products and pleasures, as the property of an absent owner, and that portion of its goods which happens to be in our possession, as intrusted by Him for a short time to our care and discretion, and that He will sooner or later call for an account of our transactions with regard to it. There is a parable also somewhat to this effect in the blessed Gospel.

Started from Tchaleish at midnight, accompanied by my tatar and a janissary, leaving my servants with my bed and luggage, to come on to-morrow at their leisure. Notwithstanding the heat of the sun in the daytime, the air is cold at night, and we now found it unpleasantly so. At five in the morning we reached the village of Gulguk, so called from being situated in a small plain in the hills, which in the winter-time becomes a lake. These hills are of good soil on the north, and capable of high cultivation, but on the south they are bare and rocky. Leaving Gulguk after a rest of a couple of hours, we passed through rugged rocks and hills, covered with the Valonea oak to the south, and descended into the beautiful plains of Kirkegatch and Kemure, where cotton is so successfully cultivated, and by noon reached Gellenbeg, a small town on the banks of a rivulet.

The fertility of the adjacent country may be well estimated, when it is stated that it produces annually 60,000 bales of cotton. We here met a company of recruits for the marine, who were, however, kept in very good order, as Kar Osman Oglu's police is too good to allow any of his subjects to suffer molestation. Travelled all night by the light of the moon; the wind was very bleak, and blew with great violence, accompanied with a good deal of thunder and lightning. At two in the morning a total eclipse of the moon took place, and left us in darkness for some little time. Got down into the plain of Hadjilar about sunset, and reached Smyrna at nine o'clock in the evening, where I had the pleasure of meeting my father, mother, and Gregory, safe returned from Malta the day before. The fatigue of such a journey as mine may be well imagined.

LETTERS.

“ Et surtout, mon ami, point de zèle.”
Talleyrand's Advice to a Young Diplomatist.

Messina, 20th June, 1809.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

On observing the date of this, your first desire will be to know what brought me here, and to explain this I must begin from the time I left Smyrna.

On clearing Cape Karabournu a fine breeze from the north carried us through the Archipelago in four days. On leaving Cerigo, however, we were not so fortunate; the wind prevailed from the north-west, and we consequently fell on the coast of Barbary. Malta itself is so small a mark to hit, that, unless the weather is clear, vessels coming from the south-east run a chance of not seeing it; this accident happened to us in the most mortifying manner: we were two days within ten or twelve miles of it, and even heard the evening gun fire, without being able to make it. Misfortunes never come alone; a strong west wind set in, in struggling against which we found ourselves off Cape Passero, and I, thinking it a good opportunity to escape quarantine, was landed there on the fifth; Oliver* being good enough to run close under the shore for the purpose. He behaved in the kindest possible manner to me during the time I was on board his ship, and I feel myself much indebted to him for his goodness, and hope you will do me the favour to thank him for it yourself.

* Captain Oliver, of H.M.S. brig Spider.

On landing at the beach I found myself rather unpleasantly situated. I certainly looked rather hostile, being armed with a sabre and fowling-piece, but I do not think that I looked like a Turk. For such, however, the inhabitants took me, and a party who had been observing us from an adjoining cliff, took to their heels on my advancing towards them. The boat and her crew I was obliged to send off that she might be picked up by the brig; so my servant and I were left alone, every soul running away at the sight of us, notwithstanding my flourishing a large white handkerchief in token of friendship. Struck by conscious guilt, and knowing the penalty I merited, I was afraid of being shot for breaking quarantine. I left my servant as sentry over my portmanteau, and advanced into the country in search of some reasonable being who would at least speak to me. But in vain; for upwards of an hour, in whatever direction I turned, men, women, and children, fled before me. After much difficulty I obtained a couple of mules to carry me to Noto, a town not far from the Cape, and there I arrived about sunset. We had, it appeared, been taken for Algerines, who had lately landed and carried off many of the inhabitants. It is now necessary to inform you that amongst the letters which my father gave to Captain Oliver was one for Sir James Stewart; this Oliver gave me on my landing, and to it I owe my safety; for, on being interrogated by the Governor of Noto, I was able to elude his suspicions by telling him that I was landed by a brig of war, with despatches for the British Commander in Chief. He thereupon offered me his services with many low bows, and I retired. There is no inn at Noto, but I was soon waited on by the Prince Villadorato, who was formerly a Captain in our Sicilian regiment, and whose estates lay in this part of the island. He conducted me to his palace, and gave me several famous apartments, and an English servant to wait upon me. I remained there the following day. The Prince was so much an Englishman in his manners, that I ventured to trust him with my secret; and I was the more induced to do so, lest he should form

an unworthy idea of me ; as he could not fail to perceive an inconsistency in my story, particularly when he referred to the different battles in Germany, the burning of the French fleet, and other news, of which I knew nothing, although I was supposed to come from Malta. He laughed heartily at my story, but desired me by no means to let a soul in the place know it, because the news of the plague at Smyrna had spread consternation all over Sicily ; and the consequence would be that he and all his family, and every person with whom I had been in communication, would be placed in quarantine. He recommended me not to think of going to Malta until I had positive information that the *Spider* and her convoy had for some days arrived. I accordingly left Noto the following day for Syracuse, where my dispatch helped me through all difficulties. I stayed one day at Syracuse to see the ear of Dionysius and other curiosities, and the following day left that place for Catania. This is, after Palermo, the finest built and largest city in Sicily. It is situated at the foot of Mount Etna, and although the lower region of that mountain is the most fertile tract imaginable, still Catania is insulated from the cultivation by immense beds of lava, which surround it like so many black rivers. The situation of this town is, however, magnificent in the extreme. It is placed in the hollow of a fine gulf on the seacoast, with a beautiful plain to the south, from which Mount Etna rises by a gradual ascent, affording the most superb prospect it is possible to conceive. A journey up Mount Etna was formerly considered a great undertaking, but now-a-days, since our troops have been in these parts, it is not thought quite so extraordinary. I left Catania on the afternoon of the 11th, with a guide, a muleteer, and my servant, and I reached a convent of Benedictines, called San Nicolo dell' Avena, at about seven. The road was over some old beds of lava, and the ascent very gradual. All this lower part of the mountain is cultivated beyond all conception. We passed through several villages, the population only ceasing at the village of Nicolon, about half a mile lower than the Convent.

What is very remarkable is that the old lava and ashes never stand in need of water to forward the vegetation ; the vine is principally cultivated, and it was in the most flourishing state, producing the most delicious fruits, as well as many other kinds of trees. There has been an excessive drought this year, and this is the only part of the island not sensible of it. We refreshed our mules, and left the convent of San Nicolo at half-past ten at night ; for half-an-hour the road, of which I could see nothing, but knew well enough, by the difficulty the animals had in passing it, was over ashes and small cinders, thrown from two small hills called Montirossi, close to the convent, whence issued the horrible irruption of 1669, that destroyed Catania, and the lava from which formed two promontories in the sea. Having crossed these cinders, we entered the second region, denominated the woody, and rode through a forest of oaks for four hours, when it became exceedingly cold. After this the barren region began, and continued until we reached some huts, not far from the Philosopher's Tower. It was by this time dawn of day, and so cold that we were obliged to light a fire ; this, with several draughts of rosoglio, and the leg of a fowl, gave us new vigour, which, in our situation, was very necessary, as we had the summit of the mountain still to climb. We left our mules at the huts, and crossing a bed of lava, which the crater had vomited forth fourteen years ago, commenced the ascent, and after an hour's fatigue, reached the summit. The greatest inconvenience I experienced having been from the sulphurous smoke that floats down the cone in immense clouds. Only think how pleasant it must be, when panting for breath, to have your lungs filled with so suffocating an element.

I am afraid, my dear mother, I shall not be able to give you an idea of the summit, but I must try ; though my feelings, with the most magnificent view on one hand, and the most wonderful phenomenon of this globe on the other, are quite indescribable. I must, however, confess, that my attention was so absorbed by examining the crater, that I did not see the sun rising above the horizon. The

summit of the mountain resembles the point of an egg, broken in an irregular manner; it is a complete shell, and is said to be three miles in circumference. The inside of this shell is lined with sand, or fine cinders, and in the centre is an enormous orifice, belching forth immense volumes of smoke and ashes. There are many other smaller ones, and all equally active. By degrees I got accustomed to this strange scene, and did what no traveller has done since the last irruption in March. I descended into the ditch, and then ascending to the mouth of the grand crater, paced it round. Making every allowance for the irregularity of the steps one is obliged to take, I found it 600 paces in circumference. We upset several large pieces of lava and stone that were lying on the brink of the crater, and heard for a considerable time the echo of the concussions they made in descending. It was utterly impossible to go into the crater; it is so perpendicular as to afford no hold for the feet in any one place. A misunderstanding sometimes arises from travellers designating the whole inside of the shell *the crater*, and thus saying that they have been so many paces inside the crater. As to the interior of this immense mouth, who can pretend to form any idea of it! There was no sort of irruption while I was there, but so much smoke, as sometimes almost to suffocate me. All I could see of the interior was on one side immense arches of rock. Smoke issues from all the cinders, from the shell, and from the whole cone of the mountain, in every direction. The cinders are in some places so very hot as to burn you, and from several apertures, or cracks, the smoke will scald you, as steam does. On the north and north-east side the shell is not very perfect, and in the latter direction, beneath the cone I mentioned as having ascended, is another crater, of nearly the same dimensions as the grand one, which, in the irruption of March last, threw cinders and ashes into Calabria; and Messina was quite darkened with them. The lava seldom issues from so high a part of the mountain; it is too heavy a body to be brought up so far. The crater that in March poured out such destructive fiery

rivers, is far lower down. These torrents have done a great deal of damage, having destroyed vineyards, houses, and whatever they found in their way. It is wonderful that this lava is still red-hot, though it has been cooling ever since the middle of April. The view was surprisingly grand from the summit, though the day was not very clear. You have very nearly the whole island beneath your eyes, like a map. Cape Passaro is close under you, and so are the Lipari isles; and in fine weather the sea beyond Palermo is to be seen. That city, and the adjoining part of the island, are concealed from your view by a range of mountains; and so, indeed, is Messina, although nearly under your feet. One of the most surprising circumstances of this mountain is, that within twelve inches of each other you find burning heat and freezing cold. On turning over the ashes, all beneath is snow that never melts.

We were about three hours descending to the convent; one being employed in passing the barren region of cinders, the other two in going through the forest, where the soil is covered with fern. As we spent some time on the summit, it was noon before we reached the convent. In all this part of the mountain there is no water, and you may easily believe it, for all the people's legs and arms are covered with a good coat of dust. As I was anxious to reach Messina, I started again at three: the road was bad, being over lava, but the views were the most beautiful you can imagine. Cultivation cannot be carried to a higher degree; the road being lined with fruit trees of every description, loaded with their produce; but it is painful to think that, notwithstanding all this fertility, the inhabitants are the most miserable and degraded of beings. The landowners oppress the peasants beyond conception, and sell the produce of their lands at so high a rate, that the poor people can barely obtain a miserable sustenance by their labour. The feudal system prevails all over the island, and the Sicilians, without exception, detest their government—no change can be for the worse. The rich, on the one hand, from too great power, and the poor, on

the other, from oppression and degradation, are depraved and vicious beyond all idea ; and thus the finest country and climate, and the choicest gifts of the Almighty, are detestably perverted in their uses. I see no remedy for a country in this state, but the scourges of civil war and revolution, which may purge away vice, by sweeping away the vicious.

I have been detained here some days, waiting an opportunity to get to Malta, on account of all the shipping being employed with Sir J. Stewart's expedition, which sailed about ten days ago, and is supposed to be destined for Naples. Luckily the packet sails the day after to-morrow, and I take my passage on board of her.

* * * * *

Well, my dear mother, I think I have written you a long story : I hope it will entertain you. I beg of you to write to me, and let me know if you receive the present, and what you do with yourself. My prayers, my dear mother, are ever for your health and happiness, and that of all the family ; and I feel an inward satisfaction in believing that your maternal affection follows me wherever I go. I shall write to you on my arrival at Malta ; and until then believe me to be

Your ever dutiful and affectionate Son,
F. P. WERRY.

FROM FRANCIS PETER WERRY.

A MONSIEUR LE COMTE CONSTANTIN LUDOLF.

La Valette, 15th Oct. 1810.

MY DEAR LUDOLF,

Will your warm imagination make up for the obscurities in this unintelligible epistle ?

I hope you will have received a note I wrote you not long back, promising to write you fully by the next opportunity. I now sit down to redeem the pledge then given.

After your departure I was engaged for some time in settling sundry matters committed to my charge, and during this delay expected your return, and hoped that

it would be possible for us to make the tour of Sicily together.

The summer, however, was fast approaching; and finally, on the 25th May, I gave up all hope of having your company.

A Mr. Drummond was then here, intending to make the same journey. We were both happy to lay our plans together. He is a young man of about twenty, son of the second partner in the banking house of that name, whose celebrity may have reached your ears. He has considerable talent, though he much neglects its cultivation, and is of the best disposition possible.

We got up from dinner at Hunter's at Sleima at midnight, and consigning ourselves to a snug speronara, were wafted out of the scene of our naval exploits, the Port of Marsamuschetta, with a breeze blowing fresh from the south-east.

At daylight we were under the high land of Sicily, and at eight o'clock landed at the ruins of Camarina, in the "Contacto di Modica."

These remains consist of nothing but loose stones and mortar, and do not merit the least attention. The lake of Camarina is still existing, but is more like a dirty horse-pond than a lake or even a marsh. Thence we proceeded through Santa Croce, Vittoria, and Terra Nova to Alicatia. The road between the two last places we conceived to lie through the ancient "Campi Geloi." There are no remains indicating the site of Gelo, and antiquarians are glad to be divided in opinion as to its situation. I have seen long, prosy discussions written by Sicilians on this subject; but what matters it to us whether it stood where Alicatia or where Terra Nova now stands? We know it was not far to the west of Camarina, and that satisfies me.

Phintia is in like manner buried by its mother earth. Girgenti attracted our attention more than any other town we had yet passed through—not that we were such old-fashioned fellows as to admire nothing but antiquities, but because there was very little else to engage our notice. Here the temples have resisted the ravages of time, while

scarcely a trace of the city is to be discerned. One, supposed to have been that dedicated to Concord, remains entire. Another, said to have been that of Venus, is almost entire. Immense piles of enormous capitals, gigantic shafts, and huge blocks of hewn stone, covering a plot of ground where an extensive foundation is still to be traced, recalled to our minds the account given by Diodorus Siculus of the enormous fabric raised for the worship of the Olympian Jupiter. A venerable pile of ruins close to this is supposed to be the Temple of Hercules, mentioned by Cicero as having been adorned by a most beautiful statue of that hero. The foundations of a temple, said to be that of Ceres, is also to be traced, and also the ruins of a temple of Esculapius, and another dedicated to Castor and Pollux. These remains are scattered over a wide tract, amongst corn fields and orchards of almond trees. Their situation is delightful in the extreme, about four miles from the sea, and about a mile from the modern town, in which there is little worthy of note. There are some good medals in the library, and some valuable Arabic manuscripts. The town is the see of a bishop, and contains about 13,000 inhabitants. We did not observe any female beauty here to encourage a modern painter to imitate the example of Zeuxis. We had no opportunity either of remarking any traces of the ancient luxury of the Agrigentines, no Gellias was here to hail our arrival. We had, however, no cause of complaint; for the worthy Dominican friars received and entertained us with great hospitality. We were interested beyond measure at this place, the contemplation of a ruined city affording such an infinity of reflections. How marvellous it is that these few temples should have escaped the fate of edifices which must have been built with far greater solidity—of a city that stopped the progress of a Carthaginian army of 300,000 men, hardly a trace being discoverable. These remains are from 600 to 500 B.C.

From Girgenti we proceeded to Siacca, famous for its mineral baths, and known to the ancients under the name Xacca and Thermæ Selinuntis. Hence we visited the stupendous ruins of three temples at Selinus, a place

barely mentioned in history—and yet these remains are gigantic. We may infer that the ancient authors had good reasons indeed for the splendid terms in which they speak of Syracuse and Agrigentum, when a town whose ruins must astonish every one who beholds them is hardly mentioned by them. Traversing the beautiful plain of Selinus, which lies beneath Castel Vetrano, we arrived at Mazzara, and from thence went on to Marsala, a wholesome town enough for Sicily, situated on Cape Lilybeum.

Standing on this promontory, we looked in vain for the coast of Carthage; and, with all due deference for Elian, Pliny, Solinus, and Valerius Maximus, who declare that a person whom they call Strabo discerned from this cape a fleet of Carthaginian vessels sailing out of the port of Carthage, and informed the Lilybeans of their size, &c., we could not admit the credibility of the story, the distance from shore to shore being 180 miles. No ruins of the ancient town of Lilybeum are remaining; and Marsala is only known to antiquarians on account of a well, asserted to have been the identical one from which the sibyl was accustomed to scatter her leaves. From Marsala we proceeded to Trapani. The whole of this part of the coast of Sicily is very low. Before us was Mount Eryx, now Mount St. Giugliano, and a little to our left the mountainous islands of Maretimo, Favignana, and Levanzo. At Drepanum we read the fifth Eneid of Virgil with peculiar interest. This town has no remains of antiquity except its port, still in the form of a scythe, but quite choked up with sand and mud. It is strongly fortified, and is a very important post; as it would open to an invading enemy, were it to fall into their hands, an entry into the most fertile plains on this side of Sicily. It was on this account garrisoned by our troops, which rendered our stay there doubly agreeable.

We visited Mount Eryx, where no vestige of the famous Temple of Venus is discernible. This mountain is supposed to be the next to Etna in height; its inhabitants being almost always in the clouds, are far fairer than their neighbours, the Trapanese. On its summit is the town of

St. Guigliano, said to contain 8000 souls, and at its base is the church of the Madonna di Trapani, at whose shrine many crowned heads have made rich offerings. At Segesta we beheld a temple, quite perfect, and charmingly situated; and traversing the Crinipus, we entered the luxuriant and picturesque plain of Castelamara, and in another stage reached Palermo.

We remained in that capital ten days, to rest and refresh ourselves, and then visited the "Umbilica Sicilia," now Castro Giovanni, where formerly stood the ancient city of Enna, the birthplace of Ceres, and the scene of the rape of Proserpine. Cicero, in his oration against Verres, gives a curious account of the veneration in which these two goddesses were held by the whole of the Sicilians, and mentions other details, which are very interesting to one when on the scene itself.

The whole of the interior of the island is composed of extensive slopes, rising alternately one above the other, and by the time they reach the centre, ascending considerably above the level of the sea. The town of Castro Giovanni is most singularly situated, on an insulated hill, the summit of which is a circular level plain, capable of containing a numerous army. This place was the headquarters of the slaves during the servile war; and now, in the sides of the hill, the ploughshare often turns up the leaden shot of the Balearic slingers, inscribed with the words "LUCIUS PISO COS," who besieged them. This elevated camp was also the last refuge of the Saracens, who maintained themselves here for seven years, notwithstanding their being strictly blockaded by Count Roger.

The beauty of the surrounding country has been extremely exaggerated. There is little or no wood in the vicinity, so that it must have experienced a great change since the times of Cicero and Ovid. The air is very bleak, and when our troops were here, in the middle of summer, they were obliged to wear their winter clothing. Hence we proceeded to Syracuse, passing by the lake of Palici, and visiting Leontium in our way; at which place, though no ruins are remaining, they dig up great quantities of Siculo-Etruscan vases. A city that withstood the

formidable attacks of the Carthaginians, humbled Athens, in all her glory, and cost Marcellus, at a later period—when she had lost her primitive strength and virtue—much labour before he could reduce her, must have been of that magnitude and extent as to authorize one at this day to expect great and extensive remains. And yet scarcely any are to be seen. They and their magnificence are vanished from the face of the earth, like the days to which they belonged. The contemplation of the site of this great city makes man and all his works dwindle into the extremest insignificance; and the comparison naturally arises between human achievements, even of the most solid and enduring kind, and the works of the Ruler of the universe.

Had not Syracuse been built on a very rocky foundation, few traces would have been left of this once large city; but where no remains of the artificial walls are existing, the rock itself helps one to follow the outline.

Captains Thackeray and Lewis have made a most accurate and beautiful survey of this tract, and have taken great pains in following the traces of the wall, which they make to be about thirty-three miles in circumference. The island on which the present city stands is far smaller than either of the ancient three divisions, and is the only part where any remains are to be found. The ground where Acradine, Tyche, and Neapolis formerly stood is without the shadow of a building; the catacombs, theatre, and amphitheatre, all excavations, excepted. At Epipolee there is a curious arched subterranean passage, supposed to have been intended for sallies; the Temple of Minerva remains at Ortygia, forming part of the cathedral. The fountain of Arethusa no longer contains any fish. You, however, must have heard so much of Syracuse, that it would be idle for me to say anything more about it.

We next went to Augusta, a neat town enough, and one of the strongest military holds in the island.

At Catania the indefatigable researches of Prince Bischeri have brought to light many valuable remains. He has had the lava, which covered the theatre and amphi-

theatre, cut away, and these buildings are now shown to the traveller, from beneath the black streams of Etna, and in a fine state of preservation. The city of Catania to my mind is much preferable to Palermo; it is extremely well built, and very clean; and as many of the Sicilian nobility reside here, the society is generally very good. They have a *café dei nobili*, a pleasant converzazione, and now and then a ball. There is almost always a regiment or two of our troops here. It is the most desirable quarter in Sicily, and when our guards were here they used to get it.

I once more ascended Etna, but did not find the least change in its crater; and the only advantage I derived from the toilsome ascent, was the stamping of all the features of the scene more indelibly on a bad memory, with which you know I am unfortunately troubled. The rarity of the air on the summit had a great effect on Drummond, and on another gentleman, who went up with us, making them sick, and excessively faint and ill, while it did not cause me the least inconvenience. In our descent we passed the night on the site of Naxos, founded at so remote a period as the eleventh Olympiad, and on a bed of lava that had run into the sea, and formed a low cape. Who knows how long previous even to that epoch Etna had been belching forth its horrid torrents? Pray do not for a moment imagine that Mr. Brydone has made a convert of me.

Tauromina is a spot that one cannot see too often. The charming view from its ruined theatre is sufficient reward for the fatigues of a journey along the east coast. The view from the corridors of the theatre, which embraces the beautiful range of mountains skirting the Sicilian side of the straits, that celebrated channel itself, and the magnificent mountains of Calabria, is thought by some to vie in point of *picturesqueness* (not English, I allow) with the solemn majesty of Etna on the other side. We reached Messina just after Murat had descended into Lower Calabria, and had the pleasure of witnessing several of his parades. You were there yourself about this time, so I

will say nothing as to the operations of that army, nor of the beauty of the straits, roaring from Pelorus to —— with the thunder of our cannon, and decorated with fleets of gun boats continually engaged in brisk actions. I had the pleasure of meeting my brother-in-law here (who had been appointed brigade major), and his brother, major in the 62nd.

We stayed about ten days at Messina, in hopes of Murat's making some attempt to land, but were disappointed, and obliged to repair to Palermo, for "*La festa di Santa Rosalia*."

At Palermo, the hospitality of our ambassador, Lord Amherst, and the agreeable society of Lord Plymouth, Captain Stewart of the *Sea-horse*, and of some of the young men attached to the embassy, rendered our stay very pleasant. The festa of Santa Rosalia was not so brilliant as usual, the king remaining at a shooting seat thirty miles from the capital, in consequence of some apprehensions being entertained of the populace rising against the Neapolitans. Everything, however, went off very quietly. To avoid the expense of three or four court-suits, your humble servant appeared in the uniform of an officer of the king's German legion; and when the queen asked what regiment I belonged to, I was confoundedly alarmed lest she should address me in German! Drummond sported a militia colonel's uniform,—the Herefordshire; nevertheless, we were only introduced as "*deux voyageurs Anglais*."

Lord Amherst gave the first entertainment, Prince Bellmonte gave the next, and Prince Butera the third night's. The suite of apartments which the latter threw open on this occasion were magnificent in the extreme. After a stay of three weeks and more at Palermo, we were obliged to go to Messina to get a passage to Malta. I took a road through the interior, by Polizzi, Nicoria, and Framma, which leads round the north of Mount Etna, through Randazza and Franca-Villa: the latter place famous for the battle between the Austrians and Spaniards, on the 20th of June, 1719, when the former were defeated with great loss.

At Messina I had the honour of *seeing* a little service ; I slept several nights within range of the French batteries, and one morning was awakened by the shot from their gunboats falling about me in every direction. As, however, we were equally busy in beating them off, the noise of our own firing, and the eagerness with which we watched the effect of *our* shot, while now and then some of the enemy's fell close to us without doing us any injury, occupied one's mind so fully as to leave no time to think of fear.

Old Dick King had the command of one of our mortar boats, and behaved, when within musket-shot of the enemy's batteries, with all the coolness which he exhibits in the ordinary circumstances of life. He is a most sterling fellow, and an excellent officer. Do you remember his holding on the jib sheet in my boat when we were half full of water, with all the *sang froid* in the world ?

After all Murat's rhodomontades, you see how this enterprize has been abandoned by him. In his camp, opposite to the Faro, he had, to my positive knowledge, 30,000 men, of which, 17,500 were really Frenchmen. He had nearly as many gunboats as we had, indeed some more heavy ones, carrying 24-pounders. We have altogether in Sicily 19,000 men ; of which 12,000 only are English. 1,000 are at Trapani, 1,000 at Syracuse, 2,000 at Melazzo, 1,000 at Tauramina and its passes, and when the citadel forts of Messina have their garrisons, what disposable force have we to face him on the beach ? A mere handful of men !

Our navy was commanded by an officer who manifested neither enterprize nor activity, and we have had proof that the enemy could escape them. Our gunboats indeed were well commanded, but were not manned by stanch British seamen. Now under these circumstances how does Murat's character appear ? Some say that the French never intended to pass over into Sicily, but that their object was to hinder us from sending reinforcements from our army in this island to that in Portugal, or to cause us to detach a strong force from the latter for the strengthening of the former. If so, this object has but been very slightly

answered, two regiments only that would have proceeded to Portugal having been detained in Sicily: they were stopped by Sir James Stewart when Murat encamped in Calabria ;—one of them being the 39th.

In three weeks we had built redoubts on every commanding height, cut two enormous military roads flanking both the beaches, formed two lines of retreat of great strength on the hills of Faro Superiore, and had mounted artillery in every direction. To a person who had known the country before, it appeared like a dream to find it so altered ; and besides the exertions these works must have cost them, our troops were always under arms a great part, and sometimes the whole of the night.

The Sicilians to a man hate and abominate the French as much as we do. Their own government is nearly as much disliked by them ; it is enough to say it is on the feudal system. What you have said of Spain will hold good of this island, and to it the success of the French arms is to be attributed : the people have been betrayed. The upper classes of society are universally corrupt and unenlightened, and the people inveigh against them as the cause of their sufferings.

Great Britain has suggested such plans for the future as appear alone capable of saving the island from the horrors of a revolution, but the narrow policy of its rulers prevents their seeing matters in the light that we do. A reformation undertaken by the government would attach the Sicilians to the reigning family, but from what I have witnessed I fear this hope cannot be cherished ; the time for a reform of abuses was when the country was in the perilous situation from which it has now for the moment escaped.

The English are beloved by the people ; for they seem to recognize the feeling of honour that actuates us, and they see the horror we express of the evil administration of government ; but still they know we are auxiliaries, and our presence may keep off the impending revolution. The introduction of British troops has too been accompanied by the diffusion of many ideas of liberty and civil govern-

ment, that were strangers before, and the common peasant is now beginning to regard himself as something more than a slave. Indeed the poverty, misery, and oppression of the lower orders have reached such a pitch that it cannot be endured much longer, and even the Sicilian baron now begins to side with his vassals against the interlopers who, like so many leeches, are draining the country of its life's blood.

Every thing bears the marks of the last stage of decadence: the fortifications are out of repair, the cannon honeycombed, the garrisons decrepid, the towns are for the greater part in ruins, the barons' houses in the interior are abandoned, money is nowhere to be seen except at Messina; it is all either buried, or sent out of the island.

I think, my dear fellow, by this time you must be heartily tired of my account of Sicily, so I will abandon the topic. I am now, my dear Ludolf, ready, with bag and baggage, to embark for England. I have taken my passage on board a fine large store ship, which will sail in a few days, and I expect to get to England in about forty days. It is the *Prevoyante* I am to sail in; so look out for her arrival in the papers. She sails well, was a small French two-decker, so I think we shall get home safe.

Mr. and Mr. Lee desire to be kindly remembered; we often talk about you, and the other day out a riding, little Peter would insist on it that he had seen you, and cried a long time because his mother could not find you. I am now quite exhausted, and I suppose you are as tired of deciphering this scrawl. I must wish you adieu. Let me hear from you. I hope your father is well; remember a person to him who wishes him health and every blessing, with yourself, also to my dear friend David Morier. God bless you, Ludolf!

Ever your affectionate friend,

F. P. WERRY.

Malta, 21st October, 1810.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I remember you like to read your own letters your-

self. This consideration has made me take a new pen, and I begin promisingly in a clear hand. It is, however, very late—past midnight—and rather the 22nd than the 21st October. This is against your orders in your last letter of the 15th September, which I have before me, but you must know that the reason of my beginning to write to you in general at so late an hour is, because I defer what I deem more a matter of pleasure than of business, until I have finished such writing as is absolutely necessary. I have taken my passage on board of the *Prevoyante*. All my baggage is on board, and we sail at daylight. By the time this reaches you, I think you may calculate on our being at Gibraltar. My father and Nathaniel will have long since told you of my intention to go to England, and of my projects. I know not how far this coincides with their ideas, but I have acted to the best of my judgment, and I hope and expect that your and my father's blessing go with me in my undertaking.

Nothing gives me so much pleasure in your letter, as to observe what you say of my father, that he has borne Nathaniel's misfortunes with resignation. I hope the Almighty will grant him health to see him and all of us in better prospects. I shall use all my efforts in England. You at Smyrna will be better able to judge of the right I have to expect success than myself, who may be warped by the fondness which we all entertain for our own schemes. I hope you will write to me very frequently while I am in England, your letters are always so interesting to me. My father and brothers are so occupied in their affairs when they write, that they never have time or desire to communicate those details that are so interesting to me, distant as I am from you all.

* * * *

Gibraltar, Nov. 29th, 1810.

MY DEAR FATHER,

I reached this port on the 26th instant. By my letter of the 22nd ultimo, from Malta, you will have learnt of

our having sailed from that place without any convoy. Notwithstanding so great an advantage, we were five entire weeks on our passage, and had nothing but a continued succession of gales of wind from the west. I suffered extremely, not so much from sea-sickness—though much troubled with that—as from a total inability to digest the lightest food. I mention this, that you may form some idea of what it costs me to make up my mind to a sea voyage. By the blessing of the Almighty, I overcame all these evils, and we reached this port safely at last. The *Prevoyante* is undergoing the necessary repairs. A convoy that sailed from Malta ten days previous to us, is now collecting here, though a great part of it still missing. You will have heard of the horrible contagious sickness with which Spain has been visited. I am happy to be able to say that the cold weather has driven it almost entirely away. At Carthagen a it has destroyed about one third of the inhabitants. Here, the regulations are extremely rigid ; no communication has taken place with Spain for five weeks, and everything is excessively dear. At Christmas, however, intercourse will again be opened. About 10,000 souls have been sent out of this place, on account of the scarcity ; health, however, has been preserved. Lord Cochrane arrived here yesterday, in a small lateen sailed yacht from Cadiz, and has brought us positive information of Massena having commenced his retreat. On the 14th our army's left wing was at Torres Vedras, and its right at Alverea. The French army's head quarters were at Villa Franca, within half a mile of our outposts. On the night of the 14th Massena decamped, and in passing either the Alenquer, or more probably the Rio Mayor, the bridge gave way, and stopped him. Lord Wellington had followed him close with two columns of 10,000 men each, with the intention of galling his retreat, but, finding Massena's army stopped, had halted, and was waiting for reinforcements. Massena's situation appears very critical : his troops have, until now, only been kept together by the hope of plundering Lisbon : in this, happily, they have found themselves disappointed. His only

route is through Abrantes, a strong situation occupied by a detachment of our forces; the mountains of Estramadura to his north, and Leyria are occupied by our organized Portuguese, who behave very well, and will annoy the enemy in his retreat: thus the whole of the country through which he has to pass is hostile, and under arms. Such is reported to be the state of affairs in Portugal, and the most sanguine expectations are entertained as to the result of the campaign. Everything in Spain will be greatly affected by it; all the French troops in Andalusia will be very probably cut off from Madrid. Cadiz is, at present, in perfect safety, but it is said the French have made some discovery, by which they will be able to advance their batteries within 600 paces of the town.

We have papers of the 1st instant from London. The king was excessively ill, and the Princess Amelia expected to die hourly. Parliament stood prorogued until the 30th October, and it had been the intention of ministers to have prorogued it still longer, until the 29th November; but the King had not been able to sign the paper, and thus the Parliament must have met on the 1st. The complaint of his majesty appears to have been a fever; he had not been able to see anybody on business on the 30th. The King of Sweden is said to have escaped, by the connivance of the Emperor Alexander, on board of an English ship of war. Lucien Buonaparte is ordered to England. I hear that the *President* frigate has passed the straits to the east, on a secret mission; it is supposed to be with a person on board to treat for peace between Russia and Turkey; the former power having at last discovered that Buonaparte is bound to Austria to restore the kingdom of Poland, and to indemnify her therefrom, in which he is to be assisted by 50,000 Austrian troops, now collecting in Galicia. * * * *

My love and duty to my dear mother. Tell her I hope in three weeks to kiss Johnny for her. If I am as much in your thoughts as you all are in mine, I shall be very well contented.

Your ever dutiful and affectionate son,

FRANCIS.

Vicarage House, St. Martin's-in-the-Fields,
15th Feb. 1811.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

The packet by which I wrote Nathaniel on the 20th ultimo is, I understand, still at Falmouth; this makes me consequently expect that the present will reach you as soon as my letter under that date, and render all excuses unnecessary. On the 5th of last month, the day after my arrival in England, I wrote a few lines to my father—these I hope reached you; and as in them I mentioned that John was at the time with me, I think they must have proved gratifying to you. In my letter to Nat. of the 26th January, I gave him, I think, many details as to my manner of living here, but it was written in so much haste, that I cannot remember its contents. By way of greater precaution, I will sum up my manner of living, some account of my friends, &c., in as few words as possible. I have a comfortable bed-room and sitting-room in this house, which belongs to Mr. Hamilton's father, who is vicar of this parish. The house is very spacious, but old: its other tenants are the curate, a young man, his wife and two little children, and his mother. When I am not engaged or busy, I pass my evenings with them, which I find a great resource. Mr. William Hamilton's kindness to me exceeds description; his wife is an extremely pleasant woman. At the request of them both, I dine with them almost always, when not otherwise engaged. Mr. H. has introduced me to his sister, Mrs. Fitz Hugh, whose husband is member for Tiverton; and at her parties I sometimes meet Mrs. Siddons. Master Johnico saw her there one night. She is very reserved, speaks very little, and that by no means in a theatrical manner, but quite unassumingly.

My next most considerable friend is Mr. James Allen Park, K.C., to whom I had a letter. His hospitality is as unbounded as Hamilton's; he is a man of great learning, and of exemplary character, and is looked up to by all classes of people. At this house I am always most kindly welcomed. Besides these, I have a numerous circle of

very respectable acquaintances, with whom I often dine. I have written Mrs. Bencraft an answer to a kind letter she addressed me, inviting me down to Barnstaple, and have heard from her since. All the family were well. I have dined once at John Anthony Rucker's, and been there twice since, but am backward in going there, till I see that he presses it. Stephen is in town, but hardly ever comes near me, and I cannot run after him. He and his sister expressed a warm desire to see a good deal of me; but I thought, and still think it ought to come from the husband. I am not giving myself airs, mind, but do not wish to *push* myself into any company.

I wrote to Mr. Rivers and to Mrs. Fairway, and learnt from the former the death of his poor, good wife, which took place last summer. I have wept for her; and, as it was quite unexpected to me, it has caused me a deal of sorrow. I am going down there next week, to stay some days with him, and with Mrs. Fairway, who has written me a very kind letter.

As to my plans, my dear mother, nothing in commerce, I am afraid, can be contrived. Everybody is lying on his oars, and all seem determined to make a pause, to see what will be the result of the present really awful state of affairs. Nothing at all is doing here, and there is no prospect of amendment.

I shall be guided in my plans by the excellent advice of Hamilton and Mr. Park, who take the kindest interest in me.

Economy receives my strictest attention. I get a very good dinner, without wine, at a very respectable coffee-house, much frequented by the French émigrés, for two-and-sixpence; and I find a bachelor, with friends, can live very cheaply. As to the vices and debaucheries of this great city, be assured, my dear mother, that I shall avoid them. I trust in God my moral principles, with my present knowledge, and a strong sense of religion, will keep me from falling into these temptations. My connexions, friends, and above all, my circumstances, will not allow me to enter into them. I must sacrifice them

all, if I were to abandon the steady life I am leading, and that I trust, by the Almighty's aid, I shall never be fool enough to do.

* * * * *

20th.

It has now struck one. We have had a Fast Day this 20th, which has just finished. Were it not for the principles of religion I fortunately possess, I know not what would have become of me; without them I really believe I should have been induced to drive away the melancholy, which, in spite of all my efforts, will creep over my mind, by plunging into some great excesses. This reflection makes me shudder, to see the precipice I have so narrowly escaped. I feel most thankful to the Almighty for the opportunities he has given me of obtaining a knowledge of that blessed faith which I profess, by which I have not only avoided the evils I have alluded to, but also derived great comfort under the disappointments and trials with which He has been pleased to visit me.

It was during my stay at Malta with David Morier that I became possessed of this great source of comfort. He had observed my taste for such investigations, and recommended me to read Dr. Paley's works. I made a regular study of them, and almost abridged the whole of them. They so completely convinced me of the truth and excellence of our blessed religion, that from that time I have given it my most serious reflections, and have not only derived from it the greatest comfort, but expect to be upheld by it through the thorny paths of this world, and even to face death with resignation if not with content. I must now bid you adieu.

Your unalterably affectionate and dutiful son,

FRANK.

* * * * *

25th July, 1811.

Mr. Hamilton recommends me to get on the top of a stage, and go to Scotland, stopping at all the places worthy of notice on the way. As I think this may be

done without much expense, I am almost determined on undertaking it, as I may be despatched abroad in a great hurry, and not get to England for a long time. Hamilton is watching some opportunity of getting me a place in the diplomatic line; at all events, if nothing favourable occurs before my return, I can always get attached to some mission. I am confident that this will be the best plan for me; it suits my turn of mind, which is a great point. Commerce, under the actual state of affairs, offers such bad prospects, and my own inclination not being turned that way, that coupling these objections with the fact of my three brothers being destined for that career, I think I have done well to give up as I have done all thoughts of it.

Edinburgh, 17th Sept., 1811.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I have just finished so long a letter to my father that I am much afraid the first sight of it will incense him—he has exhausted all my writing and composing powers, and will consequently occasion this to be shorter than it should be. I know you like long epistles; it is a pity I could not have managed it so, as to have addressed my father's to you, and this to him. Your affectionate letter, my dear mother, of the 2nd of May, only think what a long time since! did not reach me until ten days ago, at Keswick, in Cumberland, on my journey to this place. You do not enter into any of those details which are so peculiarly interesting to me. I am left to guess if it is written in the country or town; you say little or nothing about yourself or your occupations, &c.: pray do not omit these circumstances. As for Gregory, he is incorrigible; after six months' total silence, I am favoured with a P.S. in one of Nat's letters, of ten lines; however, I can collect therefrom that a longer letter for me is navigating the high seas in some direction or other. I have been absent from London nearly seven weeks. I came through Northampton, Leicester, and Derby, taking sufficient time to see whatever was worthy of note at each place. I was

detained a few days in Derbyshire in seeing the wonders of the Peak, as well as by the hospitality of some acquaintances in that neighbourhood. From Matlock Baths and Buxton I proceeded through Manchester to Lancaster. From that city I passed on to Kendal, and took up my quarters at the small but beautifully situated town of Keswick. Hitherto I had come along on the top of a mail coach, now I was to become pedestrian, for the features of this part are as different from those of the rest of England as it is possible to conceive. In some parts the fells, as they call the mountains, are of even wilder and bolder aspect than those I used to wander amongst during my shooting excursions in Turkey, though not in general of so great a height; the thickness of the atmosphere in these northern latitudes envelopes their summits in thick mists, and the fleeting vapours will so suddenly encompass you as to render the paths extremely difficult for a stranger to follow. I spent three weeks in the vicinity of the Lakes, hardly ever sleeping two nights at the same place. I first made the tour of them on foot, when I walked by the road alone upwards of 150 miles. I then visited more distant parts by the help of a small poney I had hired. From town to town the roads are excellent, at times blown through the sides of mountains, at others winding up them. It is incredible the number of people that make this tour; carriages, horse and footmen, are constantly on the road. From London and every county in England, not excepting the most distant one, Cornwall, from whence I saw one family, from Ireland and Scotland, people resort hither every summer. Inconveniences I naturally had many to put up with—I had occasionally to walk twenty miles, wet to the skin; for these mountains attract the clouds, and with a south-west wind it always rains. I experienced torrents of it, and even in the dog-days found a fire always grateful. It may give you some idea of the rate of living in these parts when I tell you that the curates of these parishes receive only fifty pounds per annum, with twenty pounds of which they are boarded in comfortable farm-houses. On leaving Keswick I met

Walpole and his wife ; he was posting along my road with four horses, and was kind enough to give me a lift. I have written to you about him before, and his attention to me at Cambridge. He went to the south, whilst I by the mail proceeded to Carlisle, thence to Langholm, Hawick, Selkirk, and to this city. Edinburgh has surpassed my expectations ; the new city, for elegance, regularity, and convenience, surpasses anything I have ever seen, and I should think cannot be excelled.

In the High Street of the old town the houses are frightfully high, some of ten stories ; they are occupied by as many families, who have one common entrance by a corkscrew staircase, which is consequently very dirty, and at the doorposts are fifty addresses, as in our inns of court. Shops, as well as taverns, are very often on an upper floor, or "flat" as they are called. From the window of an eighth story you may see suspended a tailor's address, or an advertisement that the flat is to be sold or let. The old town is separated from the new by the dry bed of a kind of river or loch, which has been drained, and across which a fine bridge has been thrown, again uniting them.

I leave this in a day or two for Glasgow, where my stay will be but very short. Thence I proceed to the falls of the Clyde, and to Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine, which I shall most likely visit on foot, and return here by Perth and Stirling. This tour will always be of advantage to me, if I am to get on in the diplomatic line ; for the more one knows of a country, the more correct our ideas and reasoning are likely to be on the conduct of its people.

It is now so late that I must go to bed. So adieu, my dear mother ; and be assured that I am, and unalterably shall be,

Your very dutiful and affectionate, devoted Son,
F. P. WERRY.

Foreign Office, Dec. 9th, 1811.

MY DEAR FATHER,

I have not written to you since the end of Sep-

tember, when I addressed you a letter of considerable length from Edinburgh. Nathaniel will have informed you of the appointment to which Mr. Hamilton has succeeded in getting me nominated. From the letter above alluded to you will have collected that my conduct has been the result of serious consideration and reflection; how far you will deem it judicious, I am most anxious to know. The long predilection I have entertained for this profession is, on close acquaintance with its details and duties, rather augmented, and in no sense diminished. As to the emolument, I myself really know not exactly what it will be; but from the manner in which Mr. Hamilton has spoken to me on this subject, and the knowledge I have of the plan on which the pecuniary affairs of this department are conducted, I am persuaded it will cover my expenses. Indeed I have been given to understand *they* will be paid. I must, however, wait some time before I draw any salary. In the meantime, let me assure you I will incur no unnecessary expense, but live with as much economy as I possibly can.

As to the future success of my brother's commercial establishment, it may be well for me to remark, that any introductions I may obtain to houses in the city will carry with them in my present situation a greater degree of weight and responsibility than they otherwise could have acquired from any manner of individual advantages. Owing to your long residence out of England, and to the few family connexions we have in this country, we want that chain of acquaintances which is one of the greatest causes of prosperity in all the employments of life. You will, therefore, perceive that from the nature of my profession I may have no small opportunities of promoting this desirable object; and I hope you feel convinced that I am sufficiently attached to my brothers to seek to render my influence beneficial to them. If I remember right, I have heard you mention some outstanding bills, amounting to about £300, held by you ever since the first expedition to Egypt, which Lord Keith refused to pay. Mr. Hamilton has told me he would use his influence to get them

paid, and I have no doubt he would succeed. Should you think it advisable to forward these bills to me in order to recover their amount, you must not omit to hand me at the same time every necessary explanation and voucher. And it would be as well that you should refrain from making any strong animadversions on the conduct of Lord Keith, or any of those who were in command, and at the time raised obstacles to the payment, lest they should be excited to come forward with equal violence to oppose it at this period, and thereby render our efforts abortive.

Government is very apprehensive that a great scarcity of corn will be shortly experienced in the united kingdoms; the crops having in many parts entirely failed, in others having been but middling, and in very few abundant. The administration has turned its thoughts to the means of drawing as great supplies as possible from abroad. But the French are equally distressed with ourselves, and Spain is much more so. The principal supplies are looked for from the Americas. Other channels, however, have not been neglected. I was called on to give what information I could as to the corn trade carried on by the Idriotes and Ipsariotes, and accordingly drew up a statement, which was laid before the cabinet ministers. I then had a long interview with Lord Bathurst, the President of the Board of Trade, and with Mr. Perceval. It was in contemplation to send me out in a ship-of-war with specie, to have proceeded to Smyrna, Idra, Ipsara, Volo, &c.; and I was to have persuaded the Greeks to undertake speculations, contracting with them to pay a fixed price, or to have purchased cargoes, or to have bribed the Agas to permit the exportation, as circumstances might have rendered advisable.

But the objections to such an undertaking were great. Our relations with the Porte were thought to render such a step not warrantable. Government besides did not like to interfere so directly with individual speculators. I do not exactly know what plan they have substituted; but I was by no means desirous of undertaking the conduct of so responsible an undertaking, though I said that, if my

services were deemed *requisite*, I should be extremely happy to be employed.

I believe they will order the civil commissioner at Malta to advertise some fixed and high price for wheat. I do not think any cargoes will be imported on individual account, and I recommend you not to undertake any speculation without far more information than I can give you. I would indeed almost recommend you to have nothing to do in any corn transactions beyond Lisbon.

I am obliged to conclude. Begging you to give my love to my dear Mother, to Gregory, and Nat, and to believe me to be, my dear Father,

Your dutiful and affectionate Son,

F. P. WERRY.

Foreign Office, 24th Dec. 1811.

MY DEAR FATHER,

We have learnt with inexpressible grief the death of our dear brother Gregory. On this most melancholy subject I have written fully to my dear mother. It would, therefore, be useless to repeat here what I have there expressed; and hoping that your minds may be resigned to this severe decree of the Almighty, I am unwilling to renew the remembrance of your past sufferings.

* * * * *

I believe firmly that there is no one so deserving of your affection as he was, when it pleased the Almighty to take him to Himself; but rest assured, my dear mother, that this affliction is considered by us both as a most binding obligation to use our endeavours to merit your love more than ever; and let me convince you that the distance which separates us, and the length of time since we were together, have tended truly to strengthen our affection. The rapid succession of severe trials to which it has pleased the Almighty to put you have afforded me also heart-rending pain. I have been alive to them all. The death of poor Gregory I should hope is the finishing blow to these calamities. We are bound to bow with resignation to the decrees of our Heavenly Father. The dictates of

religion may also, and indeed always should, succeed in dispelling our grief; but time only can subdue that melancholy which the consideration of repeated calamities produces. We regularly pray for you all, and, in the expectation of meeting dear Gregory in the world to come, find a new and strong motive to the pursuit of our Christian duties.

To-morrow will be Christmas-day. John and I breakfast with Mr. Park, and go to church together, where I intend to receive the holy communion. I pass the day with Mr. Park, whilst John spends the remainder of it at Mr. M'Ley's, with whose sons he is at school. I had some idea of taking John to spend a part of his holidays at Barnstaple, by way of Bath, but the expense of this excursion deters me. I am obliged to live within the bounds of the most rigid economy, and the expense of this journey would be an object of serious consideration. John cannot be very gay with me here, for I am engaged in the office from eleven to half-past six. He is, however, very good, and makes himself happy by reading such books as he has access to.

FROM WM. HAMILTON, ESQ.

Hadam, July 24th, 1812.

MY DEAR WERRY,

I am decidedly of opinion that you ought not to decline the offer made you to accompany Lord Cathcart for the following reasons:—

1st, Friends.

You make three more in addition to the one you have in me,—Lord Castlereagh, Lord Cathcart, and Cooke; inasmuch as they propose to you a change of service for their purposes, and probably Lord Walpole too.

2nd, Appointments.

The salary may be smaller than the allowance now given to you, but the expenses to you abroad will be much less, as you will live entirely with Lord Cathcart, and your present situation is, as I told you before, quite dependent on the pleasure of the Secretary of State.

3rd, Future Prospects.

The office, if accepted, places you in the direct line for promotion in the diplomatic line, and brings you at once to the court where there is more diplomacy than any other in Europe. Your situation at home gives you a chance of the same, but a minor claim, and the business you would have to transact is more practical than what you get at the office; whilst your experience at the office, and the knowledge you have obtained of our interests in the southern parts of Europe, will always give you an advantage in the transaction of business in the north.

4th, Qualifications.

You have the credit of being *invited for what it is supposed you can do*, rather than the *discredit* of having courted what others might have been unwilling to grant. Your knowledge of the Greek language, and your experience in the affairs of Turkey, cannot fail to be useful to you; and you will recollect that Lord Cathcart goes out with the highest rank to the most eminent court, and at a most important period. With regard to your health, you know that the climate of Russia is not so variable as that of England. It is, generally speaking, healthy, and at your time of life, certainly ought not to be regarded. There then only remains the assistance you think you can give to your brother: you must best know the value of that assistance; but I cannot but think that your father would prefer your taking the offer.

With regard to the appointments in the office as *précis* writer or otherwise, your chance is very small; our patronage at home is, you know, very confined, and I am sure not worth looking up to. I can only add to the above, that to Terrick in the same situation I should have given the same advice, and that absent as well as present, you may depend on my readiness to serve you as far as I can, whenever I see an opening or favourable opportunity.

Yours, &c.,

W. HAMILTON.

I enclose letters to Mr. Cooke and Lord Cathcart, which you may send, if you please.

W. H.

St. Petersburg, the 7th, 19th October, 1812.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

When you see the length of the letters I have written to my father and to Nat, and when I assure you that I only heard of this opportunity in the middle of this day, and that it is now past one o'clock in the morning, I think you will not be angry with me for not writing you a regular and detailed account of my movements and remarks since I left England. I have also been broken in upon since I began this, by business; and though I shall have perhaps another hour in the morning, yet I am threatened with papers which Lord Cathcart wants arranged. I hope that my letter from Yarmouth will have reached you ere this. We had a good passage to Gottenberg, though not a short one; and we were eight days at sea. Our frigate was sent through the Belt to Delaro, the sea-port of Stockholm, and we proceeded to that capital at our leisure, passing by Orebro, where the Diet was sitting, and where Lord Cathcart was detained on business relating to his embassy. We stayed a fortnight at Stockholm, with which city I was much pleased, and of which I will hereafter give you an account. Thence we proceeded to Dalaro, where we embarked on board the *Aquilon* frigate, whilst the Prince Royal of Sweden embarked on board a Swedish frigate, and we accompanied His Royal Highness to Abo in Finland, to which place we had an extraordinarily good passage. There we found the Emperor, who had been waiting the arrival of the Prince Royal for several days. We were all presented on parade the next morning, and saw a regiment of Cossacks march off after the guard was mounted.

After staying four or five days at Abo, we again embarked, and had a run of twenty-four hours to Cronstadt, and arrived here on the 5th September; and as the Emperor has been here ever since, here we stay.

A few days after our arrival, we were all presented to the Emperor, the Empress, and to the Empress-mother, to the Grand Duchess and the Grand Dukes, concerning which ceremony I will give you a detailed account in my next letter.

This city is very magnificent, and everything is on a grand scale. The people here are very hospitable, and all the houses of the nobles are open to us ; but under the present distresses of the country, there is not, of course, the gaiety that there otherwise would be. Many are mourning the loss of relatives, and all are anxiously awaiting the great and portentous events of the campaign.

Lord Cathcart has within these three weeks got a house, and we are all lodged in it. The state apartments are elegant, but the accommodation for his numerous suite is not at all good. I am miserably lodged, and sleep on my camp bed. I have two little rooms about as big as a lieutenant's cabin in a line-of-battle ship. As I could only bring a very few books with me, I have no great resources, and the weather is now too wet to go out of doors. In my own defence I must set to and learn Russian and German, in which languages I hope to make some progress during the winter.

In such momentous times as these one's principal attention is directed to the military operations. The French have spread such reports at Constantinople of the advance of their armies, that you will be astonished to hear that we entertain the most sanguine expectations of reducing Bonaparte to retreat with great loss, or to give Kutusoff battle with every local advantage. Moscow is one heap of ruins and of carcases of men and horses. I am very anxious to hear from you, and to know that you have been preserved in this dreadful plague which has ravaged Turkey.

* * * * *

If it is possible, I wish you would send some present to Lady Sligo, who has really been like a mother to me.

God bless you all. Believe me to remain unalterably with the greatest love, duty, and affection,

My dear Mother,

Your ever-devoted Son,

F. P. WERRY.

St. Petersburg, October 19th, 1812, N.S.

MY DEAR FATHER,

You will have learnt from the French bulletins that the French head quarters have been established at Moscow. After the battle of Borodino (called by the French of Mo-jaisck), a decisive victory to the Russians, Marshal Kutusoff moved his army on the third day from that position, on account of the infected state of the air, caused by the dead bodies. He retired on Moscow, and took up a position which had been depended on for the defence of that city, but that was found on its occupation not to be so strong as had been expected. In consideration of this, and calculating that in case of a defeat he would be cut off from a junction with the armies of Tormasoff and Tchichakoff, and that thus the fate of the empire would depend on the result of one action; it was determined in a council of war to move the army to Podol, into a position where its junction with the other armies could not be impeded by the enemy. By this movement Moscow was left open to the French. The inhabitants had, however, from the period of the battle of Smolensko been employed in moving everything out of the city, a measure facilitated by the water carriage to an extent that is almost incredible. All the inhabitants but a few of the lower orders abandoned it; the French entered on the 2nd, and were greatly exasperated at finding it stripped. The troops were let loose to pillage, when frays succeeded between them and the remaining inhabitants, who thought themselves more entitled to the plunder than the invaders. Murder and massacre ensued, and both parties set fire to the houses in every quarter. The fire raged for eight days, during which both parties fought in *mêlées* in the houses and streets. In vain did the French authorities interpose, and shoot the Russian mujiks: it went on until at the end of that time Moscow was nothing but a heap of smoking ruins, intermixed with the carcasses of men and horses.

Such devastation is not on record since the irruption of the Tartars under Ghengis-Khan. Those who remain


in the neighbourhood of the city can only maintain themselves by the potatoes and vegetables they dig up out of the gardens. It has been calculated that the Cossacks have brought in 4,000 prisoners weekly, since the enemy has occupied the neighbourhood of Moscow.

In the meantime, Marshal Kutusoff repaired the loss his army had sustained in the battle of Borodino, by filling up his ranks with large drafts from the militia. Several strong corps of those troops joined him from Taroslav, Ralouga, and other provinces; and he has been daily reinforced ever since. He made a flank movement from Podol, and by the last accounts his army occupied a position to the south-east of Moscow, distant from it about forty miles.

On the 3rd or 4th, an affair took place between his vanguard and that of the enemy, in which the latter was very hard pushed, leaving upwards of 2000 killed on the field. The Russian parties of Cossacks and light troops cover the Smolensko road, flanked by armed peasants, and harass and intercept the French supplies. Three messengers from the French head quarters have been taken, within five miles of Moscow; one bag contained two hundred licences for ships, signed by Buonaparte. One messenger has also been taken from France.

The battle of Borodino is called in the letters from the French army "*La bataille des Généraux*;" they state that thirty-two of their generals were killed and wounded in it. The lowest estimate of the Russian loss is 25,000 men; that of the enemy must have been much greater, on account of the heavy fire under which they effected their retreat.

There is a corps of observation under General Vinzingerode, on the road leading from this city to Moscow, the outposts of which are close to the latter place. It is reported by them that all the enemy's army is in movement, either to give Kutusoff battle, which the Marshal has been endeavouring to oblige them to do, on his own ground, and with every local advantage on his side, or to retire on Smolensko. The French, it is said, have sent



several cartels to the Russian army; these have been always ordered to retire, without any communication being allowed. We have accounts up to the 5th or 6th from Sir Robert Wilson and Lord Tyrconnel, who are detached from us to the Russian head quarters, and who write confident of victory.

Tormasoff and Tchichakoff's army, of 70,000 strong, was by the last accounts at Lutz, and having left a corps opposite to the Austrian force, was advancing to cut off the enemy's supplies, south of Smolensko, whilst General Ertle, between the Berezina and Dnieper, keeps in complete check the French force destined to secure the intercourse with the frontier. Wittgenstein was at Polotz, and having received strong reinforcements, had, with his usual activity, commenced offensive operations. The force at Riga, being greatly reinforced, had advanced to Mittau; but Macdonald, approaching with a more numerous force, the Russians were obliged to retire. By the latest advices the Swedish expedition was entirely embarked; it consisted of 45,000 men, and was only waiting for the Russian auxiliary troops.

Here the reports of persons in the French interest have created a great panic, and the merchants particularly are greatly alarmed. Unless, however, the enemy should annihilate Kutusoff's army, which is composed of too stern and sterling materials to be easily borne down, Bonaparte cannot advance to this city. The cold weather has not yet set in, but is daily expected. The rains have, however, cut up the roads; the days are short; and this country is not so thickly peopled as was the theatre of his last campaign. Wide and desolate tracts intervene between the few towns. Provisions are scarce, and such is the spirit of the people, that they burn their cottages and abandon the country. At Podol, 1700 serfs of one of the nobles, who was with the army, set fire to everything, and marched with their lord. The patriotism of the people is beyond expression, and the honour of the army is so piqued, that they burn with desire to revenge the insults and devastation that mark the steps of the bar-

barous invaders. In short, the war is nationalized, and is for existence and independence, and if persevered in, must be successful. Indeed, the nation will hear of no overtures while the enemy is within the frontiers. The Emperor has given an example of firmness to Europe which may shake the throne of his antagonist.

Seville had been taken by assault by Colonel Kerret, and the siege of Cadiz was raised. We expect a glorious account of Soult's army.

Wishing you health and every blessing, I remain, unalterably, my dear father,

Your dutiful and affectionate son,

F. P. WERRY.

TO W. HAMILTON, ESQ.

St. Petersburg, Nov. 10th, 1812.

MY DEAR SIR,

I go out of doors so very seldom, that, as yet, I have not been able to obtain any books worth sending you. I intend, in a few days, paying a visit to L'Academie des Sciences, where works are to be obtained at a moderate rate. I think I may undertake to send you the works of Pallas, Emelin, Elledstadt, and some other standard authors. I will not omit either sending you a Russian grammar and dictionary. I think the language is harmonious; but, as I have no intercourse with the people, and drive the grey goose quill all day long, I am afraid I shall not learn two words in two months. My time is very much occupied, as I am the only scribe.

I refer you to our military intelligence, which I think you will find exceedingly interesting. Wilson,* with all his faults, has certainly great merit. His lordship gives him full credit for the judgment he formed of Bonaparte's plans. You must know that Kutusoff was inclined to think that the French wanted to penetrate into the fertile southern provinces. This Wilson could never be brought to believe. He was constantly with the Cossacks, gained the most accurate intelligence; and as he hazards his life

* Sir Robert Wilson.

in the most extraordinary manner, he often reconnoitred farther than anybody.

In one of these excursions, after the affair of Mala Jaroslaff, he saw Bonaparte's equipages, the artillery, baggage, &c., moving beyond Vevrea, towards Mojaissek; this confirmed him in his opinion that the enemy intended to retreat. He had endeavoured, in the first instance, to dissuade Kutusoff from going to Gorki (a position commanding two roads). The sanguinary contest for Mala Jaroslaff, on the other hand, confirmed Kutusoff in his opinion that Bonaparte's intention was to penetrate to the south-east provinces, and the Marshal therefore repaired again to Gorki, where he stationed his army. At this Wilson lost all patience. The enemy then did what Wilson would have it they intended to do—they retreated; and before Kutusoff had returned to Medina, they had stolen two marches on him!

Thus Kutusoff let him slip; and, instead of making dispositions to cut him entirely off, and operate against the head of the French army, as he might have done at Mala Jaroslaff and Medina, he was reduced to operate against his rear, and push him hard. It must, however, be observed that it is, perhaps, probable, that Bonaparte did not decide on his retreat till he was repulsed at Mala Jaroslaff. It strikes me that he maintained that action in order to fix the Russians, whilst the main body of his army was marching by Jjtagk to Fiasma.

We have, however, still the hope left that the force at Elme and Tchichakoff's and the gallant Wittgenstein's armies will intercept him, on which, the grand army following him up, he will be certainly cut to pieces.

Wilson, the Russians tell me, is in the hottest part of every action; he charges with the Cossacks, who call him brother. He gets into *mêlées*, scours the country; and, at night, I verily believe, never sleeps, for he writes folios of despatches, in which he introduces all kinds of matter. He is an astonishing fellow. The parties, jealousies and intrigues, in the army, are too numerous for him to escape their vortices; he reconciles the Russian

generals, but gets himself into hot water. He wrote about this *apparent* error of Kutusoff's before the movements of the French bore him out. These letters, as well as all those he has written, were intercepted by the minister of war, and, of course, read by him. It might sometimes be well if the Emperor saw them; but I am afraid the minister only shows what answers his ends. By dint of lecturing, his Lordship, however, keeps him in order, and he certainly is incalculably useful. At Mala Jaroslaff he rendered the Russians great aid, by posting some artillery in a position whence he committed great havoc amongst the enemy, and covered their troops that were driven back.

The ground is covered with snow, the thermometer stands at 9° of Reaumur; the blocks of ice from the Ladoga have closed the Neva and carried away the floating bridges.

You must excuse this abominable scrawl, for it is now 5 o'clock in the morning, and I am quite worn out.

TO W. HAMILTON, ESQ., UNDER SECRETARY OF STATE FOR
FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

St. Petersburg, 23rd Nov., 1812.

MY DEAR SIR,

Pray read one of the inclosures in our military intelligence, detailing an interesting *pour parler* between Murat and Millaradovitch; it will amuse you; and so I think will Dornberg's account of the last affair of Victor with Wittgenstein. The Emperor's proclamation, too, is not badly written.

Tchichagoff, you will see, was at Minsk on or about the 5th or 6th inst., o.s. This is famous. We have not heard from Wilson since the affair at Douchoritchenie; indeed, either no couriers have arrived for three or four days, or the dispatches have been kept *secret*. There have, however, been very heavy falls of snow.

"Divers noises," as Willy called Sir Francis d'Ivernois, is working night and day at the documents he obtains relating to the finances of the empire. The Emperor has

requested him to make a report thereon, and has given him several audiences. He has also nominated a Commissioner to assist "Divers noises" in his researches, and has ordered him to transmit home to Mr. Vansittart *résumés* of his inquiries, and such documents as may enable Mr. V. to form an opinion on the state and system of the revenues, and to request Mr. V. to illuminate H. I. Counsels by his suggestions. Sir Francis stedfastly purposes to write to you, and has, in the meantime, signified his pleasure that I should communicate the above circumstances.

You must really excuse both my bad jokes and writing, for it is now six o'clock in the morning of the 24th; but we not having yet closed our eyes, call it still the 23d.

I am going to set to tooth and nail to Russian; there is, however, one consideration that almost deters me. It is that I may thereby fix myself in these icy regions; and if I remain in diplomacy, be kept here to live like an exotic—never showing my nose beyond the threshold. One must, however, learn, while the opportunity offers; and for the consequences, Allah Kerim!

TO WILLIAM HAMILTON, ESQ.

St. Petersburg, 7th Dec. 1812.

MY DEAR SIR,

Bonaparte, I am afraid, has now escaped with the remains of his army. At least, it appears to me that the chances which were before his passage of the Berezina, four to one against that event, are now one to four only.

Notwithstanding that Tchichagoff's army had been several days in possession of the whole country on the right bank of the Berezina, and perhaps absolutely quartered between Minsk and Borisoff, Bonaparte was permitted to establish his bridges over that river, on the 15th, 16th, 17th, 27th, 28th, and 29th November, without any opposition from the other bank. This is truly inexplicable. Admirals may be very good seamen, but they certainly should never command land forces. Tchichagoff's army formed as it were the keystone of all these

encircled operations, and I am surprised Kutusoff did not repair in person to take the command of that fine body.

The indefatigable Wittgenstein, you will see, has done all he could. He attacked the position Bonaparte had selected for the protection of this bridge on the morning of the 16th, and cut off all their baggage and equipages, containing the whole plunder of Moscow. The contest was, however, unequal. The troops that Bonaparte has now remaining are mostly Guards, and the Russians tell me that they are as firm as a wall to the charge. I should think they may amount altogether to 65,000. It must be remembered that Bonaparte, as it were, recruits his force as he retreats; for he takes up numerous detachments and small garrisons, that make up in some degree for his heavy losses.

The battle ended with the day, and the French appear to have kept their position. Wittgenstein, however, renewed the attack at daylight on the 17th, when the enemy's bridges being completed, they effected their retreat, but must have suffered severely, as Count Wittgenstein confesses that the Russians had 3,000 killed and wounded in these actions; and we know very well that this government reduces their loss at least one third.

During the whole of these operations no force whatever co-operated with Wittgenstein on the opposite bank of the river, although in his preceding despatch from Borisoff he stated that he had concerted with the Admiral a plan of co-operation. When the courier left Scora Borisowra on the morning of the 18th, he heard a heavy cannonading on the opposite side of the river, which was supposed to be kept up by Platoff, who had passed the river at Borisoff.

It is rumoured that the French made a false demonstration on the latter place, and beat the Russian General Langeroff there, while the bridges were re-establishing at a place about fifteen or twenty versts to the north. If this be true, it seems to imply that Langeroff, who belongs to Tchichagoff's army, was not in force there; and,

therefore, some expectations may still be entertained of the Admiral's having occupied certain strong defiles on the Wilna road, by which it is said the French must pass, and on which conjuncture people greatly depend. Unfortunately, however, Bonaparte may gain them before Wittgenstein can pass the river, as he had succeeded in destroying his bridges when he had effected the passage of his troops, and Tchichagoff may meet with as little success, for want of co-operation, as Wittgenstein has done.

The roads from Minsk to Wilna are hilly, and the country principally covered with snow, so that the cavalry cannot be very annoying to the enemy, and Wittgenstein's force is chiefly composed of that arm. Kutusoff's headquarters were, on the 30th Nov., new style, at Bobrai, on the high road to Borisoff, about forty versts from that place. The discontented here complain of his having lost two days after the affair of Krasni, and of his repeated halts. But there is no knowing what circumstances may have caused these delays. Provisions are now obliged to be brought up to the Russian army from the rear, and as it has moved principally on cross-roads, the badness of them has retarded this considerably.

I cannot learn what direction Macdonald has taken ; he is said to have moved. His whole force may amount to 35,000 men, principally Prussians. He will not, unless the Russians lose more time, be able to come to Bonaparte's support.

Wilson is in very low spirits, indeed. He is greatly mortified at the conduct of your Chief to him, in censuring him for sending home "not his despatches, but Mr. Liston's ;" in not noticing his services at Bucharest and Shumla, especially after Mr. Liston's strong declaration to him of their utility, and in not taking any notice of the heavy expense he is under, and of the great loss he has sustained by the exchange whilst it was at 24 and 25 ; a loss which amounted to more than half the principal. He and his A. D. C. Dawson were very well on the 30th ult.

TO WILLIAM HAMILTON, ESQ.

St. Petersburg, 17th Dec. 1812.

MY DEAR SIR,

* * * * *

I am now well again, and contrive to get a walk every day before dinner. The cold is so intense, that five box great-coats would not guarantee you from its effects;—nothing but fur will keep it out. My breath freezes on my whiskers, and on the fur collar of my pelisse in two seconds, and oftentimes it appears as if I had been under the hands of the barber.

The wind is cuttingly bleak, and makes the eyes water; then the tears congeal round the corners, which must be convenient to drowsy soldiers, as it keeps the eyes open.

You will see by the Military Intelligence that Tchichagoff has been exerting himself to counteract the bad impression his failure on the Berezina has given the public. He has entered Wilna with the French rearguard, and saved the whole of the magazines and provisions, stores, &c. The general opinion seems to be that the weather has been so severe, that the Niemen must be perfectly frozen over and passable at any part. If Macdonald delays moving a little longer, he will be cut off. He was still before Riga on the 10th inst. If the want of provisions does not put a stop to the advance of the Russian armies, Bonaparte cannot stop till he gets to the Oder: and if it be possible for the Russians to subsist in Prussia, I see no good reason why they should not take up their winter quarters in that country. I have heard that a proclamation was to be issued, in which the Emperor pledged himself not to lay down arms until he has secured the independence of the Continental powers, and procured a safe and honourable peace for his allies (Swedes, Spaniards, and English), as well as for his own Empire.

A person of some consideration arrived here a few days since from Vienna, which place he left on the 27th Nov. The intelligence of the retreat of the French had been

received there by all classes of people with the greatest exultation and enthusiasm. The French ambassador remonstrated in vain. I am most anxious to learn the effects of this news in the other parts of the Continent.

I have seen several intelligent persons who have conversed with officers that were with Tchichagoff's army on the Berezina, and I daresay that numberless have been the conjectures on the causes of the failure of the defence of that river. If my fingers can move quickly enough, I will try to write you what I have heard.

It seems that Tchichagoff had been led astray, by an idea that the French would attempt the passage to the south of Borisoff; the French making a strong demonstration at the latter place, which completely overcame the Russian force stationed there—strange as it may appear, the bridge not having been destroyed. Tchichagoff, learning the result of this affair, marched himself to the support of his divisions, and after a very severe conflict the position was regained. In the meantime the same error was committed at Zembine; instead of limiting his operations to the west bank of the Berezina, he had posted some divisions on the east bank, the bridge, of course, remaining to secure their passage. These were attacked by the main body of the French force, and could not resist the impetuosity of men fighting for their lives. A column at the same time advancing to the support of the others from the bridge, which was then encumbered with ammunition waggons, baggage, &c., was thrown into confusion by the retreating divisions; the whole of the baggage and other waggons on the bridge were then thrown into the river to clear the passage for the troops, who effected their retreat, but could not destroy the bridge. The enemy no sooner gained this position, which, from the height of the bank, was very advantageous, than he established several batteries to cover his passage, and in this formidable position did Tchichagoff find him posted when he arrived from Borisoff. Zembine is about twenty versts north of the latter.

This account differs considerably from the Russian

reports, but I always reserve a portion of the heavenly gift of faith when I read them. It at least renders the movements intelligible, and from several passages in Tchichagoff's account appears very probable.

Wilson is at Minsk, reposing himself for a few days. He is very much chagrined at Beningsen's having been ordered to quit the army and repair to Kalouga, and is in very low spirits. By the bye, he complained to me bitterly of Lord Cathcart's not having sent home any of his reports.

TO WILLIAM HAMILTON, ESQ.

St. Petersburg, 22nd Dec. 1812.

MY DEAR SIR,

The Emperor left this city for Wilna on the morning previous to yesterday. Some say the object of his journey is merely to consult with the Field Marshal on the most eligible place for the army to occupy as winter quarters. All the troops, with the exception of those forming Tchichagoff's corps, are represented as being greatly in need of rest.

Others are of opinion that the Emperor is going to be crowned King of Poland, for which country a constitution, it is said, will be established, more suitable to the national character under the guarantee of the allies. I, as you must have observed, am in no secrets, and therefore deal in nothing but rumours; but I am not inclined to believe the latter report.

The ambassador knew nothing of the Emperor's intention until the evening before. In conversing with a person who is in general *au fait* of everything, and whose confidence I in some measure possess, he said—"Dans ce pays ci il se fait bien des choses sans objets."

The Emperor, I know, has been long desirous of joining the army. After all these conjectures, you very probably will know the real object by the time you read this.

I only hope that Russia will abandon that spoliating policy, which has on so many occasions embroiled her with her neighbours, and deprived her of their aid at critical

conjunctions ; which policy appears to have been newly instilled into her councils by Bonaparte's agents.

The old French system of exciting discontents between Russia, Denmark, and Sweden, a system which is emphatically relied on by many French writers, was fully acted up to in the peace of Tilsit, when Bonaparte assented to the conquest of Finland. The irritation of the Swedish nation at Russia obtaining possession of that province, and the obstacles that feeling has produced to the co-operation of the Swedes in the present contest, are not the only evils that may be traced to that source. You are aware of the disunion it has also created between Denmark, Sweden, and Russia.

The peace with Turkey has been concluded on the same principle on which that aggressive war was commenced ; instead, however, of obtaining the Danube for her frontier, Russia has, rather than abandon this system, run the risk of a new war with the Porte, for no other object than that of obtaining the imperfect line of the Pruth. The war, too, with Persia was commenced and is now carrying on on these principles.

If this policy had been only acted on since the unnatural alliance between Russia and France, we might hope to see it abandoned with that connection ; but it is as old as the Russian Empire. It attracted the attention of Europe before the Russians emerged from barbarism, and was vigorously pursued by Peter the Great, and by Catherine.

In the conduct of this government towards Prussia, every consideration should be allowed for the want of support from this empire, which obliged the Prussians to submit to the French alliance.

A messenger from the army arrived here yesterday, but as the letters were addressed to the Emperor, he returned directly. Some delay will now occur in receiving intelligence from the armies. The Russians were by the last accounts in advance at Komo. I therefore believe the French have all passed the Niemen. The ambassador is making every preparation for moving, but we none of us

know whether he will join the Emperor or not. It is said H. I. M. will return on the 6th of January.

The account I last wrote you (17th December) of the affair at Borisoff, is confirmed by a letter I have received from the army.

His lordship despatched a messenger last night to Walpole at Vienna. All this is kept a profound secret. I know not a word about it; even the Gazettes are kept, with the official reports from the army, secret from us as long as possible.

I beg my best remembrances to all your family, and that you will believe me,

My dear Sir,

Most unalterably yours,

F. P. WERRY.

TO WILLIAM HAMILTON, ESQ.

St. Petersburg, Dec. 29, 1812.

MY DEAR SIR,

The footing on which the commercial relations between this Empire and Great Britain are to be re-established, now forms one of the most general topics of conversation.

A committee has been for some time employed in drawing up a report to the Emperor on this subject, and its conduct and resolutions have been strictly scrutinized by the English mercantile houses here. You are, I presume, aware that many of the most important articles of import, shipped from England, are actually prohibited here, and several others are loaded with duties so heavy, as to amount to prohibition. Amongst the former are cloth, British manufactured, and East India piece goods, and refined sugars. Bribery and smuggling, however, facilitate the introduction of many of them. The best English cloth, which in England may cost twenty-five shillings, sells here for sixty-two shillings the English yard. The extremely bad quality of the home manufactured cloth, added to its high price, caused the prohibition of British clothes to be severely felt throughout the Empire, and

consequently it was as universally reprobated. The measure has been assailed by all the arguments that have been used on so many other occasions against premature attempts to introduce manufactures into a country where the population scarcely suffices for agriculture, and amongst whom knowledge has made but little progress. It has, too, been urged, that these prohibitions diminished the export trade of the Empire, by diminishing the amount of imports annually invested in the produce of the country. These opinions are very popular, and have gained strength since the destruction of several large manufactories at Moscow.

The principal articles on which duties tantamount to prohibition are imposed, are sugars in powder, and coffee. On the latter, the duty is twenty roubles on thirty-six pounds, English,—a sum equal to the prime cost of the article in England; on the former, ten roubles per ditto; equal to two-thirds of the prime cost.

Ministers assert that this evil is counterbalanced by the augmentation of drafts on Great Britain;—an object of great financial importance to this Empire, as it keeps up the value of the rouble, already greatly diminished by the excess of paper issue, and the amount of remittances.

These duties have not totally extinguished the trade, because there is no competition from the other Baltic ports. The instant the ports of Prussia and Germany are open, the influx of our articles of commerce will be so great, that they may be imported into the interior of this Empire by land, at a cheaper rate than they can be sold at the Russian ports. Thus this system will eventually in such case destroy itself.

You are, I believe, aware that these regulations originated with the present administration. They are the adopted offspring of Count Romanzoff, who prides himself on his knowledge of commerce, and who was at the head of the Commercial Department before his advancement to the post of Premier. The arguments by which they have been supported are nearly the same as those used by the government of the United States to prove the beneficial

effects of the non-importation and non-intercourse acts ; and like them, bear in all their features so strong a resemblance to the Continental system of Bonaparte, that even common observers feel a conviction that they owe their birth to a common parent.

I have seen within these few days, an advertisement in a periodical work, offering two premiums, the one to be paid by the Government, the other by Count Romanzoff himself, for the best specimens of sugar extrated from beet root, and for the discovery of a method to fix the dye of the woad plant as a substitute for indigo.

These facts will I think give validity to my assertion, that hostility is carried on by this Government against the commerce of Great Britain and its Colonies with this Empire, on nearly the same principles as those acted on by France itself, and by America, both belligerent powers. This, indeed, cannot be refuted ; the system has been acted on from the period of the peace of Tilsit. My principal object is to explain the circumstances that lead me to apprehend that it will not be totally abandoned. I think it was in my last letter that I expressed my apprehensions of the prospects of this government with regard to Prussia ; which arose from reflecting on the treaty of peace between this Empire and Turkey ; in which it was evident, from the reservation that Russia had made of the country bordering the Pruth, that she had by no means renounced the political creed to which she had sworn at Tilsit. Had she abjured those principles, we should never have experienced the delay that has occurred in rescinding the edicts that shackle our commercial intercourse. Without further reference to the main subject, I will now endeavour to unfold to you the minor springs employed in this system.

The terms imposed on the mercantile classes by the new commercial code, published after the peace of Tilsit, drove the old established and respectable English houses from the country ; these terms being such as would have reduced them beyond redemption to become Russian subjects, on a level with the mujiks or serfs. Some few escaped the effects of this code by becoming Swedish

burghers, but their property and numbers were but small. The Germans, under these circumstances, remained without rivals, and, by carrying on the assimilated trade with England, rose from poverty to affluence. These people have not, however, attained, together with their wealth, the high character possessed by our merchants for probity and integrity, and are much disliked by the Russian traders. This party is now using every effort to maintain their own privileges, and ascendancy over the English, by supporting the present commercial system. Their consideration has greatly increased by the personal favour of the Emperor, who, to the great astonishment of the nobility, used a short time ago much to frequent their houses, and amuse himself in the society of their families. This powerful and intriguing party has coalesced with those amongst the Russians who always remain secretly attached to the French interest. The numbers of these latter are by no means small: the extensive prevalence of French principles, customs, and manners, amongst the higher orders of society, is scarcely credible to a person who has not witnessed it. On this point I refer you to a Frenchman, Count de Noailles, whom I introduced to you some time back, and you will, I am sure, find this opinion corroborated by all the Russian navy, many of whom, from having been educated in our service, hold the French revolutionary sentiments in as strong abomination as the English themselves.

The German party is strenuously supported by the administration. Some of the ministers pretend to have recanted, but the manner in which they conducted themselves during the war, precludes all belief in the sincerity of their professions. The Germans have left no effort of bribery, corruption, or intrigue untried. Heads of departments, secretaries, people in office and out of office, together with their wives, but more frequently their mistresses, have been gained over to a great extent. I am credibly assured that they have for this purpose expended the sum of £30,000 sterling.

Such are the difficulties with which my Lord Cathcart

will have to contend on this question. I know nothing of the means we have to oppose to them, or of the efforts, exertions, or resources, destined to this object ; an object which, under the suffering state of the manufacturing and commercial classes of Great Britain, is of the utmost importance.

It appears to me that the following measures would promise a fair prospect of success :—

1. To work conviction on the mind of the Emperor, of the impolicy of the present commercial regulations, of their hostility to the interests both of Great Britain and Russia, and of their real objects and origin.

2. To conciliate and gain over a *party* amongst the nobility.

3. To counteract the bribery of the Germans by greater bribery on our part.

Lord Cathcart, I believe, possesses the confidence and esteem of the Emperor. At the trying period of the occupation of Moscow by the French, the soundness of his opinions on the military operations then in progress, and the firmness with which he declared his reliance on the perfect success of those operations, coupled with the generous and disinterested conduct which Great Britain pursued towards this government, on the renewal of amity between the two countries, procured him the confidence and respect of His Imperial Majesty. I am, however, afraid his Lordship relies too much upon this influence. It is not to be supposed that the Emperor will give his “*placet*” to any measures or regulations in favour of a foreign power, when his ministers represent these measures as replete with evils to the Empire. If I were to reason on the various measures of this government, during this sovereign’s reign, and on his own private character, I could not find grounds for ascribing those measures to His Imperial Majesty. But in complicated regulations on commerce and finance in particular, we have no ground to expect that he will decide a question in opposition to their counsel. It is therefore natural to look to some co-operation.

2. The nobles, as is well known, form a powerful party, and, however divided, it is very possible that we might unite them in favour of our own project as long as it is not hostile to themselves. And this idea will not be found so wild, when it is known that they almost to a man detest the present administration. Their voice is unanimous against ministers. You can scarcely enter a house where their measures are not reprobated. I have seen even at his Lordship's parties the principal members of the administration, particularly the Premier, standing alone, avoided with as much care, even by nobles holding high offices under government, as if they were infected persons. By prudent and proper management we might form a strong party amongst them. Such a connexion would be highly beneficial, and insure our popularity. But to attain this end, their acquaintance should be sedulously cultivated. Yet observe how far this is from being the case. I have seen some of them here—and those principally belonging to the administration—but *twice* at dinner, and occasionally on a Sunday evening. We have not only formed no party, but, as we neither associate with, nor court them, we are left in perfect ignorance of what is going on. Many of these people have been for years warmly attached to the English; some of them have repeatedly spoken to me on this subject, but I dare not open my lips to his Lordship on any topic relating to business. His Lordship acts upon a principle of profound and unexampled secrecy, even in affairs that are the subject of common conversation in other houses, that is to me perfectly incomprehensible. This is, I know, highly pleasing to the Emperor; but notwithstanding the secrecy which is the order of the day at court, scarcely any confidential communication is made from the palace, before it is known at every respectable house in the town. In short, we have no influence here, but that which his Lordship possesses with the Emperor himself.

3. As to counteracting the bribery of the Germans by overbribing them, how can this be done, whilst we possess no clues to the acquaintance or friends of the persons whom

it might be expedient to corrupt? Such a plan should never be adopted, but on intimate knowledge of the influence of the parties; and no money should ever be expended in anticipation. Many public measures have been carried by our government here by these means; and without them, to a certain extent, we shall always meet with obstacles. The first question these people in office ask, is, "With what will you oblige me?" I could relate to you anecdotes on this subject that would swell this already tedious letter to an indefinite extent.

I dare say you will ask how the ministry keep their ground with such a powerful opposition? This is a very intricate subject: many suggestions are daily made to account for it, but I cannot enter into details, that would exhaust your patience, and require more time than I am now master of. Perhaps, too, Lord Cathcart has solved it. It is generally believed that personal motives induced the Emperor to keep them in; and amongst others, because the voice of the people and nobles was so high at one time, that even treasonable proposals were entertained: on which account he was determined to shew his firmness.

If it were ever found expedient, in order to attain the object with regard to the Treaty of Commerce, to expend a large sum to bribe these people, would it be feasible to persuade the Russian Company, by a secret committee, to raise the same amongst its members? This I fear would render the transaction too notorious. And a sufficient sum would make a vast hole in the secret service money.

There is one remaining hope, which is that the fond attachment of Romanzoff to his post may induce him to change his system, in hopes of currying favour with Great Britain, and lead him to grant us favourable terms. He has already begun to court his Lordship, and though this will be but a half measure, still it will be better than total discomfiture.

As I have had to speak of his Lordship's system of inquisitorial secrecy, I will now unburthen my mind on the subject. It is replete with evils, and will cause us some unpleasant failures sooner or later. His coldness and

reserve are so extreme, that many persons have told me that they had experienced it too often, and therefore could not, consistently with their own dignity, make any further confidential communications to him. They have therefore addressed themselves to me as a channel for such communications, and have urged their pressing importance. I could name more than one person of the first rank, and most distinguished character, who has spoken to me in these terms, and that long since. I have undertaken, with the greatest reluctance, such tasks of reporting to his Lordship the information they wished him to know, and in every instance he has given me to understand that I was meddling in matters that did not concern me. He has moreover gone to the very persons and told them, who have afterwards informed me of it with surprise, that he only communicated with them on such affairs *directly*; that I was everything that was correct, but not in his Lordship's confidence. He has spoken in similar terms before some of the first persons here, and ladies of the highest rank have reported the same to me, through the medium of friends whom they had previously asked, whether I was open to corruption!!! In consequence of this, I for some time expected to see a Russian feeling his way to me, and making his approaches, in order to tender me 2 or 3,000 roubles. This was a pleasant situation! and it will give you an insight into the confidence which exists between his Lordship and the persons immediately about him.

The circumstance arose from his vague manner of expressing himself, and the corrupt ideas of his hearers. God forbid that I should stay two seconds in this house with any other conviction on my mind; and I immediately found means to cause him to explain himself, which he did by stating that all he meant to say was, that he never communicated on business but directly, not even through his sons.

He has acted on this system from the moment he entered on business in Sweden; when I got a rap over my knuckles for reporting to him, in my zeal, some information I thought it my duty to let him know I had acquired.

Everybody out of doors compares our conduct with that of the French embassy, greatly to our disadvantage. We get no credit for our quietness with people who are bred up amongst intrigues, and who are aware that the best cause cannot be upheld without them. We are openly reproached with our want of information, and our retirement from society is offensive to all. Neither I nor any one of his Lordship's suite has been introduced *by his Lordship* into any one house in this city; how is it therefore possible to be *au fait* of what is passing? When the Emperor is here himself, his Lordship can only expect to hear one side of the question; and now he is absent, he does not learn even that.

* * * * *

I beg leave to repeat that I am very sensible of your kind exertions in my favour with regard to the allowance. If government is pleased to grant it to me, I sincerely say that it is beyond my merit or services, and that I feel in this mark of their favour a fresh stimulus to exertion, and that my zeal and fidelity in the public service are the only return I can make. Believe me, my dear sir,

Most devotedly yours,
F. P. WERRY.

TO THE SAME.

St. Petersburg, Dec. 31, 1812.

We have been greatly shocked at the untimely death of poor Lord Tyrconnel. He died on the 20th, at Wilna, after having kept his bed but five days. The great fatigue of the campaign, and the inclemency of the season, added to a cold he had long had, brought on a fever, which carried him off before the least danger was apprehended. Never was a man more generally beloved. He had endeared himself not only to every one of us, but to all the Russians, and his death is most sincerely deplored. Though only twenty-six years of age, he had acquired a great stock of professional knowledge and experience, and was a most promising officer. Both Wilson and Dawson, who were with him at the time, have felt this misfortune

severely. Lord Tyrconnel distinguished himself greatly with General Tchaplitz's divisions at Zembine, where he was at one time surrounded by the enemy. Colonel Udney will be grieved to learn the loss of so intimate a friend.

The young Duke of Oldenburgh, brother-in-law to the Emperor, has been carried off in nearly the same manner. The death of this Prince is greatly lamented by the Russians on account of his Consort, the Grand Duchess Catherine, who is left with two infant sons, and whose amiable character and great talents cause her to be held in high estimation by all classes. It is said that this event will hasten the Emperor's return. On the other hand, I have reason to believe that Lord Cathcart will almost immediately set out to join the Emperor. He has intimated the possibility of such an occurrence, and has told me that he intended to take only his eldest son with him.

Count Sotiskoy, who conducted the foreign department here in the absence of the Chancellor, has tendered his resignation. The ukase of his dismissal is not yet signed. I have not been able to learn from any good authority the points of difference in policy which induced him to resign, but presume they relate to foreign relations.

The weather continues to be extremely severe. It is calculated that one-eighth of the French prisoners will never survive the fatigue of the long marches into the interior, and the severity of the cold; so that 21,000 will scarcely remain of 170,000, the number at which the amount of prisoners is estimated.

This spring will be pregnant with great events. Bonaparte cannot surely collect any army by that time, that can enable him to undertake offensive operations. It is said he is at Dresden. If he quits Germany, something must be done in that nest of soldiers to prevent his organizing resources in that country. I am summoned to write the Military Intelligence, and must therefore put an end to my speculations by begging you to remember me very kindly to Mrs. H——, Colonel Udney, and all friends.

* * * * *

I have endeavoured to persuade Lord Cathcart to insert a report of Lord Tyrconnel's death in the *Military Intelligence*, accompanied by a suitable panegyric, but have not been able to succeed. Pray ask Mr. Cooke whether he cannot make some fit extracts from Lord Cathcart's private letters, and insert them in the *Gazette*, so that honourable testimony may be publicly made of the loss we have sustained in so deserving an officer. Has not Lord Wellington been greatly distressed for specie? Will not these successes of the Russians frighten the moneyhoarders in Europe generally, and send a current of bullion into England and this country? If they do not, I know not how the Russians will manage.

I am very curious to know whether the Russians enter the Prussian territory as friends or foes, and how they obtain their supplies, whether by compulsory means or by payment. You know well enough the dread that is entertained in those countries of a Russian army, and the report of their proceedings will spread quickly enough through Germany.

F. P. WERRY.

TO WILLIAM HAMILTON ESQ.

St. Petersburg, 15th Jan. 1813.

MY DEAR SIR,

* * * * *

I am glad to see that my letters have interested you, but I am sorely afraid that what I have written on the "commercial relations" will not prove of so agreeable a nature. I sometimes repent of having expressed my opinions in so unreserved a manner on paper; yet, after all, I believe it is better that you should know them.

We have letters up to the 20th ult. The vote of £200,000 for the relief of the inhabitants of Moscow will raise our national character greatly among all classes of Russians; and from what I can collect, all circumstances considered, the amount of the aid is by no means thought to be small; but the succour seems looked upon as a convincing proof of the lively interest the British

have taken in the struggle, and of their great zeal for the preservation and liberties of the old governments of Europe. If I am not mistaken, I mentioned in my last the arrival of the former Premier Markoff. Nobody credits the report that he has only come here on his private affairs, in consequence of a lawsuit. Such visits by such persons to the capital are not customary. He has been living ever since his return from Paris on his estates on the confines of Poland. It is thought that the object of his journey may be to supersede Romanzoff; I am greatly desirous to believe it, but cannot ascertain the circumstances that have led to this unexpected measure.

The Emperor is still absent, and is perhaps now at Warsaw. The King of Prussia, it is confidently asserted, will meet His Imperial Majesty there, whither he was proceeding, by the last accounts, from Silesia. Some person will repair thither also, it is said, from Vienna. At this Congress it is more than probable a strong thread of the destiny of Europe will be spun. Everybody here inquires with astonishment why the British Ambassador remains at a distance from so important a scene. Great Britain cannot surely be considered as a second or third-rate power, to be excluded from the knowledge of combinations affecting the fate of different states in Europe. It is a fact which I have from indubitable authority, that the Emperor has expressed extraordinary opinions relative to the power and influence of Great Britain—to her commercial interests and her maritime rights. During the long reign of French influence here, the agents of Buonaparte sedulously inculcated these opinions into the mind of His Imperial Majesty. I have not time, neither would it be expedient for me to state all I should like to communicate on this subject. A word to the wise—you may rely on the truth of what I intimate. I have on this head had a long conversation with a person who perfectly knows the opinions of His Imperial Majesty on these points, who has had frequent conferences with him, in which the Emperor not only stated his sentiments, but also listened, with, I daresay, a sincere desire to attain an accurate judg-

ment to the arguments against these French-born ideas. Marshal Soltikoff, a venerable politician, who possesses the Emperor's esteem and confidence, has lately written to him on some points relative to our interests, particularly with regard to our commercial relations ; endeavouring to persuade His Imperial Majesty of the necessity of rescinding his present regulations. I hope this interference may do some good. It was brought about by one of the personages to whom I alluded in my former letter, whose confidence I possess. I do not believe my Lord Cathcart is aware of it, and I dare not speak to him on the subject.

There is a party of Russian statesmen who look upon us with a jealous eye. Canning's answer to their declaration of war is a thorn in their side. They think our principles of honour and justice reflect badly on their own conduct, and they are quite aware that we shall not coincide with them in any plans of aggrandisement or occupation ; they, therefore, cry aloud against our naval power and colonial conquests, which they compare to the continental power and conquests of the French, at the same time affecting to despise us a "*Nation boutiquière*." I am sorry to say this party is far from weak : indeed it requires *great exertions* and *abilities* to secure to great Britain the influence here to which she is entitled.

Strong reinforcements are joining the armies. From Nishi Novgorod and the surrounding provinces—70,000 men.

From Ralzan	25,000
St. Petersburg	30,000

125,000 men,

consisting of infantry, cavalry, and light cavalry, are now marching, or assembled to march, to the frontiers. Besides these, the new levies are coming forward as fast as they can be armed and clothed ; so that before spring the Russian armies on the Niemen, on the Vistula, and in Warsaw, will fall very little short of 500,000 men. The nobles have come forward with such large donations, that, on the whole, this war will not bear very heavily on the revenues of the Empire.

The sickness which prevails amongst the French prisoners is truly alarming. There are no less than 16,000 dead frozen bodies piled up outside of Wilna to be burned. A sufficient supply of wood for this purpose had not by the last accounts been collected. Besides this number, the dead still in the town and the sick amount to 15,000. The prisoners died in great numbers of a very infectious kind of hospital fever. Mr. Gordon, who has arrived here from Persia within these few days, met on the road several divisions of prisoners in remote provinces marching into the interior. These invariably left the fever at every village through which they passed, though they had been taken prior to the retreat of the French. Many Russians have died after three days' sickness, from having slept in huts where these prisoners had been lodged. Two doctors and one-tenth of a cavalry regiment of Prussian deserters have died within these few days of this disease; and 100 men die daily at Plescow, where there are large hospitals.

The stories that are told of the miseries and sufferings of the French army are such as to harrow one's soul by their bare recital. It makes one's blood run cold in the veins to hear them. It is a great pity that some person should not write a narrative of them. It could not fail of exciting a great sensation in France, were it possible to send copies of such a work there.

I am now perusing an extraordinary book on this country, found in the Duke de Bassano's house at Wilna, and supposed to have been printed there. I will give you some idea of it, if I can find time, by the next opportunity, as well as of some maps which the Empress's secretary showed me, that were found in Buonaparte's baggage.

Mr. Gordon is a brother of Lord Aberdeen. He is now taking some rest after his fatiguing journey, and will shortly proceed to England, if it be not found expedient for him personally to communicate with his Imperial Majesty. He went out with Sir Gore Ouseley, and has been two years in Persia, has acquired some proficiency in the language, and, what will, perhaps, interest you more, has ascertained the site of the city of Suza, and sent home

several valuable inscriptions and bassi relievi. He made some stay in Georgia. That country, it seems, is far from being submissive to the Russian arms. The brave Georgians retain a lively remembrance of the gallant Herodius; and their present Prince Alexander, his grandson, under far more discouraging circumstances, remains unsubdued amongst his native fastnesses. In the last affair on the Araxes, Major Christie (brother to the auctioneers in Pall Mall) was killed in the Persian intrenchments. The Russian officers serving on that frontier are greatly irritated against the English for the aid they have given the Persians. They refused to restore Major Christie's body to his brother officers to be buried, and alleged as their reason to Mr. Gordon, that "*il etoit pire que l'ennemi,—il etoit traître.*" Romanzoff unfortunately, as a reason for inducing the Persians to accept his terms of peace, alluded to the necessity of Russia and Persia finishing their disputes, as the former power had now declared war against France;—the object of the latter being to invade Persia in order to pass to India. He now cries out against the unnatural alliance between England and Persia. How easily his complaints may be answered! Peter the Great conquered and occupied four provinces of Persia. He found that they absorbed his resources and diminished his power on the side of Europe, and therefore wisely relinquished them. Great Britain, aware of the intentions of France whilst in alliance with Russia, made Persia the position of her Indian advanced guard. Romanzoff's citation proves the wisdom of this measure. If, therefore, Russia has at this moment given up all hostile intentions against the power of Great Britain, she need no longer be the executor of French plans against our Indian possessions. Russia at this period should not squander her resources on that side for objects which Peter the Great found not worth attaining; and she should not diminish her forces on the European frontier by maintaining 50,000 men on the borders of Persia.

I am sorry that similar arguments were not pressed at a moment when this Empire stood in the greatest need of

her troops, whilst the enemy was in the heart of the country. They would then have been more forcible. I am afraid this government, now in her prosperous career, will not grant such favourable terms to Persia as she would then have done.

Mr. Gordon, who has roasted chesnuts on Mount Caucasus, will give you ample details on these points.

I have been extremely ill for the last three weeks with a violent cold on my lungs. I caught it coming home in the night from a party in an open sledge with 22° of cold. Fortunately I have not had much to do during my illness. You will hardly believe that I have not yet been able to persuade his lordship to put the archives in order. Not a single draft or document has yet been copied fair for that purpose. I have repeatedly spoken about it, but his lordship keeps every thing religiously locked up. Woe be unto me, when he at last pours on my devoted head all this mass of papers to copy and arrange!

In the meantime I am sadly in want of employment, and kill time by reading day and night, and have read through every book I can find. But everybody here is so involved in political speculations that I cannot escape the vortex, and many tedious hours of my time are passed in visions and reveries.

F. P. W.

TO THE SAME.

St. Petersburg, 29th January, 1813.

MY DEAR SIR,

You will, I should suppose, receive some very important news by this opportunity, as his Lordship has received a messenger from Vienna since we last wrote you.

I am told that it is certain that four regiments of infantry left Vienna on the 1st December to reinforce Schwartzenberg's corps, and that four more with two regiments of cavalry marched for the same destination from Moravia about the same period. The exultation at the success of the Russian arms was universal throughout Austria, and it is said that the Cabinet of Vienna have

with very fair promises to this court of ultimately cooperating in driving the French beyond the Rhine, but that it requires time to bring forth its military resources, and is desirous that the withdrawing of Schwartzberg's army may appear the effect of necessity, and not of a change of policy.

You at home, who have more accurate means of estimating the resources of Bonaparte, will be able to judge the degree in which his projected encampment at Strasburg will overawe or influence Austria. I should conceive that no negotiation could ever require more skill and address than that on our part between this country and Austria.

I believe it is beyond all doubt that His Imperial Majesty has particularly requested Lord Cathcart to remain here. The chancellor of the Empire told the Swedish minister, who was charged with a message to the Emperor of some consequence, that it was quite impossible for him to give him a passport or allow him to proceed to the head quarters of the army. This conduct is most extraordinary; such a prohibition of itself is enough to excite doubts to dispel even the semblance of unanimity and confidence. It appears quite impossible that the Emperor can, whilst he enforces such a measure, justly appreciate either the embarrassments inevitable in the discussions with Austria, the vast importance of coalition with that power, or the dignity and influence of Great Britain, and the consideration she ought to hold as a mediatrix at this period. I make but little doubt that these arguments have been brought forward by his Lordship, and I hope that on the Emperor's being acquainted with the tenor of his Lordship's last despatches from Vienna, that he will immediately request him to repair to his head quarters.

If you see the correspondence on the subject with Austria you will observe that I have had no part whatever in it. I am as ignorant of everything but the military operations as a child unborn; and I leave you to judge how mortifying this is to me. His Lordship happened to speak to me a few days ago on some business, when he appeared displeased at my not having mentioned a circumstance to him with which I

was acquainted ; I availed myself of this opportunity to state that I had reason to believe that such communications were not agreeable to him, and that he thought I was interfering in matters with which I had nothing to do. The conversation took a very friendly turn, and I intimated to him my desire to be useful and acquire his approbation of my services, and endeavoured to urge the advantages that would accrue from my mixing more in society, and having opportunities of reporting to his Lordship such information as I might collect. It was agreed that on such occasions I should write down anything I might deem interesting, and inform him of the same after dinner. From the great disappointment his Lordship has experienced in not accompanying the Emperor, and from the absence of the court and his former channels of information, I believe he is more inclined to extend his means of acquiring it.

I have been very busy lately in making a short *précis* of the correspondence between the Pope and Bonaparte and their respective ministers, on the occasion of the dismemberment of the ecclesiastical States. This correspondence is contained in a thick quarto volume in very small manuscript. It was received by his Lordship from the Nuncio at Vienna by the last courier. I had seen many of the documents before, during Sir Alexander Ball's time, at Malta. This occupation is extremely interesting, and will be very useful to me, adding greatly to my diplomatic knowledge. The documents written by the Pope and his ministers are really *chef-d'œuvres*, both as to reasoning and style. The Italian is extremely good, and I doubt whether any state papers were ever composed with so much eloquence as these. His Lordship intends to send them home by the next messenger, and I believe it is the Pope's desire that they should be printed.

Wilson, I am told, is always with the Emperor, and in great favour. I do not think that his Lordship has communicated with him for a considerable time. It appears to me he would be a very good instrument to convey conviction to the Emperor's mind of the impolicy of Lord Cathcart's not being near His Imperial Majesty. But whilst there is a

want of confidence between his Lordship and Wilson, it is not to be wondered at that such a plan is not had recourse to.

You will observe by the military intelligence that the corps of the army formerly commanded by Wittgenstein (who has been superseded by *Tchichagoff* ! !), has occupied the fortresses on the Vistula, and Nogat, Elbing, Marienburg, Marienwerder, and Neuenberg. The French attempted to make a stand at the *tête du pont* of Dirschau, but were driven from it, and fell back on Stuttgardt. Pillau has not yet surrendered. Some troops advanced from Dantzic to favour McDonald's retreat as far as the Pregel, but retired on the advance of the Russians.

It is calculated that the French cannot possibly have left enough troops in Dantzic for garrison duty ; but I should think that the Russians must have suffered so much from the weather, and stand so much in need of rest, that they will not yet awhile be able to undertake any operations to the west of the Vistula. The great scarcity and want of specie appear to have greatly retarded the movements of the grand army.

In consequence of this demand, and of remittances being made with a view to obtain bullion in England, the exchange on London has fallen to 16, and will probably go considerably lower, when the public are aware of the arrangement to be adopted for drawing the £200,000 voted for the sufferers. It is in agitation to set off the bills to be drawn for the Russian navy in England against our bills for the vote ; but the public not expecting this arrangement, expected we should throw £200,000 of bills on the market here, which would have caused the exchange to rise perhaps to 19 or 20.

Our banking house here has, in the course of the autumn, imported from England £60,000 of bullion. If I had brought with me on leaving England £100 of ducats or other bullion, I should on my arrival here, at the exchange of 24*d.* per rouble, have been able to remit the proceeds of the said bullion in a draft for £200 sterling, payable at three months' date.

When such profit offers, how is it possible that specie

can remain in England? A four-rouble dollar, which at that exchange is equal to eight shillings English, is scarcely heavier than a three-shilling bank token.

Observe that our loss in drawing is as great as the profit is on importing bullion ; so that my £300, on an average of the exchange, is only equal to £170 or £180.

I am scrawling this epistle whilst his Lordship is detaining the dispatches for his private letters.

It has often escaped my memory to mention to you a man of the name of Falck, whose acquaintance I made at Stockholm. This person is by birth a Dutchman, and was formerly secretary of legation to the Dutch mission in Spain. He has been several times in England, and in America. Under Louis Buonaparte he was secretary of the Marine, and was held in great estimation. On the incorporation of Holland, Buonaparte was desirous of placing him at the head of the Marine department, but he refused office under the new government, and entered into some house of commerce. He was in Sweden on commercial affairs, and wanted to come to this country, but could not obtain a passport. By the last accounts I heard of him, he was at Copenhagen, on his way to Holland. He speaks English as well as I do, and is as well, if not better, acquainted with the interests and policy of Great Britain. He was perfectly *au fait* of the principles and views of our different parties, and spoke of Spain, of America, Sicily, and of this country, and indeed of Europe in general, with a degree of knowledge and judgment I have scarcely ever heard equalled. In short, he is a most superior and extraordinary man, and I am sure must be, and is, an Anti-Buonapartist. My acquaintance with him originated at the Société des Nobles, in a purely accidental manner. The Russian Consul, General Swirnioff, at Amsterdam, gave me a very high character of him, and I have thought it as well to mention his name to you, in case you think you may turn him to any account. This Falck told me that Louis Buonaparte had prepared a frigate to go to America, but that he gave up that project, fearing he should be

taken, Buonaparte would never credit his having had any other intention than that of going to England.

The *précis* of the Pope has prevented me from giving you a sketch of the book I mentioned in my last, but which I shall make the subject of a separate hieroglyphical dispatch; as it would swell a letter to such a bulk, that my correspondence would run the chance of sharing the fate of Sir Robert Ainslie's dispatches—of never being opened.

I beg my best respects to Mrs. H. and your sisters, and remain unalterably most sincerely and truly yours,

F. P. WERRY.

TO W. H. ESQ.

St. Petersburg, 6th February, 1813.

MY DEAR SIR,

The Pope, continuing to occupy almost all my time, prevents me from sending you the account I promised of the French book found in the Duke de Bassano's house at Wilna.

His lordship is still in St. Petersburg, but the last letters from the army seem to have enlivened his spirits.

Dantsic is invested by Platoff, supported by Wittgenstein, who has been reinstated in his command. Bromberg is occupied by the advanced guard of Tchichagoff's column, and it is said that very large and valuable magazines have been found in it. The troops in Thorn and Grandentz are exclusively Prussian. Davoust's head quarters have been withdrawn to Posen; but Wilson writes that he has left some troops in intrenchments at Culm. The *corps d'armée*, under the Field-marshal, were, by the last accounts, at Willenberg, advancing on Warsaw.

The Austrians regularly fall back on the approach of the Russians; and no affairs whatever have taken place but from the accidental meeting of patrols from the advanced posts. Regnier, with 6,000 Saxons, 2,000 Poles, and 1,500 French, is perfectly separated from Schwartzenberg, and will, perhaps, file off in the rear of the latter to join Davoust. General Sacken's corps, probably 20,000

strong, forms the left wing of the whole Russian line, and is moving on the Bug.

Wilson writes me that nothing but political assurances on the part of Austria can justify the military movements of the Russian army; and it seems to be understood, from the manner in which Schwartzenberg retreats, that Austria is favourably disposed towards this country. It is asserted that a special mission has been sent from Vienna to Paris, to make demands favourable to the independence of Germany, and that the King of Prussia has sent Krasenmare to Paris to require the evacuation of his territories by the French troops. We are, however, perfectly in the dark as to every arrangement that is making.

It was told me to-day from very good authority, that Romanzoff has tendered his resignation. God grant it may be so! But I do not credit it.

Our communication with Stockholm has become very irregular, in consequence of the difficulties attending the passage of the Gulf of Bothnia. From Abo to Aland a sledge road is practicable on the ice; but the passage from Aland to the coast of Sweden (forty-five miles across) is partly frozen and partly open; we have consequently been obliged to send the last courier round the Gulf, by Tornea, almost into Lapland. The thermometer has been almost invariably for the last fortnight 22° , generally 25° , and in the night even at 30° . Indeed, in a town not far off, the mercury froze a few nights ago. This continuance of intense cold is almost unexampled, and produces a great deal of sickness. It must occasion great loss to the army.

Believe me to be, most devotedly yours,

F. P. WERRY.

FROM SIR ROBERT WILSON.

Mlewa, February 1st, 1813.

MY DEAR WERRY,

* * * *

I expect Walpole every day. As the Austrians are falling back on Cracow, we shall probably be in Warsaw

in five days. If His most *Serene* Highness was ever awake, we might take Regnier, and 11,000 men, who have not yet passed Warsaw ; but he cannot “watch one hour,” and so we shall probably increase the list of hair-breadth escapes. It was a wicked joke of Platow’s ! It would be a good historical representation to draw His *Serene* Highness fast asleep in his drosky, actively pursuing *Buonoparte* !

* * * * *

The season continues terribly severe,—25° of cold. The Russian army is reduced almost to nothing ; I am sure in the whole line there are not 60,000 effective now. One battalion of Guards musters 200 men. My Cossacks, Dragoons, and Aid-de-camps are all invalids. One of the former has lost half his foot. Dawson I was obliged to send to Konigsberg ; and poor Charles is now very unwell. We both very nearly lost our noses yesterday ; mine was twice frozen. I am, thank God ! very well, and ready to meet the *Devil* anywhere. He has been diminished in the tail, but I much fear we shall find him renovated in Corps and Head-strong. If we could take Dantsic, I should not, however, much fear him for this year. Government *greatly displeased* two Emperors by publishing in the *Courier* Walpole’s mission.

Call on Strogonow and Count Ostreman ; be attentive to both. The latter is very ill in spirits ; cheer him with kind sayings. He is a most splendid ruin. A better soldier never stepped. Be also civil to Galitzin ; he is a friend.

Ever yours,

R. WILSON.

St. Petersburg, February 12th, 1813.

MY DEAR SIR,

It is now just six o’clock in the morning, and as I have been all night, and am still, kicking my heels in his lordship’s ante-room, without having yet got anything to write, I will endeavour to keep myself awake by answering your very kind note of the 6th of January—in

doing which, I may very probably compose an epistle that will send *you* to sleep.

His Lordship is now preparing to start in two or three hours for the army, and to dispatch at the same time a messenger for London. He this morning received a letter from the Emperor, inviting him to repair to his head-quarters. No schoolboy was ever more rejoiced at obtaining an unexpected holiday than was his Lordship on receiving this letter. The whole house has been topsy-turvy ever since. He takes nobody with him but his eldest son, and as he has scarcely had time to talk to me since he has made his arrangements, I do not yet know what I am to do. You may, perhaps, remember that I wrote you some time back that he had fully promised to take me with him when he moved. He has not as yet made any reference to this promise, but has told me that the Emperor's letter being, as it were, an invitation, he almost considered his situation as that of a guest, and could not take anybody but his eldest son with him; that on his arrival at head quarters he should be able to ascertain how far practicable it might be to increase his suite, and whether he stood in need of assistance in conducting his correspondence.

A messenger arrived here yesterday from Lord Walpole, whom he left on the 20th ult., at Brunn, near Vienna. This man, Morraud, was greatly surprised at not finding Lord Walpole already arrived here. He came by the head quarters of the Emperor, and brought the letter you will find inclosed from Wilson.

It is said here that a report is circulated in Vienna that Count Stadion was to supersede Metternich. The general opinion seems to be that Austria will favour the advance of the Russians to the Oder. Wilson's letter will, in all probability, inform you on this point, as well as with regard to Prussia.

If my observations are wide of the truth, I must observe that I have for some time given up my researches on these topics, and scarcely ever stir out. I thought that my frequenting the Duke of Sera Capriola's, and some other houses where information is to be gained, and where

I was on a friendly footing, rather displeased His Lordship. During his absence, however, I shall resume my inquiries, and write by the Swedish Minister's couriers.

I am positively assured that an *unlimited armistice* has been concluded between Russia and Austria, and that the conduct of the latter will be cautious, and regulated by the successes of the former and the means of Bonaparte.

The King of Prussia is gone to Breslau, in Silesia, and, it is said, will himself take no part in the measures of his government. It was currently reported last night, that a provincial government had been formed in Prussia, of persons who are desirous of shaking off the French yoke, amongst whom is Baron Stein, whom I lately knew here.

It is also said, by persons from the army, that the Prussians will, in a short time, bring 40,000 men into the field, and that if England will aid them with accoutrements, arms, money, &c., they will have 120,000 men in the spring to co-operate with the Russians.

It is reported (for now the Emperor is absent, all is report) that Sacken's army entered Warsaw on the 3rd inst. Wilson's letter is dated from Mlewa. It would appear that the right of the Field Marshal's army is moving on Tchichagoff's corps, the centre on Polotsk, and the left on Warsaw.

Platoff has pushed forward his Cossacks to the Oder. It is also positively asserted, that there are 60,000 Russian sick left in the rear of the army, of which 12,000 are officers.

Morraud describes the state of the country that has been traversed by the armies to be miserable beyond all conception. They have at last all but succeeded in finding an effectual method of burning the dead bodies and carcases. The contagious fever has made great ravages; sickness is very rife also at Moscow, and 5,000 of the new levies are now in hospital here.

A draft of the new tariff is in circulation. Cloths and several manufactured goods are included, but on very high duties. His Lordship expresses himself as if the great civilities and altered tone of the Chancellor had made a deep

impression on him. I am inclined to think that Romanzoff has been endeavouring gently to ingratiate himself into His Lordship's favour, with the view of strengthening his weak interest. This was a game I alluded to, if you remember, in my immensely long letter on commerce. Markoff still remains here.

The Russian ministers are not much pleased at the Emperor's absence, and give out that public business suffers thereby; their consequence certainly suffers, for the Emperor has now every means of holding the reins of the empire alone, which he is particularly fond of doing, and piques himself extremely on doing well.

Two directors of the Bank have been sent to the Vistula to make arrangements for the currency of Russian bank-notes. They seem to be greatly embarrassed for specie. Have we found any means of attaining any? Will the victories of the Russians cause the tide to run back from the Continent? If we could obtain any, it would add great weight to our influence here.

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It is now two o'clock P.M. of the 12th. I have not yet closed my eyes, and have had but ten lines to write. You will again observe that all the Austrian correspondence is, at least I presume so, in his son's handwriting. In short, I am now a useless animal here. His Lordship and I are, however, and have been, on very good terms. He appears to have no instructions to give me.

The Consul is this morning in vast tribulation, and declares that Romanzoff has completely outwitted us about the tariff; that the draft which has been circulated has been spread abroad to deceive us into confidence. There are, however, here so many conflicting intrigues, that until the die is cast, there is scarcely any knowing which will succeed. The Emperor outwits his ministers one day, and prides himself greatly thereon, whilst on other occasions the ministers outwit him.

Yours ever,
F. P. W.

St. Petersburg, 16th Feb. 1813.

MY DEAR SIR,

I wrote you last by the messenger Lyal, on the 12th inst. Lord Cathcart left this place on the 12th, in the afternoon. Lord Walpole, it is presumed, will wait until his Lordship's arrival at head quarters.

My Lord Cathcart has neither given me any specific, verbal, or written instructions. On my taking leave of His Lordship, he said that he should hear from me often during his absence, and that he possibly might require my assistance at head-quarters, when he probably would send for me. He had previously spoken to me in vague terms about forwarding the messengers, four of whom remained behind, to follow him; but as he did not direct me to make application to the Chancellor of the Empire for their passports, I presumed that he had given more detailed instructions either to the consul or to some one of his suite.

On his Lordship's departure the messengers came to me for their passports, and told me that he had directed them to receive the letters from me. I found that neither the consul, nor any other person, was instructed to despatch them, and the Chancellor of the Empire having made enquiry to ascertain who was appointed to receive their passports, refused to give them without a written application being presented to him to this effect.

Having therefore consulted with the consul, I took upon myself to write a note in my own name as "attaché à l'Ambassade de S. M. B." (in which form all our cards have been printed), requesting Count Romanzoff to have the goodness to grant me the passports. This has now been done without the least difficulty. I hope his Lordship will not think that I have presumed too much in undertaking this duty. I have written to his son, representing the circumstances that led to it, and requesting his orders on the point.

Since I last wrote you, I have seen a letter from Vienna, of the 18th January, addressed to one of the foreign ministers at that Court, to a foreign minister here. The

writer is of opinion that the Court of Vienna, even at this moment, considers that peace promises more advantages to Austria than any position in which that country can be placed. This opinion he represents as strong and prevalent in the minds of those who have any means of influencing the measures of government. Circumstances will, he says, undoubtedly modify it. The popular spirit is greatly in favour of war with France, and even those who are advocates for peace, would, he thinks, rejoice to see the Russians liberate Prussia from the French yoke, and advance to the Oder. He is of opinion that Austria cannot be induced to draw upon herself the French arms, or to compromise her interests with France, until she sees the Russian armies occupying both banks of the Oder, firm in the prosecution of the war, and capable and willing to succour her in case of need. So far as I can remember, this is the tenour of the letter. Various other reports are in circulation. It is positively affirmed that the Court of Vienna has undertaken to mediate between Russia and France, and that a negotiator is arrived at the Russian head-quarters. The basis of this supposed negotiation is not mentioned.

It is also said that Count Stadion has accepted a place in the council, though he does not supersede Metternich.

The head quarters of the Russian army were on the 5th (N. S.) at Plotzk, the advanced guard having crossed the Vistula; the outposts were on the 4th at Gembin and Gestinin. Large magazines had been found at Plotzk. General Sacken's corps was at Stanislawoff on or about the 2nd, and had united with the corps commanded by Lieutenant-General Prince Volkonsky. The left wing of the grand army, commanded by General Millaradovitch, we are informed by reports from the army brought to-day by a courier, has entered Warsaw without opposition; but we have no details of the occurrence. The garrison of Dantzic made a sally, with 2000 infantry and cavalry, on the 26th ult. on the side of Oliva, but were driven in with loss.

A detachment of Count Platoff's, commanded by

Major-General Kowaisky, has taken possession of Lauenbourg, where a small magazine was found.

Pillau has not yet surrendered, but is closely invested.

The St. Petersburg paper of this day contains some curious facts relative to the finance of Prussia, Austria, and Denmark. This paper is written by Faber, with whose book you are well acquainted.

The notes of the national debt of Prussia have lately risen to 36 per cent., a price which they had not reached for several months, and they have more recently gone up to 58. This rise is attributed to the impulse received from Russia.

A patent of the Emperor of Austria, of the 31st December, has fixed a duty or tax on—1st, all Manufacturers. 2nd, on Merchants. 3rd, on Artists. 4th. *Tous ceux qui pretent des services ou des choses servants à une jouissance temporaire.*

This patent, though dated 31st December, appears only in the Vienna papers of the 26th January. Perhaps it has been antedated to prevent France from supposing that Austria has been induced by the success of the Russian arms to prepare for a new struggle; and the same cause may have led the government of Vienna to adopt a financial measure, apparently open to many objections in itself, framed on the "*Droit de Patente*" of France.

All the paper money in circulation in Denmark, it appears, has been cancelled, and notes have been issued in its stead amounting to 56,000,000 of rix bank dollars, on a fund raised by a new duty of 6 per cent., to be levied on all the immovable property in the territories.

The cold weather has not only broken up in a very sudden manner, but we have had three days of continued thaw, which has cut up the roads, and will probably be attended with considerable sickness.

Sir Francis d'Ivernois and Perceval leave this place in ten days, on a tour to Moscow, and the late theatre of the war, whence they intend to proceed to Berlin.

Macdonald will also undertake a tour in a short time. Lord Cathcart's younger son will in a few days proceed

to one of the armies. Mr. Gordon starts this evening for Stockholm, on his way home :—thus I shall be left alone.

We have received a bag of letters, *via* Tornea, this morning ; but as everything is under cover to his lordship, we shall be deprived at least twenty days of such letters as there may be for us. Pray tell Bidwell to send my letters under a separate cover.

Count Markoff dined on the 14th with the Chancellor of the Empire ; the latter, I am told, is greatly vexed with the Emperor for not allowing him to join him at headquarters. It is extraordinary that the Emperor should keep a minister in office who no longer possesses his confidence. It is said, that the Emperor retains him because the Chancellor is so attached to his post that he will submit to anything rather than lose it, whilst another minister would perhaps not hold the situation without a liberal participation in the Emperor's confidence and measures. There is no ascertaining who are the persons that influence the Emperor. It is said that he is so suspicious of everybody, and so fond of having the sole control of affairs, that he seldom consults anyone.

The messenger Smith has this moment (12 o'clock at night) arrived, and the despatches of which he is the bearer will be forwarded by Morraud, who starts in the course of half an hour. As Gordon, who is now waiting for these letters, is excessively impatient, I refer you to him for every information. You will find him *au fait* of everything, and full of interesting matter.

Yours most truly,
F. P. WERRY.

TO W. HAMILTON, ESQ.

St. Petersburg, March 23d, 1813, N.S.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have more than once mentioned to you the prevalence here of principles highly injurious to our political and commercial interests. The inclosed copy of a pamphlet lately printed here will convince you, when it is considered that the press is under the rigorous control of

the executive government, and that our opponents are supported by persons in high authority. This publication, though it may be too contemptible to make any impression as to the general policy it prescribes, is still dangerous ; inasmuch as it involves in its arguments, futile as they are, considerations on the maritime rights and commerce of Great Britain, hostile not only to our own interests, but also to any solid system of union and co-operation in the war against France. These considerations are, *I am convinced*, very similar to those entertained on that question by the Emperor himself as well as by many persons in his councils.

It requires great activity to counteract, and much more to eradicate these injurious ideas, which have been so assiduously inculcated by the French. I have used all my endeavours to disseminate throughout all the political *coteries* here the true principles on which Great Britain has conducted the maritime war ; and as my situation here has enabled me to make the acquaintance of several of the first persons, I may venture to think I have had some success. The Americans profit by every opportunity to represent the principles of Great Britain as injurious to the powers of Europe ; and the Swedish minister, perhaps somewhat irritated against England by the prospect of a reconciliation treaty taking place between our government and that of Denmark, has occasionally placed the maritime influence of Great Britain in a point of view very unfavourable to the common cause.

I have not yet been able to obtain the insertion of our declaration in answer to the American manifesto in the French paper published here. Romanzoff's secretary has not positively refused to insert it, but has made difficulties and given me no decided answer. As to the pamphlet, I have got a very clever fellow to answer it ; and when it is offered to the censor, I do not see on what ground he can refuse to let it be printed. Should they raise any obstacles, I can get the aid of both the Duke of Sera Capriola and of the Spanish minister to obtain the permission.

I understand the subject of the tariff is under consideration at head quarters. Reports and papers have been sent for from this place. The greatest corruption has been used by our adversaries, to secure the support of different persons here ; and we have some powerful antagonists near the Emperor. Something in our favour must unavoidably be done, but I am afraid it will be a half measure. The regulations that have been adopted with regard to Prussia, and the glaring impolicy of the present tariff, render it impossible to delay the application of at least a partial remedy.

The want of union between the powers at war against France is greatly censured by many here. Russia, England, and Spain should, one would think, in the present contest follow the same march. Their plans and system should be combined ; and they should be pledged not to lay down their arms but on certain conditions, clearly stipulated, and proclaimed to the whole of Europe. The want of such a digested plan of co-operation may possibly have occasioned the delays of Austria. The most favourable period to have brought about such a union was allowed to pass without any efforts to obtain so desirable an end ; and I am afraid it will be now very difficult to effect this object in the present state of affairs. Neither the Treaty of Peace signed by Russia in the month of June last with Spain, one of the articles of which expressly stipulated that both powers should proceed to the negociation of a treaty of alliance, nor that with Great Britain in July, has as yet led to any coalition.

I have so often mentioned the Persian war that I will only now call it to your remembrance. The Porte has been by far too much neglected ; and I am greatly afraid the French will succeed in alarming the Turks at the aggrandizement of their implacable enemy, Russia, and excite the Divan ultimately to profit by the present contest, in order to recover her former frontier. I am told that the French influence greatly predominates at Constantinople, that the Turks submit the Russians to every indignity, and that the British are also exposed to outrages

and impositions hitherto unexperienced. How far this may be true I know not; but I am convinced that the Porte will watch the progress of the Russian arms with the utmost jealousy; and I should not be at all surprised if the Sultan was induced to take this opportunity for renewing the contest. The grounds for this jealousy and irritation should be removed; and I think there was a time when we might have persuaded Russia to consent to the abandonment of the line of the Pruth. Had this been effected, we might, perhaps, have induced the Porte to enter into the alliance; and such a coalition would have greatly influenced the decisions of the Court of Vienna at this moment.

It is reported that Buonaparte has offered to cede the Littorale to Austria, in consideration of her furnishing him with a large contingent. This I cannot believe, nor that Austria does not see her own interests clearly enough to wish for the reduction of the French power. She is probably afraid that, were she to enter into alliance with Russia, she would be exposed to receive the first shock; that Buonaparte would fall on her first, and perhaps inflict a deadly blow. Austria may also be alarmed at the Russian strides, and may think it desirable that France and Russia should mutually exhaust themselves, and thereby augment her own preponderance. When the movements of such troops as Buonaparte can assemble will have liberated Austria from the fears of invasion, I should think she would take a part more inclining to Russia than to France. In the meantime, following the policy of a secondary state, she watches the progress of events, and negotiates with both parties, in order to gain time to draw forth her own resources.

M. Lepzelter, the Austrian minister now at the Russian head quarters, is a young man, I am told, of moderate abilities, rather inclined to French principles. I am informed, he writes, "*des longues et des belles notes qui n'aboutirent à rien.*"

In the meantime affairs certainly begin to bear a more promising aspect. Public spirit in Prussia has certainly

been decidedly expressed against the French. The exertions of Baron Stein give energy and vigour to the whole kingdom. De York's corps, which, when he signed the convention, amounted to 18,000 men, it is now said exceed 30,000. They write from the army that there are 60,000 Prussians under arms now with the Russians; and that, if Great Britain will furnish money, arms, and accoutrements, there will be 60,000 more at a very early period of the summer.

As Prussia is to be the basis of all the operations of the present campaign, the Russians cannot be established too firmly on the Oder.

It is positively asserted that a letter has been received to-day from the Emperor, stating that the Prussian corps of 20,000 men, recently at Kalish, commanded by General Landisten, having advanced into Silesia, has had a general action with Grenier's corps, in which the latter was completely defeated, with the loss of 5,000 killed. We know that Witzengerode, with the advanced guard of the Emperor's corps, crossed the Oder, near Glogau, on the 1st inst., N.S.; and that Regnier threw himself into Glogau with the French troops, whilst the Saxons retreated; that the latter were overtaken and beaten by several detachments, which made at different intervals 2,000 prisoners.

The importance of the alliance with Prussia, and of the contingent she furnishes, becomes still greater when we consider the weakness of the Russian corps between the Oder and the Niemen. The Russians themselves state their amount to be but 127,000 effective men; and I do not now believe that they exceed 90,000. These troops are, however, in excellent condition, and they are daily joined by convalescents. Great reliance must not be placed on the reinforcements, though they will certainly amount to upwards of 50,000, because the levies I have seen are composed of extremely young men, who will suffer greatly by the long fatiguing marches they have to make, in order to join the army. System is, however, observed in forwarding these reinforcements; the levies hence march to the depôts, where they relieve the troops stationed there,

whilst the latter proceed to the reserve, and are advanced, after some repose, in the same manner. You must not be astonished at the variation in the numbers that I have from time to time given you of the Russian force. It is scarcely possible to obtain a correct notion of their amount. No two officers who arrive from the army give anything like a similar account, and it is at last only to be conjectured.

It is whispered here that Poniatowski is in the neighbourhood of Cracow, with 15 or 20,000 Poles, whom he is forming, training, and exercising.

Notwithstanding all the rancour Saxony has shewn, her manifesto, and her levy of 6,000 men, it was asserted last night by a person high in office here, that the King had gone to Breslau, where, with the King of Prussia, he was to meet the Emperor. We knew that the King of Saxony had left Dresden, but nobody has ever suspected him of defection from the French cause.

I understand that the German legion raised here is taken into our pay, and that it is to be commanded by the Duke of Brunswick. I hope it will do something towards the liberation of Germany.

The French seem to be actually in very small force on this side the Rhine. I should not think they muster 50,000 men. The principal is said to be at Erfurth, whilst another is at Magdeburgh, and the reserve commanded by Lauriston. It is, however, expected that Buonaparte will bring 200,000 men into the field in April, but his cavalry will be very inferior to what it was formerly, and so indeed will be both his infantry and artillery; so that with good management success ought certainly to crown the efforts of Prussia. We cannot yet discover whether Buonaparte will withdraw any troops from Spain. If he does, great expectations are entertained of the result of the next campaign in the Peninsula.

Buonaparte has, it is said, offered peace to Russia, but on terms totally inadmissible. A most extraordinary idea is prevalent here, that the power of Great Britain will be uncontrollable, should that of France be weakened more than at present.

The Russians will, I expect, fall more into our arms daily. The issuing of paper money in Prussia has occasioned the paper rouble to be depreciated from one quarter of a rouble—at which it is fixed here—to one fifth. They are greatly distressed for specie, and for clothing for their armies, and some aid must certainly be furnished them by England.

I cannot give you a stronger instance of the injury that has occurred to our interests from Lord Cathcart's system of mystery than this. D'Ivernois was, you know, employed by the Emperor to make a report on the state of the Russian finances. The Emperor, as is his practice, did not fail to get every possible information from him, both personally and by his agents, as to the state of our own finances, and as to the inclinations of our government to afford this country pecuniary assistance. D'Ivernois, who has over and over again complained to me of Lord Cathcart's want of confidence, distrust, and distance, not being at all instructed by his Lordship to hold any particular language, represented not only the unpopularity of subsidizing foreign powers, but also that it was, in his opinion, an impracticability that Great Britain could afford any aid.

Hence has arisen an opinion amongst the leading persons here, that the ministry at home would not assist this country, and a consequent cry against them. More than one personage has been particularly severe in conversation against Mr. Vansittart, and has expressed a belief of the weakness of the present administration.

On one occasion, on our government being reproached because of the impolicy of not granting aid to Russia, I naturally expressed surprise that the British government should refuse to do so, and added it was a fact not known to me, and astonished me altogether. I was answered by the opinions of Sir Francis being quoted against me. I replied, these might be *his* opinions as a private individual, but that could not lead to the conclusion that they were those of the British government. Here my friend immediately laid great stress on D'Ivernois's connection with Mr. Vansittart, and absolutely considered him an agent of our government.

I protested against his appearing in any such capacity, and endeavoured to shew the impossibility of our government employing two distinct agents ; and alluded even to his not being in the confidence of my Lord Cathcart, and I believe succeeded for the time in setting his doubts at rest.

However, since the arrival of Pozzo di Borgo, who is very intimate with this gentleman, the subject has been revived by him. He turned the conversation on Canning and Lord Wellesley, and expressed his opinion of the superior manner in which they would conduct the relations of Great Britain with Russia. I left no argument untried to convince him of the erroneousness of his opinions, and explained the nature and position of parties, so as to prove the impossibility of an administration being formed by those persons.

I had good reason to suspect that these ideas were derived from Pozzo ; and as he was starting for head quarters, I took care to inform Lord Cathcart of my suspicions. Nesselrode, Secrétaire d'Etat, who is acting with the Emperor as Chancellor is reported to be by no means a *friend* to our cause ; and d'Arnsett, who has been recently sent to Vienna, bears the same character. The latter is a very capable man, and has considerable influence over the Emperor.

To succeed here, there must be a liberal expenditure of the secret service money ; but I am afraid his Lordship has not drawn at all yet on that account. He relies entirely on the Emperor,—the worst possible plan to follow.

I keep up a regular correspondence with his Lordship, who seems to be tolerably well pleased with my letters, and requests me to write all the news I collect amongst the *corps diplomatique*, &c.

In the meantime I am become a perfect postmaster, my principal occupation being that of receiving and forwarding *bags*.

I enclose you a letter from Wilson, who writes me to tell you to keep an eye on his book, which still wants a



government letter-of-marque. Pray take care and modify all the reflections on Kutusoff.

Ever most faithfully yours,
F. P. WERRY.

P.S. If you wish to know why the Russians do not make more progress in their sieges, and if you will read thus far, you will learn that their battering train is at Kieff!! I know not whether there are any heavy guns in Prussia.

TO W. HAMILTON, ESQ.

St. Petersburg, 6th May, 1813.

MY DEAR SIR,

You will probably have learnt from Head Quarters, that his Lordship has directed me to join him. My departure has been retarded some days by the arrangements it has been necessary for me to make, as well as by some difficulties that have occurred in procuring a passport for M. Ternois, who accompanies me on his way to join Pozzo di Borgo at Head Quarters, where Pozzo has obtained an employment for him under Baron de Stein. I shall, however, start to-morrow morning at day-break.

Since the departure of my Lord Cathcart, I have greatly extended the sphere of my acquaintance, and have frequented the houses of almost all the principal nobility, who have shewn me the greatest hospitality and friendship. This circle of society has afforded me some means of supporting the political interests of Great Britain. This assertion, which carries with it a far greater estimation of my own services than I entertain, or wish to express, requires some little explanation.

You, who have seen so much of foreign manners, will find no difficulty in understanding that, in this country in particular, the whole of the nobility, both men and women, are peculiarly fond of political conversation; it forms, in fact, the principal amusement of their evening parties. The societies here are never very large, but every person of distinction receiving every night, they are numerous

and divided, consequently more apt for this kind of occupation. The principal officers of the court, who have constant access to the different branches of the Imperial Family, the ministers of state, and the members of the Council, each form their parties, where they enter freely into these discourses, and especially when the conversation turns on foreign policy.

Hence the vast influence that the tone of society exercises over the measures of the government. A substitute for public opinion, it is more powerful, owing to the various vents by which it influences the executive. The French, so fitted for society by their education, always active in regulating the opinions of the higher orders, left no arts untried during their long reign here after the peace of Tilsit, to propagate their own principles. Happily the national pride of the Russians baffled their efforts to implant amongst the nobility the usurpating policy of Buonaparte. They nevertheless succeeded in persuading many that the principles, system, interests, and pretensions of the British government were hostile to the prosperity of the continent, and particularly to that of this empire. Nothing less could be expected: one side only of the cause was heard, and its claims and plans so skilfully disguised, that none but men of superior knowledge and information could well avoid the error of forming a judgment on such *ex-parte* expositions. Hence, on our arrival here, even in the then extraordinary position of affairs, we found a very prevalent sentiment of diffidence and distrust of the policy and views of our government. Either the necessity of eradicating the erroneous principles, so assiduously disseminated by the French, was not seen, or proper means were not used to produce such a change of opinions, as could not but operate directly or indirectly on the policy of this government. Even at this present moment, the influence they exercise over the executive is far from being inconsiderable; and when the Emperor returns to St. Petersburg, it will always be proportionably greater.

I have endeavoured to expose the insidiousness of the

French observations, and those of our opponents here, on the various measures of our government. Facts often of the greatest notoriety in England, are carefully suppressed here, or disguised in a manner equally prejudicial to us. It is by dint of counteracting these misrepresentations, that conviction is carried to the minds of these political coteries; for the persons who compose them are either too indolent to read one tenth part of what is written on these subjects, or have not the means of obtaining the various publications relating to them.

In short, by frequenting these societies, by giving a suitable colour and form to the intelligence received from England, by disposing of the false reports of our enemies, and supplying our friends with information, I have zealously laboured to support our interests, and to prove the natural union between them and those of Russia. In these endeavours I am led to believe that I have conciliated the principal persons. I have received the greatest proofs of their friendship, and shall ever remember with pleasure and gratitude the civilities and hospitality I have experienced in this agreeable residence.

The Duke of Serra-Capriola and the Chevalier de Bendaxi have both been good enough to express in strong terms the regret they feel at my quitting St. Petersburg; and they have both of them stated to me, that they feel it their duty to transmit to their respective ministers in London their testimony to the zeal and assiduity with which I have served, as much as has lain in my power, the common cause.

I repair to head quarters full of stimulating hopes and expectations, and carrying with me that zeal that has always actuated, and will I hope ever actuate, me in the public service; so long as I have in any way the honour of filling any post under it. With such bright prospects before me, and the gratifying consciousness of having derived very great advantages from my stay here, I should be guilty of the highest ingratitude were I for a moment to forget the deep obligation under which I must ever lie to you for having afforded me these opportunities.

* * * * *

You will collect from the general tenor of this letter, that in my humble opinion no time should be lost in sending out some person to fill the post of Minister, or at least of *Chargé des Affaires*, and that a direct and frequent communication should be maintained between this place and London. You may also remark it is necessary that this person should be qualified *fully* as much for *society* as for *business*. I humbly consider these points as essentially requisite, and have thought proper to make these observations; because it is asserted that my Lord Walpole does not intend to return to St. Petersburg. Under this idea, I shall not fail on my arrival at the head quarters to forward to you by the first *messenger* an appendix to this letter, in which I will point out the persons to whom I think he should pay particular attention. In the meantime, I do not consider it altogether expedient to enter into these details by this opportunity, but I vouch for the truth of the *data* on which both the assertions and allusions contained herein are founded.

The intelligence which has been received here of the withdrawing of the Swedish and Danish *Chargés des Affaires* from the Courts of Copenhagen and Stockholm, has excited the most extraordinary sensation. The Danish Minister here has laboured to inspire into the societies he frequents great acrimony against Great Britain for the conduct she had followed towards Denmark. This feeling has extended itself considerably, and a very general feeling of distrust has suddenly arisen against the views of the Prince Royal in landing in Pomerania. Great doubts are entertained of his good faith. Great mystery hangs over these operations. The most extraordinary circumstance is that the Swedish minister has thrown no light upon it, and has not as yet set forth the new griefs of Sweden against Denmark. As he has of late had very little intercourse with Sweden, he may possibly be ignorant of what has occurred, there being a special minister from the Prince Royal at the Head Quarters. I have found it very difficult to decide on the most advisable language to hold. I have consequently limited myself to observing that Rus-

sia at this period, in consequence of her triumphs, giving the great impulsion to the Continent, and acting in strict alliance with Great Britain, our government could not feel itself authorized to conclude any treaty at so late a time with Denmark, without the immediate knowledge and concurrence of the Emperor. I have not failed to suggest the possibility of Denmark's having listened to the promises of Buonaparte, and even of having concluded some treaty with him. I have also touched on the necessity of the Allies coming to some clear understanding with both Denmark and Sweden, in order to avoid paralysing the resources of the one and the other, and to secure the active co-operation of the most efficient. In short, I have assured everybody that our Government has not *de son chef* taken any separate course in this affair, but has acted in perfect concert with the Emperor. This language has appeared to me, in the absence of newspapers, from which I could draw more favourable arguments, the most conciliatory I could use. Since the 12th March, not one newspaper has come to my hands ; and when the Empress has sent to me for them, I have been under the mortification of informing her that I have not received any.

The Swedish General, Baron Tawast, who was sent last year on a special mission to the Porte, arrived here yesterday, accompanied by his aide-de-camp, Count Rosen. These gentlemen left Constantinople at the beginning of March. I have had a long conversation with them. They corroborate everything I wrote to you some time back, relative to the great influence the French have acquired at the Porte, and the outrages to which the Russians are exposed in Turkey. They confirm these circumstances in the strongest manner, and I suspect they may possibly have received instructions from Sweden to hold this language, with the view of irritating the Russian government, and of reviving the Turkish war. There is, however, no doubt that the Turks avail themselves of the present posture of affairs, to express their hatred against the Russians. The Russian Ambassador at Constantinople has been induced, on what grounds I know not, to consent to an arrange-

ment, in consequence of which, the Turks may purchase at a very low rate any quantity of corn on its way from the Russian ports through the Bosphorus. The Emperor has refused to ratify this convention, and a message was despatched with His Imperial Majesty's orders to this effect a few days ago, by whom I wrote your brother Terrick a long letter.

Speaking of Turkey, I must remark, *en passant*, that the war with that power last year was the principal cause of the immense price of gold here. Dutch ducats were then, when the armies were paid in paper money, and the exchange on London was at 24*d.* per rouble, at 13½ roubles each. And now, when the demand for specie is so great, the armies being paid not only in money, but at a rate not calculated on the depreciated paper, but on the silver rouble, which quadruples their pay whilst beyond the frontier, the Dutch ducats are only worth 11½ roubles, and the exchange on London is at 16½*d.* per rouble. To render this more intelligible, I must observe that the armies in *Russia* are paid in paper money without any regard to its depreciation.

You must really excuse this abominable scrawl, because it is now half-past four o'clock in the morning. I have not yet closed my eyes, and I am to start in a very few hours, when I shall travel night and day until I am exhausted.

I beg of you to attribute the language I feel it my duty to hold in these letters to no other earthly motive than that of conscientiously and zealously doing my duty.

As an *attaché* to this embassy, I have, in company with Mr. Macdonald, had the honour of kissing hands at Court on my departure.

In expectation of shortly hearing from you, I have the honour to be, with the utmost truth and attachment,

My dear Sir,

Yours most faithfully,

F. P. WERRY.

P.S. I strongly recommend you to send out here copies of all the pamphlets you have in the Office. There are no other

means of getting them here, for all the books imported must be examined by the censors, who are not only very captious, but often require six years to read the works! You will particularly oblige me by forwarding copies of the best to M. Longineff, the Emperor's private Secretary.

Russian Head Quarters,
Reichenbach, June 7th, 1813.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have to-day entered regularly on the duties of my post, and you will observe by my handwriting in the dispatches that I have been at last admitted to confidence. His Lordship has received me with the greatest affability, and has treated me with kindness and shewn me considerable attention during my illness. These circumstances are peculiarly gratifying, and render my situation very agreeable; they will also, I am sure, afford you satisfaction.

From what I have heard since I have been here, I am more and more persuaded that I have justly and correctly indicated to you the causes of all the impediments which have been raised with regard to the tariff and of the circumstances which have occasioned the continuance of the prohibitory system. I do not think it safe to give you by these conveyances the clues to the secret springs to which I have so often alluded. I have had a long conversation with his Lordship's eldest son on this subject, and have worked conviction on his mind.

The two Armies are determined not to treat me with the sight of a general action, at which I am greatly disappointed, particularly as we had so excellent a position near Schweidnitz. I have been lying ten days on my back with a very bad fever, but have now escaped the regular attack for two days, and am taking bark in abundance.

Buonaparte is not in a brilliant position. His tone is moderate. He fears for and is aware of Murat's defection. If we had but thirty battalions more of Russian infantry, we could beat him most soundly; and as it is, he treats us with infinite respect in the field, though he does wonders

with his Conscripts. The Pauluski grenadiers repulse his masses, and his numbers alone enable him to out-manceuvre us. Our reinforcements are a great way off, but some have joined within these seven days ; about 12,000 men. Colonel Lowe* is a very clever fellow ; I refer you to his letters to Colonel Banbury, for I am very busy and very weak. Wilson has been slightly wounded by the splinter of a shell in his leg, but is now recovering, and able to go about. The Emperor has, with particularly flattering marks of his esteem, invested him before the troops with the third cross of St. George, the highest he could give him. The second being only given to lieutenant-generals, or commanders in chief, for some victory. Adieu.

Yours faithfully,

F. P. W.

TO W. HAMILTON, ESQ.

Russian and Prussian Head Quarters,
Reichenbach, 17th June, 1813.

MY DEAR SIR,

The present letter will be delivered to you by Captain Charles, aide-de-camp to Sir Robert Wilson, a fine gallant fellow, who, in reply to your interrogatories, can give you considerable information relative to the late military events. In the late cavalry charge at Bautzen he himself made two of Buonaparte's *gardes à cheval* prisoners ; their horses are now in our stud. You will again see my handwriting in the dispatches by this messenger ; as, however, I have not seen the secret communications, I know not what is going on, but am convinced from what I hear that they are treating for a preliminary peace. The Emperor is gone to Opoltchina, near Gitchin, where the Emperor of Austria is, under the pretext of seeing his sisters, the Grand Duchesses Catherine and Maria. The King is also absent.

With regard to the commercial question, I still adhere most firmly to the opinions I have so often expressed to you. All questions of magnitude not relating to mili-

* Afterwards Sir Hudson Lowe.

tary events in progress, must be decided by a Council of State. The Emperor, on being pushed by Lord Cathcart on this question, invariably turns to the heaps of reports and memorials with which he is regularly supplied from St. Petersburg, and asks whether he can, on his sole judgment, decide in opposition to what he believes to be the voice of the nation.

The means that are used to obtain these reports and memorials are notorious to all who have the least knowledge of the question.

I refer you to the copy we send of Nesselrode's note on this question, the tone of which I think you will say shows some irritation. I suggested to Lord Cathcart's eldest son this idea, and asked him to remark it to his Lordship, submitting to him the expediency of answering the remark relating to the inopportuneness of the time for such discussions. That paragraph might have been answered by expressing surprize at such an assertion on the part of Count Nesselrode, after the various opportunities his Lordship had taken of explaining to him the connexion between this question and that of the means of alimentering the war. The power of Great Britain for granting pecuniary aid to the Allies depending so greatly on the facilities granted to her commerce.

I dared not say this myself, and I do not believe Frederick Cathcart has done it. You will read the paragraph in question.*

Yours unalterably,
F. P. W.

TO W. HAMILTON, ESQ.

Reichenbach, 29th June, 1813.

MY DEAR SIR,

You will observe in our dispatches by this messenger, that the suggestion I made on Count Nesselrode's note on commercial affairs, was not without reason. An order has recently appeared at St. Petersburg doubling the duty on the important article of cotton twist; this calls loudly for remonstrance.

* The Conventions of Alliance and Subsidies between Great Britain, Prussia, and Russia were signed at Reichenbach on June 14 and 15.

Mr. H., who was at Prague, has, I am told, been playing the very devil; he is a notorious *bavare*. Addington, who lately came from England, has been sent by Sir Charles Stewart to replace him. Many persons here were desirous that I should have applied for that post. May I beg of you, if you think it advisable, to get Cooke to recommend me to Lord Cathcart, to be employed on any detached or particular service of this nature? His Lordship could easily spare me; as his son does all the duty of private secretary, and his Lordship himself that of secretary of embassy.

Sir Charles Stewart has left the Head Quarters, and is gone to Stralsund. Sir Robert Wilson accompanied him to Berlin, whence he will go to the siege of Dantzic, and thence visit the army of the Vistula, commanded by his friend, Benningsen. He will return here about the period of the expiration of the armistice.

The Emperor has been here three days, on his return from Opolitchina. Count Nesselrode, the Emperor's suite, and Count Stadion, and his mission, have also returned. It would appear that the negociations have been broken off; it is, however, kept a profound secret. I have seen Lepzeltern, and the other secretary of Count Stadion's mission; their language is extremely firm and decisive, considerably more so than it was before they went to Gitchin. In the course of conversation yesterday, Lepzeltern said that it would shortly be seen that Austria had been always the same—that she had supported her dignity and loyally upheld the interests of Europe. I urged the important position she now held, whilst the French army remains in this corner of Silesia. They seemed to appreciate it highly. I then remarked that the importance of her actual preponderance would become dubious, if, in the event of hostilities recommencing, she remained a quiet spectator, since the defeat of the Allies by the French would restore that weight to the French force which is now counterbalanced by the Allies; and Austria would then again be placed in the scales with France. They allowed the justice of this remark, and said

that the importance of the crisis was duly felt by Austria, and that it would be soon seen that she had acted up to it.

The Russians who had returned from Opolchina and from Gitchin, speak in terms of approbation of the conduct of Austria, and seem quite contented with her.

The Austrian army is advancing to the frontiers of Bohemia and Saxony, and thus threatens to cut the French off from their communications. Nothing can be plainer than the public feeling in the Austrian States; even at Teplitz, the wounded French officers, some few of whom came to the baths, were obliged to leave the town in consequence of the abuse of the population; whilst the Russians and Prussians are received with the greatest cordiality. On the other hand, although the Russian Ministers express the greatest satisfaction at the whole conduct of Count Metternich, it is to be observed that Metternich has been with Buonaparte at Dresden, since Count Nesselrode left Gitchin. Much has to be apprehended from the means Buonaparte has of poisoning the councils of the Emperor of Austria. On this subject I refer you to a note I received some time ago from Ternois, when at Prague.

Buonaparte is, it is said, straining every nerve to meet both Austria and the Allies; he is using every exertion to bring forward the contingents of the Princes of the Rhenish confederation; and reinforcements are certainly coming up to his army also from France. He is fully aware of the difficulties and dangers of his position; but I should think, from what I can learn, that rather than break the charm of his fortune by dismembering from the French Empire any part of Germany, he will again rely on his military talents, "*et sur son Étoile.*"

We too have received reinforcements, but it is quite impossible to arrive at any knowledge of the numbers of a Russian army. The Russians over-rate their forces so extravagantly, that one knows not how many to deduct from their calculation. The most rational persons I know think that the *allied* army will, at the expiration of the armistice, amount to 140,000 men, and that it will be

fully competent to cope with the French force opposed to it.

I should not think that, on the recommencement of hostilities, the French would venture to attempt the passage of the Oder without previously giving us battle, because we could, in that event, fall on their rear columns with all our force. Should we not, however, be able to maintain our present ground, we can always fall back, and retreat, either by Brieg, or support ourselves on Silverberg and Glatz,—both fortresses of the second order; and the intervening ground offers fine positions at every step. Thence a retreat might always be secured into Poland, in case of misfortune, and without the co-operation of Austria, when, indeed, it would be requisite to abandon the line of Warsaw.

The Swedish force (20,000), with Walmoden's corps, and the German Legion (7,000), Bolaro's corps (15,000), Woronzow's (4,000), Dornberg Tchernicheff's and Benckendorf's corps (4,000), cannot, at the very lowest estimation, form less than from 48 to 50,000 men. The Prince Royal, I am told, will march with this force on the enemy's communications, in which case it seems very doubtful whether Buonaparte would risk his army on the bank of the Oder. The chances thus, on every point of view, seem greatly in favour of the Allies; but, should Austria join, the fate of the enemy would be decided.

The Austrian army of Galicia, 50,000 strong, is, I presume, to form the reserve of the army on the frontiers of Saxony and Bohemia, in case of war with France. We know not where the army of Austria, destined for Austria, is posted; neither do we know what progress the French have made in the formation of the army of observation, ordered to assemble at Verona. I should think it would require at least 120,000 men to effect anything decisive in Italy, since Buonaparte has placed the fortresses on the Po in such a perfect state of defence. Beauharnais has left the French army for Italy some time since.

Barclay de Tolly has, I am told, quite succeeded in his plans relating to the internal arrangements and organiza-

tion of the army ; his dispositions are very highly spoken of. At present the army occupies the whole country from Wohlau to Schweidnitz, and beyond the latter place. The fertility of these valleys is very great ; but the vast numbers of baggage and other horses, nevertheless, produce an effect something similar to that occasioned by a visitation of locusts. The country will, however, subsist us well until the armistice expires. We want for no kind of provisions ; and Poland and Hungary could supply us with any quantity of forage at a later period.

Since I have seen the French account of the battle of Bautzen, and the succeeding movements of the army, I can form some idea of the veracity of what appears under their auspices. The report says, "*L'ennemie a brûlé une grande partie de ses baggages.*" Not a carriage, cart, or any other vehicle, or any part of the same, was ever burnt. Of the 10,000 wounded that they say remained in their hands, perhaps 800 did. I myself, on the day of my arrival, and the following days, saw cart loads of *wounded French*, taken at Reichenbach, proceeding to the rear. Our movement was made so leisurely, that we never marched more than ten English miles a day, and sometimes stayed two or three days at each quarter. In short, the whole account of the battle and its results is characterized by the grossest lies possible.

Sir Francis d'Ivernois has been here for some time past, very hard at work, writing a review of the late French *exposé*. The first sheets of it are already gone to the press. I have read the MS., and find it very interesting ; the part relating to the exports and imports, particularly so. He has found fully sufficient data to prove the vast injury which the resources of France have suffered from the continental system ; and in discussing this question, he has ably seized the opportunity of developing the evil consequences attendant on all prohibitory enactments, making use often of arguments particularly applicable to the Russian Empire.

This may, probably, produce some effect on the mind of the Emperor ; in other quarters its effect may not be

important ;—for, believe me, there are not two Russian councillors to be found who are sincere in their opinions of national advantages to be derived from manufacturing establishments. The idea is too ridiculous to be entertained, particularly at this period, when the effects of last year's campaign are so severely felt in the most populous governments of the empire ;—whole tracks of country remaining unsown and deserted—the most flourishing districts having experienced the greatest mortality. Neither at *any* period have sufficient *hands* and *capital* existed to divert either the one or the other from the pursuits of agriculture.

You may form some idea of the ravages occasioned by last year's campaign, when I inform you that at Königsberg, through which town the greater part of the remains of the French army passed, the fever, brought by the French troops, has carried off *one ninth* of the population. At Memel the same proportion has died, and so on at every town I passed through, to Frankfort, where even the disease did not finish its course ; for it visited Saxony, and all the garrisons which the flying troops entered.

You will, probably, on the receipt of this, know the points on which the negociation was broken off. I presume that little difficulty would exist with regard to the dissolution of the political existence of the duchy of Warsaw, to the abandonment of the fortresses on the Vistula and Oder, or the cession of the Illyrian provinces. But the dismemberment from Buonaparte's empire of the 32nd military division, the partition of the modern kingdom of Westphalia, the abandonment of the fortresses on the Elbe, the aggrandizement of the monarchy of Prussia, and the reorganization of the Germanic States, must afford insuperable difficulties, and require such sacrifices on the part of Buonaparte, as he will not be induced to make until he is reduced to greater straits and a more desperate situation.

The exhausted state of the French resources is not to be doubted, and their finances cannot now be refreshed by tributes. In this state of things a commotion in

Holland would produce a very seasonable diversion, and in the event of our being able here to cope with Buonaparte, the Prince Royal's army might be destined to support it. In order to aim any deadly blows against the French power, operations must be undertaken both against Italy and Holland. We must revert to the old system; for all our efforts here can *only* tend to liberate Poland, Prussia, and the countries on this side of the Elbe, from the influence of the enemy. This position seems almost capable of demonstration.

In case, however, of reverses falling on the arms of the Allies, their pretensions will also admit of great modification, and the magnificent scheme of liberating Europe from the French yoke may be abandoned (for a time), and that of securing the integrity of the Prussian states, and of rewarding Russia for her triumphs by the partition of the Duchy of Warsaw, may be substituted. At all events, the epoch of the decline of the French power must date from the period of the occupation of Moscow by Buonaparte, in September, 1812.

The Austrians cannot but gain an accession of territory in whatever manner the contest is terminated. Armies now-a-days are no longer annihilated at one blow as at Jena or Austerlitz, notwithstanding all that the *Moniteur* may say.

Our messenger is detained till to-morrow morning, which has afforded me this opportunity of pouring out my lucubrations; which nothing but my knowledge of your indefatigable patience could authorize my doing so copiously.

F. P. W.

30th June.

P.S.—One of the circumstances which have induced me to hold the opinions I have expressed in the foregoing letter, is the despair I feel of ever gaining any *decisive* victory over the enemy's grand army. A despair, originating from experience, which has proved that Buonaparte's military abilities and those of his Marshals are much

superior to those of any generals that have hitherto been opposed to him—*at least situated as those generals have been, and must be.*

Colonel Lowe* wishes that the Prince Royal should join this army with his corps, but he does not know the Russians so well as I do. I see great obstacles to any such junction, and were it practicable, the effects would from various causes fall far short of his expectations.

We are here in the greatest possible want of specie. No money whatever is to be got.

TO W. HAMILTON, ESQ.

Reichenbach, 21st July, 1813.

MY DEAR SIR,

Lord Cathcart requests me to inform you that Lord Castlereagh's No. 35 has not hitherto reached him, but that he has, of a date considerably prior to that of No. 34, one unnumbered despatch.

You will observe that all the despatches by this opportunity are in my handwriting. You must not attribute this to a change of system; old habits are not so easily got rid of. The fact is, that his Lordship's eldest son has been confined by a rheumatic fever ever since his return from Trachenburg, so that my pen became absolutely necessary. The despatch about Murat has not been put in cypher, because his Lordship is afraid of trusting it in my hands, lest I should learn it by heart. M. Grey de Feinagle's art† would in such a case have been put to a greater test than Lord Stanhope wished to prove it by; which, if you remember, was an index to a law-book. In reference to that despatch, let me remind you that 16,000 Neapolitan troops are included in Prince Schwartzberg's calculation of Beauharnois' force, which he estimates at 66,000 men.

The glorious news of Lord Wellington's successes so far surpasses the most sanguine expectations, that it cannot fail to produce a most important effect both on the policy to be pursued by the Allies, and on the negotiations now in progress. I only hope that it may not so mode-

* Sir Hudson Lowe.

† A system of artificial memory then in fashion.

rate the pretensions of Buonaparte, as to extricate him by a premature treaty of peace from the difficulties which now surround him.

General Nugent arrived here two days ago, and has had several very long conferences with his Lordship. He tells me that the Austrian regular force, now under arms, amounts to 250,000 men, and that no doubt remains in his mind, that Austria will at the expiration of the armistice take up arms in favour of the Allies. Very different opinions are, however, entertained by the Hanoverians; these, however, I do not place so much reliance on, because I think that General Nugent's opinion is founded on better data, and because the causes which lead the former to see things in a less promising point of view, are self-evident. Hombteda positively assured me that the only result of the meeting at Baltiborsetz, was that Metternich had officially declared that in *no case* should Austria in the present contest take up arms against the Allies. He does not believe that she will come forward, and apprehends that Buonaparte will, by feeling her pulse, ascertain this, and then will run the risk of Schwartzenberg's attacking his rear, and fall with a mighty blow on us. In short, he thinks that Austria will again trust to the chapter of accidents, and wait and see both her enemies, France and Russia, still more reduced.

In reading some of our despatches you may perhaps think we have reversed the old maxim, in which case pray tell Mr. Cooke to docket them "*Parvum in multo.*"

You say that I must put on my uniform, and become a bit of a soldier. His Lordship's decided objection to militia uniforms prevents me from following the first part of your advice, my red coat being reserved for gala occasions. And here, whilst the idea is in my head, let me suggest the adoption of a custom which is universal throughout the Continent, that of having a regular uniform for the *corps diplomatique*. With respect to the second part, I must inform you that I have turned my thoughts to military operations from the time I went to Russia. I wish I had some English books on the subject; I have Jomini, and

some of the best French. I hope to reap some knowledge from the campaign we are on the point of opening. Thus I shall have another string to my bow, in case diplomacy fails.

I am, my dear Sir,
Your most obliged and faithful friend,
F. P. W.

P.S. Pozzo was made a "*General Major*," by the Emperor, at Trachenberg.

TO W. HAMILTON, ESQ.

Reichenbach, 12th August, 1813.

MY DEAR HAMILTON,

The denouement has at last taken place, and released us from all the fears and anxieties so critical a period could not but inspire. The congress has been, as it were an afterpiece, brought forward to afford time for the preparations required for a tragedy to be acted on so vast a stage.

The courier who brought us the account of the declaration of war by Austria against the French arrived at two o'clock this morning. Count Stadion has not as yet received any official communications from his court; but I do not think there is any ground to apprehend that the firmness which Austria has shown on this occasion will cause Buonaparte to relax in the least from his usual conduct. The tone the Court of Vienna has assumed has certainly been inspired by our brilliant feats in the Peninsula. The example which that country has afforded to the whole of Europe, together with the failure of the common enemy in his invasion of Russia, have inspired the Austrian commanders and cabinet with a firmness, resolution, and perseverance that have unfortunately been wanting to them hitherto.

The resolution of the Austrian government must have been known here upwards of ten days since. It is now the sixth day since I have been informed of the intention

of the Emperor to be at Prague on the 15th instant, and of the projected march of the Russian troops into Bohemia. His lordship leaves this place in the course of two or three hours. The Emperor and his suite quit before night, and several other persons are already on the move. Couriers are on the point of being dispatched by the Russians and Prussians in every possible direction, and all is activity and motion. Here, indeed, it is somewhat more, for it nearly approaches confusion.

Sir Charles Stewart arrived here three days ago, and Lord Walpole joined us on the day following.

Almost all the troops cantoned between Schweidnitz and the Oder have been reviewed since I last wrote, by the Emperor and the King. The Cuirassiers, about 8,000 men, are at Grottgau with some cavalry of the guards, which had been distributed on the banks of the Neiss; Blucher's corps at Neudorf, about 40,000 men; Bleist's at Nimpitch, the same number; and Wittgenstein's at Landshut, about 42,000. The two last corps have been inspected previously to entering Bohemia. That of Kleist takes the road through Glatz and Nachod, whilst that of Wittgenstein proceeds from Landshut by the pass of Schatzlar. Both these corps passed the frontier yesterday morning. Landshut is on the very line of demarcation of neutrality. A corps, which is to form the reserve of Wittgenstein, commanded by General Millaradovitch, covers the passage of this defile. This corps has been marching through Reichembach. All the troops that I have seen are in the finest possible order. I have only seen one review of the guards and Cuirassiers close to this place. Great difficulties are thrown in the way of our gaining information; and the reviews usually take place at a distance of thirty or forty English miles; which, owing to the obstacles raised to our keeping horses, prevents me from being a witness of these interesting scenes. His lordship has, however, always accompanied the Emperor to the reviews.

Considerable works have been thrown up by the Austrians in the neighbourhood of Prague. The position also at the confluence of the Moldau and Elbe has been

strengthened. It is said that the Austrian force in Bohemia amounts to 150,000 men, and that it is concentrated between Egra and Brandeis, in the vicinity of Laun. Buonaparte, it is thought, will try to anticipate the blow with which the Allies threaten his right flank. You know that he has strengthened Königstein and the fort opposite, on the Elbe, which covers his right wing.

The Austrians, when joined by the corps of Kleist and Wittgenstein, will amount to 250,000 men. It seems altogether impossible that Buonaparte can bring a sufficient force against this army to repulse it; and if he attempt this, he will leave his left wing exposed to the Prince Royal's army. If he lose but one battle, he will be on the very brink of destruction; whilst a victory, unless it be like that of Jena, will not extricate him from the embarrassment of his present situation; which is certainly that in which a great captain ought never to place himself.

It is asserted that 100,000 men still remain here, and that they will advance. Sacken's corps, Count Langeron's, and Blücher's are the only corps that I can remember; and I know not the force of the two former.

It is reported that within these few days the French have drawn back many of their troops from Leignitz. The army of reserve has its advanced guard already on the Wartha, commanded by General Praskin. Thus, if Buonaparte should try to strike a blow against the Prince Royal and to seize on Berlin, his rear will be threatened by the advance of this army, combined with the reserve; and the Prince Royal will be able, I should hope, to keep the field with 100,000 men against any force the enemy can bring against him, or at least to draw the enemy towards the mouths of the Elbe.

In short, whichever way he turns, he is surrounded by such difficulties as inspire every soul here with the most lively hopes of success to the arms of the Allies. The French have spread at the congress some reports of a success obtained by Soult over General Sir R. Hill; but the information is so vague that I do not believe it. It

appears that their object in giving out this intelligence is to prove that the war in Spain does not promise to afford so powerful a diversion in favour of the Allies on the French frontier as was generally supposed, on the receipt of the news of the battle of Vittoria.

You must excuse this hasty scrawl ; for I am in a chaos of papers, and hardly know what I write. I start to-morrow morning, and am sure that I shall not be able to get post horses. Everybody else proceeds by marches with their own ; but in these details difficulties are heaped on difficulties in one's way. Lord Cathcart starts in an hour for Prague with his two sons. I follow as I can, without even a cossack orderly or any kind of authoritative appearance ; having all the difficulties of a common traveller who is moving about the country at his leisure and for his amusement, but *without the leisure*. In order to see something of what is going on, I must put up with all these bedevilmments ; but if I find myself kept in the rear of the army, which his lordship has told me is his intention, with his butlers, cooks, and such rascallions separated from the *corps diplomatique*, I shall not be able to submit, but shall cut and run. My situation, when compared with that of persons holding posts similar to my own, with missions of secondary powers, is truly humiliating, and is made the subject of common remark. On this subject I have had some conversation with his lordship's eldest son, and I hope it will have some effect. D'Ivernois leaves this place for England to-morrow ; and I refer you to him for such information on this point as is too ridiculous and tedious to occupy my time in giving at present. I am not to proceed direct to Prague, but am to wait on the road till I receive orders from his lordship to join him.

Walpole has mentioned to me something about your having an intention to get Lord Castlereagh to leave it at my option either to remain with the army or to join him at St. Petersburg. Lord Cathcart knows nothing about it, Walpole says. I have, however, again to thank you for your remembrance of me, and to assure you that I am full of the most lively feelings of gratitude for your kindness,

which I hope and trust you will never have the smallest cause to repent having shown.

Sir Charles Stewart's return has restored us to life as regards society. His house and establishments, and every thing and everybody about him, are pleasant, happy, and comfortable. I am not so much a John Bull as to like to live abroad wholly with Englishmen; but such precautions are taken to seclude us from Russian society worth knowing, that that of our countrymen is the only resource left to us.

Pozzo receives great praises for his conduct here. Much credit is given him concerning the affairs of Austria. He desires me to recommend Ternois in the warmest manner to you; but he is so busy that I cannot get him to write a note to this effect, though he has several times said he would do so. He returns shortly to the Prince Royal. I wish you could have half an hour's talk with him; he would put you completely *au fait* of what is going on here. He is in great favour with the Emperor; notwithstanding which he expresses himself very clearly concerning *o Etiché mas, theuton agapa catholu catholu*. Affairs, however, go on too prosperously for them to suffer from these evils.

F. P. W.

TO. W. HAMILTON, ESQ.

Prague, August 21st, 1813.

MY DEAR SIR,

I arrived here only last night. My Lord Cathcart had already quitted this city, and proceeded to the Head Quarters of Prince Schwartzenberg in the suite of the Emperor of Russia. Yesterday a review took place of the Austrian troops, within eight German miles of this place, at which His Imperial Majesty and his Excellency were present. The Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia leave this in the course of the day. Counts Metternich and Stadion follow them in the night. The Head Quarters are I understand to be at Laun to-day. It would appear that the whole of the allied army is advancing by forced marches on

Leipzig. Some, however, of the Russians and Prussians are still considerably in the rear. It is not exactly known what the French are about; I, however, heard some days ago, at Reinertz, near Gletzt, that they were marching from Leignitz and the vicinity of Glogau on Hirschberg. This information seems confirmed, for it is stated here that Buonaparte's head quarters were by the last accounts at Bautzen, and that an affair had taken place in the defiles of Friedland and Zittau, where the Austrian General——* had been stationed with 15,000 men. This force it is said fell back, and Lepzeltern told me that he had acted in obedience to instructions which directed him to retire before a superior force. It is thought by some that the advance of the Allies is a feint to draw the French into Bohemia through the defiles of Zittau and Friedland, when the allied army is to attack them. I have not as yet had time to see how the land lies, and therefore *chez moi* all is vague conjecture.

Sir Charles Stewart proceeds to-morrow to Berlin. The Duke of Cumberland is expected here to-morrow. I am directed to await for instructions from my Lord Cathcart, and shall consequently stay in this city even should the French advance with success into Bohemia, until I receive the said orders. I have used every argument to induce his Lordship to allow me to accompany him in the field, but in vain; and I have been roaming over the country in the most tiresome and uncomfortable manner you can possibly conceive for the last eight days, without money, horses, or a quarter to put my head in at night! All these things might be better arranged; however, we must take the rough with the smooth. I should nevertheless like to be clear of the immense quantity of baggage that follows this army, and with the advance where I might see something of what is going on, and as much fighting as I may relish. I shall use every effort to become a witness of the great battles, and for this end have bought several saddle horses at my own expense, for which I am not even allowed forage.

F. P. W.

* Nieburg?

TO W. HAMILTON, ESQ.

Prague, 24th August, 1813.

MY DEAR SIR,

Since I wrote you on the 21st instant, nothing particularly interesting has occurred. Some anxiety was created here the day before yesterday, by a report that the French had again appeared in great force in the neighbourhood of Zittau; but as the report has not been confirmed, we presume that the only force that the enemy has in the immediate neighbourhood of Zittau consists of the Polish troops under the command of Poniatowski, amounting to nearly 15,000 men. The movement of this Corps on the frontiers of Bohemia appears to have been made with a view to check the rapid advance of the allied mass. This demonstration, however, not having produced the effect desired, Buonaparte, it is stated, after having concentrated his principal force in the vicinity of Bautzen, made all possible haste to gain the left bank of the Elbe; and as a body of 15,000 men had not by a movement on their left flank checked the advance of the Allies, he thought it possible that a courier might effect this end. I have been assured that he sent from Dresden five days ago, fresh overtures to Austria, framed in a manner to tempt that Court to withdraw herself from the confederation. No idea whatever is entertained that these overtures will be listened to. The army continues advancing. The Head Quarters were, two days ago, at Commettau; we have not heard to what place they have been since removed.

The French guards had already, by the last accounts, reached Leipzig. It is presumed that Buonaparte will take up a position in the neighbourhood of that place and Halle, *appuyant* his left on the Elbe and its fortresses; thus making face on one side against the mass of the Allies, whilst he keeps the Prince Royal of Sweden in check on the other. I have not been able to ascertain what force the enemy has on the Saxon frontier of Bohemia, but it is not thought to be very considerable. It is stationed near Chemnitz. General Blucher was, by the last accounts, said

to be at Lowenberg, whence on the enemy's repassing the Elbe, he would advance and hang on his rear.

The enemy could not have advanced into Bohemia by Zittau without abandoning his line of communication. Such an operation, instead of relieving him from the pressure he now experiences on his flanks, would not only have augmented it and involved him in greater difficulties, but would have enabled the Allies to close their force, and form a junction of almost all their corps on his rear.

We are informed here that a corps of the Allies, commanded by General Clairfelt, has passed Baireuth, advancing into Germany towards Frankfort-on-the-Main. This operation is not altogether understood. It may be a corps of observation that has followed the impulse of the principal operations of the Allies in taking the initiative.

In the same manner the corps which is stationed near Gratz has advanced on Trieste, which place it was supposed it would reach on or about the 26th instant. This cannot, I should think, amount to 10,000 men. It will, however, intercept the French communication with Illyria.

Since writing the above, I have heard various reports of a contradictory nature ; my sources of information are but scanty, and I cannot vouch for the truth of any of the reports I have given : they are, however, the most probable and authentic of those that are in circulation here.

This instant I have been told that Buonaparte's principal force is at Galitz and Reichenbach. That Blucher has been obliged to retire from Lowenberg ; whilst on the other hand they say that Count Wittgenstein has taken Pirna. Still I cannot believe that Bonaparte will remain on the right bank of the Elbe, or that he will attempt to get on our line of communication whilst we are on his. We have the *offensive*, and it appears to me that he must *malgré lui* take the *defensive*. Any other game would increase his difficulties and risks, and could only be played from desperation.

It is reported here that the Emperor of Russia is to command in chief the whole of the allied force, having Moreau

for his lieutenant. This is a most thorny and difficult subject, concerning which I have very little information.

The Duke of Cumberland arrived here the day before yesterday, and will proceed to Head Quarters in the course of a day or two. Sir C. Stewart has given up his plan of going to Berlin, and left for head quarters yesterday. I am still waiting my Lord Cathcart's orders. I have a very good quarter in Wallenstein's palace, and breakfast every morning in a saloon nearly as large as Westminster hall, and quite as naked.

The weather is cold as our autumn, although the harvest is not near in. It was, however, very warm a few days ago, and it is expected we shall still have some fine dry weather.

The Austrian Chargé des affaires in Paris has written to Count Metternich that Lord Wellington has gained a victory over Soult as brilliant as that of Vittoria; that all the baggage, artillery, and 15,000 men fell into our hands, and that the French army was thrown in perfect *deroute* on the frontiers of France. That St. Sebastian had been taken by storm, and that the greatest consternation prevailed from Bordeaux to Toulon. Soult, he says, has written to Buonaparte to tell him that he cannot possibly put his foot on Spanish soil again, without 50,000 French troops who have never heard of that country. These glorious and brilliant successes are said to have been gained by our gallant army and their great captain, on the 28th and 30th July.

Is it to be believed that Buonaparte can possibly remain at the distance he now is from France, threatened as that country is with immediate invasion, or that he will, at so critical a period, incur the risk of his line of communication being intercepted?

Never has there been a period more propitious to the independence of Europe than the present. Now nothing but common abilities and prudence are required to reduce France to her ancient limits, and all we have to apprehend is, that the conflicting claims and pretensions of the various commanders in the allied army may paralyse its operations. In proportion as success attends the arms of

the confederation, in the same ratio will the interests of the confederate states separate and diverge from each other.

But, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

Yours, most devotedly,

F. P. W.

P.S. Madame de Stharemborg has this day received a letter from Head Quarters, stating that Count Wittgenstein has taken Pirna by assault, with the loss of but 600 men. That Blucher has had a severe affair with Buonaparte, in consequence of which he has retired behind the Katsbach, and that the enemy having lost eight days in Lusatia by the diversion of Blucher, the grand army had, immediately on receipt of this intelligence, directed its march on Dresden, before which city it is expected that the head quarters of the Allies will be on the 27th, whilst the Prince Royal has crossed the Elbe at Dessau, and will be in communication with them. Buonaparte appears to be in a most critical and difficult situation. His only resource will now be to come down into Bohemia.

TO W. HAMILTON, ESQ.

Prague, 31st August, 1813.

MY DEAR SIR,

The Allies retired from before Dresden on the 28th. The head quarters were removed on that day to Altenberg, and the troops took up a line between Peterswalde and Frauenstein. The whole of the allied army had been brought up to the attack on Dresden. The enemy took advantage of this to cross the Elbe in great force at Königstein, on the evening of the 27th. These troops were attacked on the 28th, when General Kleist took from them fourteen pieces of artillery. They have, in all probability, been obliged to repossess the Elbe. Buonaparte was in Dresden during the whole attack. Only one or two of the exterior works were, I am told, ever taken by the Allies; these were carried by the Austrians in

the most gallant manner, but it was impossible to maintain them. No impression having been made on this important point, the Allies determined to fall back, to secure or defend the higher passes of the river. The attack on Dresden, with the exception of one or two charges, was, I am told, but a continued cannonade. You will be grieved to hear that Moreau has lost both his legs by a cannon shot, whilst standing between the Emperor of Russia and Lord Cathcart in one of the batteries. Little hope is entertained of his recovery.

Buonaparte deployed 100,000 men before Dresden, on the retreat of the Allies, who, not having more than 150,000 at that time capable of being brought up to the attack, were in hopes that the enemy would follow them; but he did not venture from under cover of his batteries.

The messenger is in his carriage.

Yours, in great haste,

F. P. W.

Prague, 8th Sept. 1813.

TO W. HAMILTON, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR,

Since I last wrote you, I have heard the opinions of many able officers who were eye-witnesses of the military operations which took place between the 21st and 2nd instant; and from these opinions four principal errors appear to have been committed in the execution of the plan of the Allies.

1. A day's march was lost on the 24th or 25th, by halting at Commottau. This delay deprived them of sufficient time to profit by the absence of Buonaparte from Dresden, when Blucher, by the vigour of his attack, had drawn him towards his army. Buonaparte did not arrive in Dresden till 4 o'clock on the 26th, when he instantly took the offensive.

2. The heavy baggage was, on the advance of the army, ordered to follow. No basis existed for the operations of the Allies, which were undertaken in Saxony. The whole army was necessarily obliged to debouche by the defiles

affording the only communication on that side between Bohemia and Saxony; but no precautions were taken to secure a retreat. Nothing can possibly be more reprehensible than the total want of arrangement in the baggage trains of the army. There is not the semblance of organisation in this branch. Experienced officers have assured me that the defiles were blocked up for miles together by empty carts and waggons. The manner in which the right flank of the allied army was exposed to a movement of any of the enemy's corps on the right bank of the Elbe, rendered it of still greater importance that the baggage should not have been allowed to encumber the roads.

3. A sufficiently strong force was not left to cover the right flank of the army, in the neighbourhood of Konigstein, neither were the defiles occupied by any detachments.

4. The fourth error, which is an error committed on an error, (2) consisted in ordering a retreat on the 27th, under the circumstances in which the army then was. This is the more unaccountable from its having been committed at a time when the roads through the whole mountains were blocked up by baggage and artillery. Hence proceeded the disorder and confusion that ensued. The embarrassment created by the baggage, and the almost impracticable state of the roads, occasioned by the heavy rains of the 26th, 27th, and 28th, retarded the march of the columns, exhausted the troops, and placed them under the frequent necessity of fighting in the worst position.

That an army of 200,000 men should have been obliged to fall back before 120,000, because a corps of 30,000 men had risked itself on the flank of so great a mass, appears incredible. No doubt can exist but this corps would have been destroyed by detaching 40,000 men against its rear. In this case the Allies would still have had a larger force than that opposed to them, and might have fought for their baggage and artillery. Such was the opinion of Moreau. The success which Blucher had at this time obtained, obliged Buonaparte to order a body of his guards, which he had destined to form the rear-

guard of Vaudame, to march to the support of Macdonald, and at the same time to direct Vaudame to recross the Elbe, and to march instantly in the same direction. The courier who bore these orders was intercepted by the Russians; and this fortunate circumstance greatly contributed to the destruction of Vaudame's corps, concerning whose safety it is evident, from these orders, that Buonaparte entertained well-founded apprehensions.

I have every reason to be convinced that the plan of Moreau was to occupy the defiles leading to Teplitz, to observe the *têtes-du-pont* on the Elbe by a corps of at least 35,000 men, and to advance, on the very day of the 25th, 50,000 men to cannonade Dresden, *whilst* the remainder of the allied army, amounting to 120,000 men, should have marched rapidly through Commettau, by Chemnitz, on Leipzig.

I should presume that the principal reason which induced the Allies to form their mass on the frontiers of Saxony and Bohemia was, that that position being on the enemy's flank, threatened his line of communication by Erfurth, as well as that by Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and would consequently force the enemy to carry the war back again into Saxony. If this were the reason, and if that reason be just, why is not the line of communication acted upon?

The operation of the Allies was but a half measure then, for they advanced but to Dresden, where they hastily abandoned the plan—if they had ever conceived it—of acting on these lines; whilst with the totality of their force brought up before Dresden, they did not only not seriously attack that city, but even lost the very opportunity of covering a movement of the greater part of their army on Leipsig.

The only real advantage, consequently, that appears to have arisen from the advance on Dresden, was the diversion which it created in favour of Blucher, and of which that gallant officer took such brilliant advantage.

The loss of the Allies on this retreat certainly exceeds 25,000 men, besides the *greater* part of their baggage,

and a considerable portion of artillery. Severe as this loss is, fortune, which in this scene of confusion happily threw the corps of Kleist into a favourable position, and the bravery of Osterman's division of Russian guards, have compensated for it by the destruction of Vaudame's army.

Considering the late operations in this manner, they exhibit so great a want of combination, foresight, and intelligence, and are so devoid of anything like unity of action, that one cannot believe that any one head exclusively directed them. The errors are of too contradictory a nature to have been committed by one mind. They have no doubt originated in rival and conflicting opinions; and it is greatly to be apprehended that the presence of the Allied Sovereigns encourages the pretensions of the respective generals to separate and independent commands.

It is to be fervently hoped that the dearly purchased experience of the Allies has demonstrated to them the imperative necessity of having but one supreme chief to one army, and of sacrificing the vain-glory and ambition of individuals to the success of the arms on which even the existence of the allied powers depends.

The Emperor of Russia wants firmness of character, and confidence in himself, to suppress the intrigues that are hourly fermented around him. If Moreau had lived, he would have acquired, by his commanding talents, such an ascendancy over the mind of the Emperor, as would have secured him from the fluctuating and conflicting opinions of his factious generals, and have given a decided and consistent character to every operation. The name and reputation of Moreau placed him above all who surrounded him; and those would have yielded to his judgment, who would have spurned the control of their countrymen.

I will write you some details concerning Moreau by the next opportunity. His aid-de-camp, Rappatel, is an intimate acquaintance of mine. The body of Moreau lay here two days in state. It is still here, and it is presumed

that it will be sent to St. Petersburg. There cannot be less than 8,000 wounded in this city. Vaudame passed through some days ago, and was hooted by the populace. Many French prisoners have also marched through.

F. P. W.

FROM HIS EXCELLENCY LORD CATHCART TO MR. F. P. WERRY.

Toplitz, Sept. 1, 1813.

DEAR SIR,

Annexed is an abstract of a letter addressed to Sir Charles Stewart, and to me, and signed, Castlereagh. Lord Aberdeen has declined making any additions to his establishment. Sir Charles has answered that it is quite impossible that he can spare Mr. Bidwell. I have not yet answered, but I mean to answer, that it is impossible for me to carry on the business without assistance, and that, although during active operations of the army I cannot have an assistant with me, that very circumstance doubles the pressure when there is an opportunity to do business.

I wish, however, to know your wishes about returning to England, before I write this letter, as I shall be glad to do it in the manner most acceptable to you.

There is no opening at my disposal on the side of Italy ; anything I have done there is in other hands already. I have been writing for a Russian courier, and Dawson is in haste to go, which prevents my writing more.

Ever, my dear Sir,

Most sincerely yours,

CATHCART.

P.S. The difficulties of forage are so great, and the impossibility of getting post horses on an emergency so universally felt, that I cannot propose to you to come to this place at this moment, and I must therefore request you and Disbrowe, to whom I beg to be remembered, to remain a little longer at Prague.

Foreign Office, 7th August, 1813.

MY LORD, AND SIR,

As it will be a considerable convenience to the public service that the Earl of Aberdeen, at the commencement of his mission to the Emperor of Austria, should have the assistance of one of the gentlemen of this office, now attached to your respective missions, I request that you will arrange whether Mr. Werry or Mr. Bidwell shall proceed upon this service ; and if the assistance of the other should not be deemed of any particular importance under present circumstances on the continent, I am desirous that he should return to England, to resume his duties in this office.

I am, with great truth and respect,

My Lord,

Your Excellency's,

and, Sir,

Your most obedient, humble servant, ¹

CASTLEREAGH.

H. E. Lord Cathcart,

and

Honble. Sir Ch. Stewart.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY LORD CATHCART.

Prague, 17th Sept. 1813.

MY LORD,

I have to thank your Lordship for the letter you did me the honour to write me from Toplitz, on the 13th instant, communicating a copy of a dispatch addressed to your Excellency and to Sir Charles Stewart, by Lord Castlereagh, on the 7th August, and requesting to be informed of my wishes about returning to England, before you answer the dispatch.

Should your Lordship deem my services of any importance, under the present state of affairs on the Continent, I can entertain no desire to return to England. My sole wish is to be actively employed. The latter paragraph of

my Lord Castlereagh's letter must have been written under an erroneous impression ; for I have neither an appointment in the office, or on the Home establishment : and it is this very circumstance which makes me desirous to profit by any temporary employment that may offer, until your Lordship may require my immediate assistance at head quarters.

Any such arrangement would afford me opportunities both of being useful to the public service, and of individual advancement, which I am confident your Lordship would not sacrifice to the precarious prospect of circumstances permitting your Lordship to avail yourself of my assistance at head quarters.

I have the honour, &c.,

F. P. W.

FROM HIS EXCELLENCY LORD CATHCART TO MR. F. P. WERRY.

MY DEAR SIR,

In consequence of your letter of the 17th, received this evening, I will write to Lord Castlereagh, that whatever might be the inconvenience to me, I would not wish to detain you on the continent a single week, if it were to interfere with your appointment to any permanent situation, or with any destination at home or abroad, more conducive to your advantage ; but that it is absolutely necessary for me in my present situation to have within my reach a confidential person, capable of rendering the services it is so much in your power to perform.

Upon the same principle I should not object to any temporary commission in which Lord Aberdeen might wish to employ you for the public service, and for your advantage, unless it were of a military nature ; in which case my instructions particularly direct that the officers of the army sent out for that purpose shall be employed.

But Lord Aberdeen has never mentioned you to me. We have been much longer here than I at first expected, otherwise the house I occupy is convenient, and I would have been very glad of your company. But as it is not

likely that we shall remain much longer, or have much writing here, you are much better placed at Prague; because post horses are uncertain here, and forage is so scarce, that I cannot procure a third part of what is required for the horses which are necessary for my own duty and marches. When we move, it is my intention that you should follow and join me at convenient places, or stop at the nearest town where post horses, or other certain means of conveyance, can be had, and where you can be within reach of joining me at the shortest notice.

Very sincerely yours,

CATHCART.

Toplitz, 21st Sept. 1813.

TO W. HAMILTON, ESQ.

Prague, 8th Nov. 1813.

MY DEAR HAMILTON,

I despair of ever getting out of this abominable place, where I have now been buried alive nearly three months. I have not received one line from Lord Cathcart or his son, since he left Toplitz. To the latter I have written repeatedly, and intreated him to obtain his father's permission for me to join him at head quarters, or to return to St. Petersburg, whither Lord Walpole had invited me to accompany him. My letters have not been answered, and I confess to you that my indignation at Lord Cathcart for this treatment is so great, that I shall not be able to live again in his family with any degree of comfort to myself. Of five gentlemen who left England attached to him, I am now the only one who remains—the rest have left him in disgust. He has now only his two sons with him, and might consequently accommodate me with the greatest ease. But I will not attempt to speculate on the motives of his conduct. I only wish to get clear of him peaceably. There is not a colour of reason for my having been left here; for I have not had any one single thing to do, either for Lord Cathcart or for the

public service. Stewart was anxious I should go to Italy, but I know not what obstacles occurred. I asked to be sent to Bavaria, to Blucher, at a time when no soul was employed on those points. In short, I would have undertaken anything.

Should I not shortly hear from his Lordship, I shall proceed to Frankfort and beg of him to give me dispatches for England in the event of his not wishing me to remain with him. This, however, will be a measure very difficult for me to execute, unless he sends me some money. Not one of my accounts has been regulated since I left St. Petersburg, and my own means are next akin to nothing.

In the meantime there is some agreeable society here, principally consisting of the wives of general officers with the army. The nobility of Bohemia live generally in a very retired manner, and, with the exception of two or three families, seldom receive strangers. Gentz is still here, manufacturing extra blatts. The Duchess of Sagan also remains and enlightens our darkness somewhat by her correspondence with Metternich.

Count Hardenberg left this two or three days ago for head quarters. Johnson follows him to-day, and takes charge of this packet.

The weather has been detestable. Never was so wet an autumn known in this part of the world. The bivouacs and marches must have much diminished the allied army.

Believe me to be yours most devotedly,

F. P. W.

TO W. HAMILTON, ESQ.

Chatillon sur Seine, Feb. 18th, 1814.

MY DEAR HAMILTON,

I am at last detached from Lord Cathcart. His Lordship has told me that the period has now arrived when my services cease to be useful to him, and that he shall request my Lord Castlereagh to direct my further destination. My separation from his Lordship's embassy is without doubt essentially necessary to my future advancement in life. The twenty months I have passed attached to

this embassy have been entirely lost in point of diplomatic experience; his Lordship being accustomed to direct the whole of the affairs under his direction himself, from the most important to the most trivial. He keeps every paper himself; and if pressure of business at times obliges him to call in the aid of a copyist, his two sons, one of whom has been with him several years, and has acquired all his habits of business, are naturally preferred. No archives of the transactions of this embassy exist. Had the duty of keeping them fallen to my lot, I should have been proud of the trust, and fully contented with the experience I might have derived from that duty. My offers on that subject, though frequently repeated, have never been accepted; and it is now exactly seven months that I have not had the smallest item of service to perform, that is, from the 7th of August last.

I have made several efforts to get away from Lord Cathcart in a friendly manner, and I have reason to believe that you have assisted me in that object. My heartfelt thanks for your friendship are the only returns I can offer.

* * * * *

F. P. W.

Chatillon sur Seine, 23d Feb., 1814.

MY DEAR FATHER,

You will have heard, I presume, of the negotiations which are going on here for a general peace. The plenipotentiaries of Austria, Great Britain, Russia, and Prussia, are assembled here for this purpose, and are treating with the plenipotentiary of France. The latter power stands of course alone, while the former appear for themselves and their allies on the behalf of Europe. The ministers of Great Britain at the courts of Austria, Russia, and Prussia are the British plenipotentiaries, who have as their president Lord Aberdeen, our ambassador to Austria. Hostilities are continued during this congress; and Lord Castlereagh, as our Secretary of State, is on the spot, ready to furnish, without loss of time, such instructions as are requisite. The difficulty of preserving a complete unity between the

different allied powers has hitherto been the cause of the failure of every former coalition. This difficulty has been in a great measure removed during this confederacy by the presence and character of the allied sovereigns ; but notwithstanding their conciliatory dispositions, various causes of dissension have arisen. These have been mostly of a military nature, arising from the rivalry and conflicting claims of the respective generals, from the dissimilarity of the character of the troops, and, in short, from such opposing habits, views, and ideas as cannot but exist between three nations differing so essentially from each other. The diminution of our enemy's means, and the great superiority of our own force, have until now enabled us to crush the French power, and restrain it within the narrow limits now set to it by the allied armies.

With regard to the late military operations, I will not enter into many details.

After the affair of Brienne, in which the enemy's principal force was defeated on the 1st instant, with the loss of sixty-five pieces of cannon, by a part only of the allied army, Marshal Blucher, to whom the merit of that victory is to be chiefly ascribed, marched on Chalons, and thence along the Marne towards Epernay. Prince Schwartzberg, with the Austrian and Russian troops, took up the line of the Seine, establishing his head quarters at Pont sur Seine, whilst his advanced guard was at Provins, commanded by Count Wittgenstein, who had pushed on his advance to Nangis under Count Pahlen. An Austrian corps on the extreme left occupied Fontainebleau with Platoff and his Don Cossacks in their vicinity.

These were the positions of the allied armies about the 13th to the 17th instant. Bonaparte had retreated towards Paris, and was repairing the losses he had sustained at Brienne, when he was joined by 10,000 men from Soult's army. The wide and disjointed distribution of the allied corps afforded him an opportunity of undertaking some operations which his activity turned to the utmost advantage. He directed his principal force against Blucher, and gaining some partial success over two divisions, which

distinguished themselves wonderfully, he obliged the Marshal to concentrate his force in the neighbourhood of Chalons. He then, without losing a single moment, marched against Count Wittgenstein, whom he also obliged to fall back on the main force. He then attacked the Prince Royal of Wirtemberg's corps at Bray, which retired in the same manner. On this the Allies, perceiving that their corps were not sufficiently concentrated, drew back the whole of their left wing, and established their head quarters at Troyes, whilst the sovereigns are at Bar-sur-Aube, three leagues from this place. In the meantime, General Winzingerode's corps has advanced and taken Soissons by assault, making four generals and 3,500 men prisoners. This corps is already in communication with Blucher.

Bulow, with 30,000 men, was also within four days' march of Soissons; and the Prince Royal of Sweden, with his corps, at least 50,000 strong, was at Coblenz on the 13th, advancing by forced marches. So that, should peace not be signed before these corps arrive, Buonaparte, notwithstanding the talents and activity he has displayed, must surely be crushed. The late partial successes he has obtained are to be attributed to the great eagerness of the different commanders to get to Paris, and to their consequent rashness. But Buonaparte, who cannot have more than 80,000 or 100,000 men at the utmost, will not, I think, venture to fight a general battle with the force now opposed to him, which cannot be less than 150,000 good troops, of which the cavalry and artillery are infinitely superior to his. Should he be mad enough to trust to the fate of a general action, I have no doubt he will be severely beaten. The majority of the people in the parts of the country through which I have passed are decidedly against the present government, and feel convinced that France can never enjoy tranquillity whilst Bonaparte is its sovereign. They do not, however, seem capable of any exertion against the present power; and though I believe the Bourbons have a party amongst the peasantry, they would not meet with leaders amongst the better classes, who by

one means or other are now connected with the government.

The Allies, of course, recognize the present government by treating with it, and must as long as the people of France will not in a general manner declare for any other order of things.

This country and that in our rear is very poor, and its inhabitants are consequently far from being in favour of the Allies, who are obliged to subsist on their resources. They care for nothing but peace, which is the aspiration of every French man and woman. Here they dread the idea of the advance of their own army, though they are pleased to hear of its successes; for, devastated as the country already is, they say that the requisitions of their own troops would insure the perfect ruin of every town and village. It is most devoutly to be desired that peace may be at last restored to Europe. The miseries attendant on war are so grievous, and have for these last years so desolated the countries of the continent, that it requires one to be possessed but of few of the sentiments of humanity to deprecate war as the greatest scourge that a nation can suffer. Would to God that that great abettor of it, Bonaparte, could be carried off by some lucky shot! Without this event I am afraid that, if he is left with old France alone, he will find means of desolating Europe again; for, unless the French nation declares against him, of which I see no prospect, the Allies must sign a peace with him, should he even abandon Paris, and retreat with but one division of his army.

The crisis is fast approaching—the chances of war are various and doubtful. Our armies cannot long remain in this country, for it cannot subsist them.

I hope you will favour me shortly with a letter. Pray address under cover to his Excellency the Earl of Aberdeen, his Majesty's Ambassador at the court of Austria; under whose orders I expect to be placed. On this subject I refer you to my letters to my mother.

I remain ever, my dear Father,

Your affectionate and dutiful Son,

F. P. W.

TO W. HAMILTON, ESQ.

Chatillon sur Seine, 1st March, 1814.

MY DEAR HAMILTON,

I received your kind note of the 17th ultimo, a few days ago ; it revived my drooping spirits, and encourages me to hope that I may continue to devote my time to the service of my country. I have not yet been able to send you copies of the letters that passed between Lord Cathcart and me ; Lord Castlereagh, to whom Sir C. Stewart had given the originals, having taken them with him to head quarters. His absence has also prevented Lord Aberdeen from speaking to him about me. I have had one or two conversations with Lord Aberdeen, who has all the disposition possible to do something for me, but he has not yet decided whether he shall apply for me to be sent to Italy, or into Germany. I stated to his Lordship that I desired no permanent situation, but was willing to run the chances of the diplomatic career to which I had made up my mind to devote my life. That not possessing sufficient interest, influence, or friends in England to authorize me to aspire to the regular appointments at present, I was desirous of obtaining such opportunities of being employed under those appointments as might afford me the means of establishing a claim to promotion in the profession, founded on the services I might render, and that to this effect I was willing to devote ten, fifteen, or more years to diplomacy. That I had too much ambition to renounce all ulterior hopes of attaining the higher posts, but that I founded these hopes solely on the services which in that period of time fortune might enable me to render. He said that he was aware, from what he knew of my occupations from you, that I had some claim to the protection of Government, and that the difference which had arisen between Lord Cathcart and me would not at all invalidate this.

I understand that Lord Cathcart has spoken to Lord Castlereagh about me in terms of irritation. As not a word has passed between his Lordship and me, except in writing, you will have it in your power to judge of the

matter when you see the letters. I know not whether I told you that I had a very amicable conversation with Frederick Cathcart the day after I received his Lordship's letter. He said that he was happy to think this circumstance need not at all alter our private friendship. He even expressed the desire his Lordship entertained to serve me, and that he thought it would be to my advantage to quit his embassy. He then asked my views and plans, stating that his Lordship would be desirous of forwarding them. I declined stating them, observing that I had not yet made up my mind, and that I should rely entirely on Lord Castlereagh's decision.

I have all along had a separate quarter here, so that I have never met Lord Cathcart since, being never asked to dinner where he is. But I dine at other times both at Lord Aberdeen's and at Sir C. Stewart's. In general, however, I live with "*mon bourgeois*;" and as this small town is extremely dull, I have no other occupation than that of keeping up a good fire, reading, and obtaining information.

I know not whether you ever read my politics—military reveries. At all events, don't burn them, but if you can keep them, pray do; because I shall, perhaps, some day in England, wish to confront my notes.

That the fruits of the battle of Brienne were not obtained, all seem to allow. The subsequent marches and distribution of the allied armies allowed Buonaparte opportunities to repair the severe losses he had sustained in that affair, of which his activity and skill took full advantage. You are of course aware of the retrograde movements made by the Allies subsequent to the affairs of Provins, Montereau, and Bray. The exaggerated reports spread by the enemy of their successes, prepared the people to believe that the Allies intended to retreat. The exhausted state of the country, the bad discipline in the rear of our armies, the consequent excesses and vexations committed by the troops, particularly by the Austrian stragglers, were circumstances that had greatly exasperated the peasantry. The retrograde movement of the columns forming the allied left, was

therefore a signal for the country people to take up arms. Accordingly, on the 24th, two of Sir Charles Stewart's aide-de-camps (Wood and Harris), on their way to this place from Vandœuvre, found several Russian detachments driven out of the villages where they were quartered, by the infuriated peasantry, armed with pitchforks, pikes, scythes, and such weapons as they could find. They (the aide-de-camps) escaped by avoiding the villages. On the 25th, twenty pieces of artillery, the baggage, and ammunition waggons filed through here from the Dijon road, and took that leading to Langres. The Austrian troops doing duty here also followed that direction in the evening, and our patrols quitted the road leading to Bar-sur-Seine. The inhabitants expressed the utmost joy at their departure; numbers of people I had never seen before came out of their houses, and crowds, expecting the French troops to enter, hurried along the road to meet them. On the following morning the inhabitants were called upon to form the *garde nationale*, which, being composed of the townspeople, was a thing not very readily done. The arms deposited in the town hall were distributed, and the peasants brought in several stragglers whom they disarmed, and whose muskets they appropriated; they formed together in threatening groups, breathing revenge against the "*Kaiserlicks*," and burning to destroy these "*viles nations*."

Everything that belonged to the Plenipotentiaries was, however, respected. In the morning I learnt that at some villages on the Dijon road, about three or four leagues off, the peasants had murdered thirty Austrian soldiers and five Cossacks. The girths of the latter were filled with gold and silver coins; this spoil excited many countrymen to become partizans, whilst the division of it created some fighting amongst themselves.

On the 27th, 20,000 rations were ordered here for the Duc de Tarrente's corps, the marshal's quarters were also ordered for the evening, but were afterwards countermanded. The rations were sent to Mussy l'Evêque on the morning of the 28th, and in the evening we heard

that two French divisions had entered Bar-sur-Seine on that morning. Some gendarmes alone had entered this town, and three officers with flags of truce.

Platoff, with 6,000 Cossacks, remained at Arc, and the Austrian outposts were in advance at Courban.

We understood that the grand army had concentrated near Colombe, and that Blucher, reinforced by Bulow's and Winzingerode's corps, had marched on Sezaune.

We expect hourly to hear of some decisive affair, both on the part of Schwartzenberg and of Blucher.

I am afraid of being too late for the courier, and therefore have not time to say much more. The general spirit of the people I do not believe to be against the Allies, for there appears to be a universal feeling of discontent against the present government, and a very prevalent opinion that France will never enjoy peace under it. Peace is the cry of every man and woman you meet. The spirit of resistance does not extend, I believe, beyond the country that has been occupied by the troops; and I should think the spirit of the people where the French armies have been would be more favourable to the Allies than that of the country immediately in our rear. The better classes seem very desirous of restraining the peasantry; this class is, however, divided in opinion, but the majority is not, I think, desirous of nationalizing the war. The policy of the Allies not being declared, is not understood, and is open to the calumnies of the present party in France. In my humble opinion, the Allies would have avoided all the difficulties arising from these objections, and would have made sure of one party, which is, I think, the most numerous, if they had avowedly espoused the party of the Bourbons, declaring that they believed that to be the wish of the French nation, and would support it UNTIL IT WAS PROVED NOT TO BE SO. In practice, I believe this would have been the best system; and in principle even, I think it in accordance with the law of nations. For it appears to me that this clause must always exist to the principle, that one nation has no right to interfere with the internal organization of another,

videlicet, provided that that organization or constitution is not incompatible with the existence of the neighbouring states ; and France I think falls exactly under this proviso.

From what I have seen and heard on this subject, I am of opinion that the Allies have adopted both the least expedient system, and the one which is not free from objections in point of principle.

In great haste,

Yours most truly,

F. P. W.

TO W. HAMILTON, ESQ.

Chatillon sur Seine, March 3rd, 1814.

MY DEAR HAMILTON,

I wrote you last on the 1st inst. The Cossacks who were at Courban and Arc, appear to have reconnoitred the country for a considerable distance round this place. In the course of these excursions, they learnt the murder of their companions, of which circumstance I made mention in my last. On their approach the peasants abandoned the village where this event had taken place. The Cossacks pillaged and set fire to it, murdering such few of the men as they found, and exposing their quartered bodies on the roads. They then explored the large woods with which the neighbouring country is covered in every direction, and whilst they spared the families that had taken refuge in them, they put the straggling peasants whom they met with to the edge of the sword. The vengeance they have thus taken appears to have effectually terrified the country people, who from that moment have no longer entered Chatillon in arms. At the same time the first licentiousness of the peasants, and the subsequent devastation of the country by the Cossacks, have alarmed the upper class of people so much, that they have, after the first ebullition of national feeling on the evacuation of their district by the allied troops had subsided, used all their influence to induce the peasantry to retire peaceably to their villages. The hostile spirit of the country is

consequently suppressed for the moment, but many tracts of the country being entirely exhausted, nothing but force can prevent the famishing peasantry from committing excesses.

13th March, midnight.

We have just received a letter from head quarters, by which we learn that St. Priest took Rheims by assault on the 12th, at six o'clock A.M., making 2,500 prisoners, amongst whom are General La Coste, Colonel Regnier, and many officers. Buonaparte was retreating across the Marne. St. Priest writes, that Blucher had cut off Marmont's corps, of which all the infantry were destroyed, excepting 6,000 who were made prisoners. The cavalry escaped, having suffered considerably. Fifty guns fell into Blucher's hands, and the old Marshal was closely following Buonaparte. The Austrians and the reserved had moved on Chalons, and were marching forwards. Bianchi, it appears, came up with Augereau at Macon, where he completely defeated him. The details have not been received.

It is now one in the morning. Two French officers have just come in with despatches to Caulincourt, perhaps with orders for him to sign. Before this can be done, or ratified at least, it is to be hoped Blucher will have pulverized Boney. We may still see Paris. We hear of a great insurrection in La Vendee. No news yet of Wellington. Nugent has been licked somewhat, I am afraid. Wilson will inform you all about it.

Yours, &c.

F. P. W.

Chatillon sur Seine, 6th March, 1814.

MY DEAR HAMILTON,

I return you a thousand thanks for your letter of the 27th ult. I should only repeat what I have said so often if I were to endeavour to express the sense I entertain of your friendship and kindness. My sentiments defy analysis, and, with me, unfortunately do not command language enough to express the complicated emotions

that fill my heart at the thoughts of it. One grasp of your hand would express all. "Que le premier mot qu'on prononce est froid après cela!"

Mr. Robinson arrived here on the night of the 4th, Thursday. He was sadly annoyed at not finding Lord Castlereagh, and having slept a few hours, he proceeded to Chairmont in the morning. I have not yet learnt the result of your letter to Lord Castlereagh. Lord Cathcart's youngest son assures me that he is firmly persuaded no other earthly cause influenced his father than the row with —, which you so justly style "an insignificant accident."

I have been most positively assured, that on the advance of Bubna's corps on Lyons, the inhabitants sent out to him to say that they would all rise if he proclaimed the Bourbons, but that they would remain quiet if not. Bubna was of course obliged to say that he had no authority to undertake such a measure, and this answer not only paralysed the spirit, but irritated many of the loyalists against the Austrians. At Dijon, Prince Hesse Hombourg gave positive orders that those who had put on the white cockade should take it off, on pain of death. The opinion is consequently very prevalent all over France, that Austria will not support the Bourbons, that she is hostile to them. It is the *general opinion* of all the better-informed Frenchmen whom I have conversed with, that all France will rise if the allied powers unanimously declare for the Bourbons. At present, the French believe that a schism exists amongst the Allies, and that Austria is, if not for Buonaparte, at least for the King of Rome. I expect that you will have received glorious news from Blucher on the receipt of this, of his being, perhaps, in possession of Paris. The advanced guard of Prince Schwartzberg's army was, by the last news, four leagues in advance of Troyes. We hear of a large French force, supposed to be either Suchet's corps, or part of Soult's army, having reached Orleans.

Yours, &c.

F. P. W.

Q

TO W. HAMILTON, ESQ.

St. Francesco d'Albano, (half a mile from Genoa),
19th April, 1814.

MY DEAR HAMILTON,

When shall I finish expressing the sense I entertain of your friendship and kindness? To it I attribute the good fortune which has directed my steps here. I was despatched in so great a hurry from Dijon, that I had not time to write you from thence; and now the messenger is sent off at an hour's notice with the news of the surrender of Genoa, the revolt of Corsica, and of the prayer of the Corsicans to be under one government, so that it is quite impossible for me to give you any account of what has been going on here. I would have gladly devoted last night to that occupation, but I was employed in making copies of the Capitulation. Our baggage had not come up, and we fell short of pens, paper, and ink; none was to be got here. The Sicilian levies tarnished their laurels by the most wanton pillage and destruction, and amongst the wrecks of looking-glasses, bedsteads, chairs, presses, &c., we could discover no diplomatic "*materiel*." I have this morning fired off a long letter to Mr. Robinson, which I beg of you to read; I know your patience is equal to it. Lord William* *m'a comblé de bonté et de politesse*. Oh! the contrast to my late chêt!

I arrived in time to witness the most beautiful operation possible. The attack was admirably conducted. All the troops did far more than was required of them. The French were driven from an extremely strong position, supported on their left by two commanding forts, and on the right by strong batteries which were all carried by assault and escalade. The intervening ground consisted of ridges of hills, intersected in every direction by garden walls and interspersed with large houses, where there was every capability for making a most desperate stand. The enemy, however, seemed to be panic-struck. Lord William was particularly exposed to several heavy fires of

* Lord William Bentinck.

musketry ; two of his staff had their horses killed under them—Colonel A'Court and Captain Milnes. Our loss was very trifling ;—not one hundred killed and wounded. Two or three gallant officers fell, whose names I do not remember.

The Genoese are raving mad against the French. They call our troops always "*Imortri*," and Lord William is quite adored. The French are in the devil's own fright in the town, and have just sent a colonel to beg of us to interfere to restrain the people who have got possession of the batteries, and threaten to murder the general and officers.

Excuse this scrawl. I trust, ere long, I shall have the pleasure of seeing you for a few days, as Lord William proposes to send me to Lord Castlereagh in a short time.

Permit me to say, that I am, with the utmost attachment, yours,

F. P. W.

Since the 2nd of this month, I have only had my clothes off, and laid down, two short nights.

HIS EXCELLENCY LORD WALPOLE TO F. P. WERRY, ESQ.

St. Petersburg, February 5, 1815.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am much obliged to you for your news ; for in the whole of Cathcart's two sheets of paper, I only learn that he "has the honour to be one of the plenipotentiaries at the Congress ;" that if he does not return in March, he will return at a later period, and that his Majesty the King of Wurtemberg is gone home, and His Royal Highness the Prince Royal of Bavaria gone to see his wife.

I am not much surprised at the conduct of Prussia, knowing the King's deference for the Emperor, and the weakness of old Hardenberg ; Prussia, I believe, does not like, and I am sure will one day repent this effect of personal friendship. We have been alarmed here by warlike preparations, but I hope all will pass off quietly. Pray

remember me to the Duke de Serra Capriola. Let me know if you hear anything of Cathcart's return, or any diplomatic news. Do you know who goes to Berlin, or succeeds Gordon at the Hague? We have no news here.

Yours, very truly,
WALPOLE.

COLONEL NIEL CAMPBELL TO F. P. WERRY, ESQ.

Florence, January 23rd, 1815.

MY DEAR WERRY,

* * * * *

Your favour of the 15th has afforded me great interest and information. I hope the affairs of Italy will finish as quietly as those of the north. I have just seen an English gentleman from Naples, who tells me that Murat speaks very openly of his intention to resist removal. Nearly two months ago he told Lord Sligo so, in these words: "I have 80,000 men; let them not provoke me, or I shall advance with them, taking Napoleon by the hand, and proclaiming the kingdom of Italy." He says, that although he treated him so ill, he shall always admire him, and entertain feelings of regard towards him. The army is attached to him, and most of the inhabitants, but many express their partiality for the hereditary family. Lord Sligo gave him his sentiments freely concerning Lord Oxford, and told him it would have served his cause better to have sent the meanest page of his court. He seemed quite surprised at that, saying, that as a peer, he considered that his influence must be considerable. Perhaps it is in consequence of this, that Lady O. appears to be less with the court. It is also said that the Princess of Wales and she are not so cordial; the former has charged her with being the cause of her coming there, and she now begins to repent this step.

Murat and his own wife are not very cordial either, so there appears to be a pretty jumble of them all.

I wished much to make round from this to Ancona and Rome, upon the frontier, and Lord Burghersh was

desirous also; but Lord Castlereagh is averse to it at present, I presume, for fear of its giving offence.

I generally come here once a month, for it is impossible, as well as not necessary, to shut myself up in Elba constantly. My friend* there continues strong as a horse, and appears of late to have picked up spirits, probably from the reports of the members of Congress disagreeing.

I have seen a printed invitation, signed by M. Sligo, Lord Llandaff, General Matthews, Mr. Latouche, and Mr. Sauveyne, for a ball at Naples on the 10th instant, given by all the English there, to "*their Majesties* the King and Queen of Naples." It was put off, in consequence of the Queen's indisposition, and I have not heard that it has yet taken place. General M. spoke in such a way, when here two months ago, that I took it upon me to advise him, or he might be taken up by this or the Romish government. "By Jasus! Murat ought to be supported, and he would volunteer to serve with him against all the world, excepting Great Britain." This he used to say openly, in all societies.

I am glad to find that old vagabond C—— *can* make himself less disagreeable at Vienna. My opinion will never alter, as to him.

You shall have my best wishes at all times, being, with much regard,

Yours very truly,
NIEL CAMPBELL.

Vienna, 18th April, 1815.

MY DEAR FATHER,

Every sentiment of respect, gratitude, and affection that it is possible for a son to experience, were called forth on the perusal of your paternal letter of the 15th ultimo, which reached me three days ago. This would naturally be the effect of so strong a mark of your affection, and of the interest you take in my welfare, as that furnished me

* Buonaparte.

by your communicating the tenor of your will: this I consider to be of the most satisfactory nature to the whole family. The bitter and melancholy reflections arising from the anticipation of an event, I trust far distant, and which I earnestly pray the Almighty may long avert, have not prevented me from perceiving that the casualties to which human life in all its stages is exposed, require that such an arrangement should be made, more especially in order to secure a settlement on my mother.

You give me such excellent advice, and say so much about my future prospects, that I presume I shall not intrude on your time by writing something about them.

A long time before Lord Castlereagh left this place, he asked what were my plans and intentions. I told what Hamilton had before stated to him, that my object was, by long service, zeal, and merit, to endeavour to rise in the regular line of diplomacy: that having devoted myself exclusively to that profession, I had made up my mind to take my chance in it. He proceeded to shew the disadvantages of it as a profession; the inadequacy of the salaries, the length of time persons were often without situations, and the manner in which fair promotion is checked by parliamentary influence, stating how much he himself is pushed by it for posts. These considerations, he said, caused him to recommend me to accept of some establishment, more particularly, as he said, I might probably be thinking of marrying. On the whole, he thought a consulship would be the best thing for me. Here our conversation ended by his recommending me to think over what he had said, and when I had come to a decision, we would again talk about it. In the mean time, Mr. Cooke, his right-hand man, told me that Lord Castlereagh would give me the option of a Consulship, or a Secretaryship of Legation. On enquiry I did not find any good Consulship vacant. I wrote to Hamilton about that of Naples, and he informed me that Lord Castlereagh had promised it a long time back to Sir Henry Lushington.

On the night before Lord Castlereagh left Vienna, he sent for me again, and asked what I thought of it. I

replied, that, although I had made up my mind to take my chance of rising in the regular line of the profession, his Lordship had somewhat shaken my hopes, both by his picture of the difficulties in the way, and by his advice, for which I sincerely thanked him. That I now knew of no Consulship being vacant. He said he should not think of offering me any but one of the first rank, a Consulship General. I mentioned Naples, and he answered in a manner, as if his promise to Sir Henry Lushington had not been conclusive, and I felt convinced I could have got him to give it me; but from delicacy, and a point of honour towards Hamilton, who, I thought, had probably promised it himself to Sir H. Lushington, I did not push Lord Castlereagh on this point. He then laughingly asked me how I should like to go as Consul-General to America? I answered, that when I could get no other place, or ran a risk of visiting Botany Bay, I might perhaps be induced to go there. He then said he should find no difficulty in finding some Consulship for me, which might be acceptable. I plainly saw from his conversation and manner, and from the opinion he expressed of my claims and services, that he wished me first positively of myself to renounce a Secretaryship of Legation, to which he evidently thought me entitled, both because he is very much pushed for these posts by the first persons, for their sons and relations, and because then he would be sure of my taking any Consulship that might be offered me. This, however, I would not do, without having something worth acceptance offered in lieu of my claim; and as his Lordship did not offer me Naples, I would not, on account of my obligations to Hamilton, *ask* for it. Instead of this, referring to the Secretaryship of Legation, I hinted at the advantages I had had the opportunities of acquiring in a diplomatic point of view, and particularly in so well knowing the characters of the principal persons at the different courts of Europe. I stated my zeal for the service, and the fair ambition I entertained. He allowed that the determination to renounce these advantages would be difficult, and then inquired whether I had

any means of living, when at times I was not employed, and whether I had any friends, who might support my promotion by their interest. With regard to the first, I said that my father assisted me, that I had nothing of my own; that Lord Sligo and his mother (who has married Sir William Scott, Lord Eldon's brother,) had not only assured me of their interest, but had offered of themselves to do so, and then I very probably might get the occasional support of some other friends. I alluded both to Hamilton, and to some means I possess of obtaining the Prince Regent's support, who knows the whole history of my disagreement with Lord Cathcart. I was presented to the Regent at Oxford, and received by him in a very flattering manner.

Lord Castlereagh then spoke very favourably of my whole conduct, and expressed his entire satisfaction with me. He added that he had not yet made his final arrangements about filling up the vacant secretaryships of legation, but should wait till he got to London. Here our conversation terminated.

I wrote all about this to Hamilton long since. He, Lord Clancarty, and everybody, assure me that I shall be employed. Mr. Cooke told me that Lord Castlereagh would never leave one on the *pavé* who had shared the fatigue and labours of the campaign with him.

The Duke d'Angoulême's force increases in numbers. It threatened Lyons by the last accounts, and that city was declared by the Government in Buonaparte's interest to be "*en état de siège*."

Buonaparte is somewhat embarrassed by the Republicans and Jacobins, both of which parties are still numerous, and have active and enterprising chiefs. Perhaps these gentlemen may make off with him.

The Austrian advance guard has had another advantage over that of Murat at Modena, as well as in Tuscany, where General Nugent's corps was detached to act on Murat's rear and flanks.

Lord Wellington's army will, in the beginning of May, amount to 130,000 men. Buonaparte has not, in all

France, more than 180,000 troops of every description. And now all fear of his attempting to strike a blow before the allied corps had collected has entirely passed.

It is expected that Congress will finish in three weeks or a month.

Believe me ever to be, my dear father,
Your very dutiful and affectionate son,
F. P. W.

Vienna, 12th April, 1815.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

* * * *

We are busily employed in drawing out the various treaties of alliance against Buonaparte ; and those relating to the final arrangements between the Allied Powers are also in hand. This place is now very dull. There are scarcely any parties or amusements. Lady Clancarty, who is here still, is a very pleasant woman, a peculiarly agreeable circumstance to us young men, who belong to his lordship's mission.

The Sovereigns, it is expected, will leave this in a fortnight to repair to head quarters of the allied army. The south of France has, in several places, declared for the Bourbons, and so has loyal La Vendée. Buonaparte seems to be much shackled by the Republicans, and the Allies are collecting immense forces on the frontiers of France. In short, political affairs look much more promising than they did, and there is every prospect of Buonaparte's outliving this contest.

Believe me, dear mother, that though I don't write you often, I think regularly of you every evening, constantly committing you to the protection of the Almighty ; and believe also, that the happiest moment of my life will be that when I see you again, for which I always earnestly long.

God bless you, my dear mother, preserve me ever in your affection, and believe me ever to be

Your very dutiful and affectionate son,
FRANK.

Vienna, 2nd June, 1815.

MY DEAR FATHER,

I have only time to inform you that we expect to sign the grand treaty of the Congress in the course of next week. The Sovereigns have already left this, and have repaired to the head quarters on the Rhine. They arrived at Stuttgard to-day. Lord Clancarty has been ordered by Lord Castlereagh to follow the Sovereigns, and to remain with them, in order to keep a perfect accord and intelligence with the Great Powers. He has asked me to accompany him, and I have felt extremely flattered at this request, and have expressed the same to his lordship, and my readiness to follow him.

It is possible that Lord Castlereagh will himself repair to head quarters, after the prorogation of parliament. This is not, however, certain. Should he return to the Continent, Lord Clancarty may, perhaps, remain with him ; but it is possible that in this case he would return to England. Whatever may be the result to me of my following Lord Clancarty, as the Cabinet Minister of our Government, to the head quarters of the Sovereigns, I have thought it advisable to accept the offer, as it appears to me that my services in this protracted stay abroad will always add weight to my claim for promotion. I trust you will consider my conduct in this case in the same point of view.

You will have heard of the occupation of Naples by the Austrian arms. Murat has taken refuge in Ischia, but it is expected he must surrender.

Pray give my love to my mother, and believe me, my dear father, to be ever

Your affectionate and devoted son,

F. P. W.

Francis Brun, near Egra, in Bohemia,
10th September, 1815.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I received your affectionate letter of the 30th June about ten days ago. I leave you to judge of the

pleasure it gave me, when I tell you that I had given up all idea of ever receiving another line from you. Pray let John from time to time exercise his pen for you in a manner which affords me so great happiness.

Perhaps you would like to know how I pass my time here.

I get up at half-past seven, go to the *Source*, which is just outside of the village, and where everybody meets at eight o'clock to drink the waters. I take four goblets, mixed with a fourth of milk, at intervals of a quarter of an hour. The water is cold, and full of fixed air, like champagne. By nine I have done drinking, and walk about until ten, when I breakfast. The regimen is rather strict—two small cups of coffee and milk and a piece of dry bread form the breakfast. After breakfast we must take another short walk, then return home, and remain quiet until twelve. At twelve I get into a bath of these waters, heated to twenty-seven degrees of Reaumur, in which I must remain half an hour; after which I lie down, and keep myself warm.

At two, after another short walk, we dine. Vegetables and pastry are not allowed—a pint of wine is the portion. In the afternoon we either walk or make excursions in the neighbourhood. Violent exercise is not permitted. But one must be almost always in motion, in the open air. At half past seven a small circle of society collects together, generally at Princess Repnin's, where we drink coffee, chocolate, and talk and invent different means of amusement. This lasts until ten o'clock, when the party breaks up; and after a very light supper, everybody goes to bed. Princess Repnin is the wife of Prince Repnin, a Russian lieutenant-general, aide-de-camp-general to the Emperor, and was military governor of Saxony while that State was under the Russian occupation. She was born a Countess Razumoffsky, and is an uncommonly amiable, agreeable person, without the least affectation or pretension whatever. Our society consists of some Russian families, some Saxon, and some German, or of the Empire, as they say here.

We make little dinner or pic-nic parties in the neighbourhood ; and one, which took place a few days ago, deserves to be mentioned. It was agreed that each person should cook a dish. We all repaired to the scene of action, armed with cooking utensils, and having chosen a suitable spot to light our fires, we appeared like a party of Cossacks at bivouac. An English friend and I furnished a dish of beefsteaks, which we effected marvellously well, with the aid of my friend's servant.

Princess Repnin cooked an excellent dish of mushrooms, in the Russian fashion. Some ladies contributed made dishes, others chops ; one, the soup, another, cakes ; and the dinner was, of course, served up in a magnificent service of plate, *on the grass* ; and I venture to say few dinners, executed by amateurs, ever succeeded as well. This dinner has been the subject of our jokes ever since, and still occupies the pencils of those who are adepts at sketching.

If we had a more genial climate, all this would be very delightful ; but oh ! what a summer this has been ! Until the middle of August we never had two dry days running. We had a fine, warm day yesterday, but to-day the clouds are collecting, and the whole of last week was as cold as November, with a northerly wind.

* * * *

F. P. W.

Brussels, 22nd January, 1816.

MY DEAR FATHER,

* * * *

In order to make you understand the embarrassment in my mind in coming to the decision of repairing to London, I must now enter into my own affairs.

On my way to London, whither I had been directed to proceed, to take my orders for the court of Dresden, I fell very seriously ill here, about the end of October. It was quite impossible for me to continue my journey. An English surgeon of some eminence was called in by Lord

Clancarty, who pronounced that my disorder had not been understood in Germany, and, consequently, wrongly treated.

I informed Lord Castlereagh and Hamilton of my illness, and they immediately gave me leave to wait at Brussels until I was recovered, where they promised to send me my orders for Dresden, where they wanted me to go as *Chargé des affaires*. But Hamilton wished that I should previously repair to London, if possible. At that time it was quite impossible for me to undertake the journey, and a long delay occurred, during which I gradually recovered. I announced myself ready to proceed, and asked for my orders for Dresden, for which, I said, agreeably to their permission, I should wait here. A week had scarcely elapsed from the time I wrote this letter, when I received my brother Nat's letter informing me of his arrival in England.

Now, having decided to repair to London, I hope to arrive there before my orders have been dispatched to Brussels. Should I be fortunate enough to effect this, they will be rather glad than sorry to see me in Downing Street ; but should they have sent me my orders, I then hope, that, on an explanation, Lord Castlereagh will allow me to stay ten days, at least, previous to going to Dresden.

I was gazetted for Dresden in November, but the salary is not paid until I go to the post. My illness, and the delay it has occasioned, are the only causes why I should not have been there long since as secretary of legation and *Chargé des affaires*.

John Morier is appointed Envoy there ; he does not intend to go out until May. Whether in the meantime they still wish me to go there I know not. I myself do not much like going there as *Chargé des affaires*. That appointment gives me no more real rank than that of secretary of legation ; more pay is attached to it, in order to keep a table, &c. ; but more expense is also attached to it, and I am greatly afraid of keeping a house with *any* allowance they grant. If they do not wish me to go as

chargé until Morier's arrival in Dresden, I need not, in that case, go there until he does; and I shall be free to do what I please, and devote my time in London to my brother's interests.

Pray give my love to my mother and sister. I have not had a line from you since I left Egra.

I trust you always believe me to be your very affectionate and dutiful son,

F. P. W.

TO B. STOWE, ESQ., DOVER.

Brussels, 19th January, 1816.

MY DEAR SIR,

I take the liberty of recommending to you the bearer of the present letter, Mr. Benjamin Constant. This gentleman, whose political writings are probably known to you, has thought proper to quit France, and is now proceeding with his wife to London. They, like most foreigners, entertain an alarming idea of our custom-house examinations. In order to deliver them from these unreasonable apprehensions, I have promised them a letter to you. He, I believe, has some copies of his different publications printed on the Continent; should any difficulty arise between him and your officers, I feel persuaded you will be as lenient as is consistent with the line of your duty.

For any such mark of your attention, I shall feel obliged to you. I am waiting here for my order for the Court of Dresden, where I have been appointed *Chargé des affaires*. Ill health has detained me some time. If I can be of any use to you in Saxony, I shall be at all times happy in serving you.

I am, &c. &c.

F. P. W.

Frankfort-on-the-Maine, 25th June, 1816.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

That I have not written to you from London during the four months I was there, must appear very singular to you. Nat will, however, on his return, give you such an account of the life I was obliged to lead in that great capital, as will enable you to conceive that private correspondence could not be attended to.

I rarely got to bed before three or four o'clock in the morning; often six. Pleasure counts for something, but not for much in that kind of life. I was obliged to keep up my acquaintance, to mix in society, to go to balls and parties, to see and be seen, to hear all that is going on, to know people and to become known to them, and, in short, to keep myself well in the opinion of the leading people in London society.

You may imagine that it is a very laborious kind of amusement. I should infinitely prefer a country cottage and my books to that kind of life; but I am embarked in it, and to get on in my profession, even to keep my ground in it, all this must be done. Once in two or three years I ought to visit London for this object alone, or else here in Germany I may be not only forgotten, but may myself forget the characters and ways of those who form the leading members of English society.

I arrived in London in an extremely weak state, but my native air speedily invigorated me, and I got stronger every day, notwithstanding the fatiguing life I led. During this time I was not so forgetful of you as you may have suspected, as I sat for my portrait, which I now send you. It is not reckoned a very striking likeness, but Nat thinks it very good. I will sit again at Dresden for Eliza, and, as she delights in uniforms, I shall have, as his Majesty's secretary of legation, the Windsor uniform on my shoulders. As *you* only want to see your son, and not his livery, for which I have no very great predilection, I have had this portrait made in plain clothes.

We are going to dine at Lord Clancarty's, and I must

finish, or we shall be late. So God bless you, my dear mother. Believe me to be your very affectionate and dutiful son,

F. P. W.

Frankfort, 25th June, 1816.

MY DEAR FATHER,

The last time I wrote to you was on the 22nd of January, from Brussels, when I proceeded to London to meet my brother. I refrained from writing you during my stay in London until I should be able to report that we had formed some plan for our different interests which might offer a fair prospect of success.

My time was fully occupied during my stay in London, in cultivating the acquaintance of persons with whom I have been thrown together during the last four years. You must be fully aware both of the necessity and utility of my maintaining these connections. Without them, I should find myself scarcely able to maintain my present ground in my profession, still less to advance. Fortunately the persons with whom I have contracted intimate acquaintanceship, are, in general, of that rank in society as to afford me the best introductions, whether amongst the aristocracy, gentry, bankers, or merchants. All classes are so intimately blended together by relationship or interest in London, that if one can begin with the leading class, it is easy to assimilate with the others. Acting upon this principle, I was sure of success in obtaining the best recommendations and introductions for my brother, to the first commercial houses in England and Scotland.

Hamilton introduced and warmly recommended him to Sir Robert Peel, the greatest cotton manufacturer in the kingdom. Stratford Canning recommended him to Mr. Gladstone, the first merchant in Liverpool. All these advantages are, however, more than counterbalanced by the depressed and ruinous state in which commerce now is. Regular trade has for some months, and does still, but offer loss on every side. Scarcely a single article of

import or export has sold for months, but at a very heavy loss. Great individual and private distress has and will occur before things find their level, during a peace succeeding so long and expensive a war. Money laid out in January in the stocks and in wheat, would have now given very considerable profit. But the revolution which has taken place in the trade of Europe by the peace, must be attended *for some time* with very prevalent embarrassment, and consequently with great loss to those whose capitals are but small. This distress, prevalent throughout Europe, is aggravated in England by the excessive issue of paper money, and by the practice this issue has introduced of trading far beyond the real capitals. The country banks have been principally instrumental in causing this confusion. The rapid fall in the prices of all articles, whether of necessity, industry, or commerce, has involved very many of them in ruin; and their notes in circulation amongst the farmers have again inflicted heavy losses upon the agricultural interest.

The exchange is now, however, and has been for several months, in favour of England. Specie is consequently flowing into the country, and will, with the distrust its absence has created, correct the abuse of paper money, and check its excess. But in the meantime neither gold nor silver is so abundant as it was. For the last five years none has been imported into Europe from Mexico. All articles of commerce and industry will consequently fetch less money than they did—that is, they will sell cheaper; and though the nation will have as much corn and cattle as before, it will have less gold and silver. All these considerations add greatly to the embarrassments of trade, and time alone can bring things round.

In this state of things I perfectly agreed with my brother that the best thing he could do was to remain quiet and bide his time; not to throw away the good introductions he had, by vainly endeavouring to persuade the leading commercial men, who see things in the way I have stated, to attempt business that must be attended with loss. Everybody in England who possibly can,

refrains from investing money at present in distant enterprises. Those only do business who have goods on hand, and they think the first loss the least and best, and will not make consignments to distant countries.

We arrived here a few days ago, and intend to stay but three or four days more, in order to become *au courant* with what has latterly been going on here, and to get a little better acquainted with the Saxon minister, Count Goertz. Lord Clancarty is still here, and has ever since I was at Vienna manifested considerable friendship and kindness to me. The German diet has not yet opened. The territorial arrangements between Bavaria, Austria, Baden, and the smaller German states are not yet adjusted; and until they are definitely arranged, the German confederacy cannot be organized. Bavaria has at last, with great reluctance, taken compensation for Salzburgh on the left bank of the Rhine, and now wants a communication to her new Rhenish provinces, through the states of Baden by Mannheim, which, of course, Baden refuses to concede. Baden is supported by Russia; but the difficulty will be overcome, as far greater ones have been. Tranquillity is gradually re-appearing. The general discontent and restlessness that pervaded Europe six months ago have considerably subsided, and affairs bear a much more promising aspect than one could well have expected in so short a time after the passage of such large and numerous armies, in whose train poverty and misery generally follow.

I am, my dear Father,

Your very affectionate and dutiful Son,

F. P. W.

An interval of a year now elapses, that of 1817, during which we have not been able to find a single letter. It was the first year of Mr. Werry's residence at Dresden, and seems to have been one of great suffering from severe illness, and consequent depression and melancholy. The letters of the two following years are chiefly of a domestic nature. We have been induced to insert them because they throw a clearer light on the character of the writer

than his political lucubrations, and also because they may possess another and a painful interest to the psychologist ; for in them may be discerned the foreshadowings of the dark cloud that was so soon to close over him.

TO MRS. WERRY, SEN.

Dresden, 22d Feb. 1818.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I have not written to you for many reasons. Nat may, perhaps, have explained them to you. They were, I am sure, good for nothing, and I have long felt that I have done wrong ; but I throw myself entirely on your forgiveness, in the full assurance that your motherly affection will find no difficulty in granting it to me. Ever since the congress of Vienna, both my body and mind have been a prey to sickness and disappointment ; and in such a situation, however well placed the heart may be, the head is apt to reason wrong. Long bodily suffering had apparently destroyed my former energy, and I gave myself up to apathy and melancholy. Nothing that I could communicate to you concerning myself could possibly afford you pleasure, and I felt averse to excite pain in your breast by disclosing my sufferings, disappointments, and embarrassments. Time, which is a remedy for all evils, and especially for mental ones, would, I knew, produce some change either for the better or the worse. You may, perhaps, ask why I did not write merely to assure you of my affection, without mentioning anything concerning my health or situation. The fact is, I tried several times ; but I never could write a letter which appeared to me to promise more pleasure than pain, and I as often threw my composition into the fire. I do not think, my dear mother, that you have ever attributed my long silence to want of affection, because you know the natural warmth of my heart.

My health is now, thank God, considerably better, and appears to be in a progressive state of improvement. The doctors here profess to understand my disorder thoroughly. They say it is a derangement of the arteries and glands of

the stomach ; that the blood is checked in its circulation, &c. But they flatter me with hopes of its gradually subsiding, and advise me to take the waters of Carlsbad in the spring. The symptoms within this last month have varied so much that I cannot help thinking some great improvement is taking place. The circulation is infinitely more regular this year than last, and my spirits are considerably better. My sleep, which for upwards of a year had been always troubled with horrible dreams, is now more calm. The dreams continue, but they are quiet and soothing. At times, however, I have severe spasms in the stomach, followed by very acute pains, that last for two or three days. These attacks leave me very weak and languid ; but, thanks be to God ! my general health and appearance bear now a much more favourable aspect.

I wish most eagerly to pay you a visit ; and, should Morier remain here, my intention is to apply for leave of absence for a twelvemonth in July or August, when I would pass the winter at Smyrna, and perhaps the spring. Should Morier remain here, it will be in every respect the best thing for me to do ; because my establishment here is too expensive, and because my health would benefit by a change of climate. Perhaps I may first go to London, particularly if there be any chance of my obtaining dispatches for Constantinople, Vienna, or Italy. All I have got to do is to keep my head above water, and not get into debt, which, situated as I am here, independent of the minister, is not a very easy thing.

Now, as I have told you quite enough about myself, I must proceed to inquire concerning you all. I trust that your health and that of my father have been good. Had it been otherwise, I doubt not I should have heard of it,—as bad news always travels fast. There is nothing I look forward to with so much delight as to embrace you and my father again ; and I am sure it will give heartfelt pleasure to you both to have me once more under the parental roof. I often think how happy and pleased I shall be to live under your authority again, and to conform to your habits and manners, the remembrance of which affords me

so much pleasure. Nat's return must have afforded you much happiness. He must have amused you much by his account of his travels, and satisfied my father by his success. He is not very communicative; but I suppose you possess the art of making him talk. I hope he has not given a very unfavourable report of me, though I confess I somewhat merit it from him; for I lost my temper two or three times very improperly with him: but this I am sure, if he has not forgotten, he has at least forgiven. I will not say a word of the good I think of him, because he will think I wish to coax him, as he knows he can be of great service to me. He has so unfavourable an opinion of the motives of mankind in general, and attributes so much to interest, that I am always afraid of his suspecting me of having interested views. Pray tell him that he would have found me as pliable again, if I had not had this suspicion on my mind; for, as Hamilton told him, the very idea of interest is sufficient to make me revolt. I am quite indignant, and sometimes outrageous, at being thought capable of acting from such base motives.

Kiss Frank and my niece. Their portraits adorn my study. As for Nat's, which he sent me, it is not in the least like him. I always feel inclined to throw it into the fire. Give my love to John. He has, it appears, quite forgotten me.

With regard to my father, I am quite afraid of writing to him. Besides the reasons I have stated, for my long silence, there were others that induced me to defer writing to my father. At first, I had hoped to pay off part of the balance that stood against me at his bankers. But the difficulties the office threw in my way, by which they deprived me of upwards of £100, and the independent footing I am obliged to maintain here, rendered this impossible. Then I lived in hopes of Nat's arranging this for me, but he has kept me in suspense until this hour. It would have been better for me at once to have addressed myself to my father; but as I had deferred doing it at first, I was afraid he might think that I had neglected him until I wanted money; and this idea shocked me, and

made me persevere in my silence. I must now write to him a simple statement of the case, and leave him to judge of it. He had, if he has the patience, better read this letter. I shall now have quite tired you, so I will draw to an end. Pray give my affectionate duty to my father. Let me hear from you, I beg of you, and whether I write or not, believe, my dear mother, that my affection is unabated, and that I am ever your dutiful and loving Son,

F. P. WERRY.

TO MRS. E. DARLEY.

Dresden, 20th July, 1818.

MY DEAR SISTER,

A thousand circumstances have hitherto prevented me from writing to you. Ever since the end of April, I have been extremely ill, and have suffered a great deal. It has required all the efforts I could make to recover from the fits of despondency and deep melancholy that have oppressed me. And though the kindness of several friends here induced them to endeavour to raise my spirits, I was so weak that the least exhilaration was immediately followed by still greater depression. In this state I could never muster strength or courage sufficient to write one single letter. Time, however, has brought with it a somewhat more favourable state of health, better spirits consequently, and brighter prospects, and even a better state of my pecuniary affairs. Much, however, remains to be changed on all these points, before I attain to the state I wish for. I shall use every means that depends on me to use, and for the rest I shall be perfectly resigned to the will of Providence.

Your affectionate letter soothed my mind considerably, and the tender and affectionate expressions it contained. Do not let time and absence weaken your affection for me, but make allowance for my failings. They arise from the warmth of my character, that induces me to raise the standard of the perfection I wish to attain too high; and the regrets and vexation I feel when I swerve from it,

destroy my happiness, and lead me into the most melancholy reflections on the imperfections of our nature and the vanity of our pursuits.

Write to me, therefore, as frequently as you can; not such long letters as would be a task to you to write, but short, cheering, and kind ones. I would willingly, my dear Eliza, amuse you if I could, but I am too dull. You seem to be very domesticated; and it is by far the wisest way of living to acquire the habit of making your comforts depend on your own internal resources, and the society of a few choice acquaintances. Friends are rarely made, and unfortunately, the more one knows of human nature, and one's own imperfections, the more convinced one becomes of the difficulty of obtaining disinterested and attached friends. The giddy round of society sooner or later ends in disgust, but it is well to mix in it at times. Folly and vice are found in the higher as well as in the lower classes of society, and it is difficult to say where they most predominate. The vices of the lower classes are more gross and visible, and are therefore not so contagious and dangerous. But the prejudices of rank and fashion sap the foundations of virtue imperceptibly, and it requires strong sense and a sober mind to resist the general current. *Customs* and *words* do not change the nature of things; and the virtues of the heart, and sound conclusions of the head, are to be admired wherever they are found, in the peasant, statesman, infidel, or Christian. A truly independent mind must rise above the prejudices of the court and aristocracy, as well above those of the more vulgar crowd.

There is a great deal of truth in what you say about London society. My opinion is that "*pretension*," as the French use that word, and *affectation*, are the two things that render the second and third classes of society in London disagreeable. Whenever people pretend to be more than they are, they render themselves disagreeable or ridiculous. The honest peasant's cottage has often afforded me very agreeable society. Nature, when uncontaminated, is always pleasant, and the conversation of a good

shopkeeper, as long as it does not extend to subjects of which he is ignorant, is never disagreeable. It requires, however, a certain degree of sound sense, commonly called *tact*, a thorough knowledge of one's own means, to limit oneself within the compass of our acquaintance and abilities. In the first classes of society persons are very commonly met with who want all this, and who, led astray by vanity, are constantly endeavouring to attract general attention and admiration, by the most misplaced and awkward observations on subjects far removed from their attainments. The same cause produces the same effect in various circumstances. Vanity is the cause, I think, and *pretension* and affectation are the ways in which it acts.

As, however, our prejudices run in favour of the higher orders of society, and as we admire a skilful more than a clumsy artifice, we are not so much disgusted with the affectation and pretension of the upper orders, as we are with those of the second class ; while, to descend a step lower, the affectation of the tailor's wife becomes laughable and ridiculous in the extreme.

The most polished men and women I have seen have been the least affected, the most natural and simple ; they have avoided shocking public opinion and received notions, and have been moderate in their actions and expressions, viewing the prejudices of others with indulgence ; and when they found themselves obliged to oppose them, using persuasion rather than argument. But as the greater part of mankind only judge by appearances, it happens that they imitate the exterior only. A good observer, however, soon perceives that such have only learnt their task by rote ; for if the manners have been but acquired by habit, without the mind's having been brought to that calmness and benignity, and to that love of nature's simplicity, and that through conviction of the necessity of general indulgence for each other, cases will constantly occur where the natural roughness of the intellect will be betrayed. At all events, such a person will copy without discrimination, and change with every change.

I don't like Mrs. P. F., nor her brother who is in our

office ;—that is, I mean I don't like their *ton*, which is very far from being good. It is all artificial, and soon seen through. But they are very good people, I will be bound. Poodle Byng I know very well, and his oddities rather amuse than annoy me. I believe it is a way he has got. As for Mrs. G., to tell you the truth, she used to bother me a little, though she is a tolerably good soul. I felt obliged to her and to the W.'s for their civility, though it sometimes deranged me. The W.'s are rather dull people, but very worthy, and connected with some of the richest people in the East Indian affairs.

Sir John Sewell is a most excellent, learned and intelligent man ; his talents are thought very highly of in his profession. You should keep well with them. Lady Sewell is a truly good woman. Amiability and an affable manner cost nothing, and always endear you to people. Henri Quatre used to say—

“ Paroles douces, et main au bonnet,
Ne content rien, et toujours bon est.”

We should keep well with all but the vicious.

I am on the point of going to the baths of Carlsbad and Egra, in Bohemia, there to drink the waters, which my physician insists on. I don't at all like this expedition, for I am quite sick of travelling. I have some faint expectations of being ordered to the Congress at Aix la Chapelle ; but don't say a word about it to a living soul, I beg of you.

The King of Saxony is going to celebrate the fiftieth year of his marriage and reign in September, when his brother-in-law, the King of Bavaria, and his family will visit this court. I am sick of such shows ; and if I am not employed as I mentioned, I shall, probably, pass the autumn in hunting and shooting in Bohemia.

God bless you, my dear Eliza, preserve me ever in your affection ; and believe me to be, unalterably,

Your very devoted and affectionate brother,

FRANK.

TO THE SAME.

Carlsbad, Sept. 8th, 1818.

MY DEAR SISTER,

I received your affectionate letter of the 10th of August, here, a few days ago, and I cannot find words to express the delight and gratification I experienced in perusing it.

I had heard of Nat's intended marriage, from himself, a few days before I received your letter. From what I can remember, I agree with you in thinking he has made a good choice; indeed, I really don't think a man can lead a life at all satisfactory to himself without marrying. I wish I could find a woman I *could* love, and who had a competency. But I am afraid that such as I would have, would not be satisfied with me; and I confess that I am without measure *difficile*; for I do not think, with the many, that marriage is a mere matter of convenience. Scarcely anything less than an angel would rivet my affections; and what angel would have to do with me? However, let me know whether there be in the circle of your acquaintance any such angelic creature. But Heaven preserve me from blue stockings and *femmes à pretension*!

I shall now follow your example, and break off in the middle of my letter. It has already struck twelve, and I should have been in bed at ten, as I am obliged to be at the Spring at six. You will be pleased to set a higher value than usual on this letter; for you must know that both writing and reading are most peremptorily prohibited during the use of the waters.

God bless you, my dear Eliza; I hope you are now enjoying a refreshing sleep, and that you will rise with the lark, gay and happy. May the Almighty bless, preserve and defend you!

Sept. 9th.—I will now give you some account of myself and plans, interspersing it with such descriptions as may amuse you.

I arrived here on the 25th of July, having stopped a few days at Töplitz, to see Prince Clary and his wife, who is a

daughter of the famous Prince de Ligne. Töplitz is on the Bohemian side of the Riesengebirge (Giant's Mountains); it is a small town; the baths are of a sulphurous nature, and are very efficacious in rheumatic and gouty cases, as well as for contracted limbs and wounds.

Prince Clary is lord of the manor, and his rights extend over a fine district, abounding in game. His chateau is in the town, and is adjoined by a very extensive garden, in which are two small lakes; it is laid open to the public, and at one end of it is an hotel, where a good *table-d'hôte* is kept. Here balls, and concerts, and parties are given; and the persons of distinction who reside at Töplitz during the bathing season generally assemble in the evening at Prince Clary's, where they drink tea, play at cards, and sup.

On my way to Carlsbad I also paid a visit to the hospitable family of Count Czernine, at a beautiful place at the feet of the Riesengebirge, called Schönhof. On my arrival at Carlsbad I found the place so full, that it was with the utmost difficulty I could get a room.

Prince Metternich, and all the corps diplomatique from Vienna, were here, besides most of the Austrian ministers at the northern courts of Germany. Gordon, who, in the absence of Stewart, from Vienna, is minister plenipotentiary, was here with a very good cook and establishment. As he was an old acquaintance, and as on his Majesty's service his expenses were defrayed by Government, I made no scruple of living principally on him.

The influx of visitors was beyond anything ever before known. Marshal Prince Schwartzberg and his family, and his eldest brother, Prince Joseph, who is one of the richest individuals in the Austrian States; the Princes Reuss, Bentheim, Scöenberg, the Duke of Anhalt Bernbourg, Galitzins, Lubomirskis, Jablonoskis, &c.; Princess Cobourg, the Dowager, mother of Prince Leopold; the Princesses of Wied, Esterhazy, Lichtenstein, and many ladies of the first distinction. All these people had their own establishments, so that we had grand dinner-parties every day. In the evening we all assembled at a sub-

scription ball, where, till half past ten, we played cards, or danced polonaises, waltzes, or contre danses.

The tone of society is most excellent; French is the language most generally spoken, and the dresses are always simple, and *sans pretension*; the men frequently in boots, always in plain clothes, and without ribbons and decorations. I knew most of these people at the Congress, and at the head quarters, and was consequently extremely delighted at meeting so many acquaintances. The Czernines arrived here in the middle of August, and they keep an excellent house.

Catalani arrived at the same time, and gave two grand concerts. But as she dined every day at some one of the parties, she sang almost always of an afternoon. Marshal Blucher and the Princess arrived at the same time, but in a very bad state of health; and the Russian Secretary of State, Count Capo d'Istria. Society was also enlivened by the presence of several celebrated authors—Goethe, the great poet, and Gentz, a great political and historical writer.

At six in the morning the Spring was so crowded that you could hardly approach it. A band of music plays on the promenade, which is frequented till nine, when the company repair to the walks round the town till ten, the hour of breakfast. Parties are then made under the trees, —but this meal must be most simple, two small cups of coffee and a dry biscuit. At twelve the visitors walk again, or such as have saddle-horses ride, till two. The environs of the town are extremely romantic. On each side of the town mountains rise up from your very windows, covered with dark firs and beech, the monotony of which is broken by craggy rocks. Beautiful walks are cut through these woods, while the carriage-roads follow the windings of the river Tepel through the most lovely valleys.

At two o'clock those who bathe return home, and three is the general hour of dinner. There are three large *table-d'hôtes*, which, however, I have never dined at, being always engaged out. At five the whole *élite* of the company drive out to some of the neighbouring villages, where

they take coffee, and saunter about—constant exercise being requisite in the use of these waters, or apoplexy might be apprehended. At half-past eight they assemble in the Salle de Saxe, and at half-past ten retire to rest. Thus day after day glides away, and I have been so agreeably engaged, that I have scarcely found time to write two lines since I have been here.

At the end of the season Lord Stewart and Prince Esterhazy arrived here from London. I was exceedingly glad to meet them, particularly the former, who has befriended me on several occasions. He stayed here but a few days, principally at the request of Marshal Blucher, who was delighted to see him. He then proceeded to Vienna with Gordon. He wanted me much to accompany him to Hungary, to hunt with his fox-hounds at Kitzig, a chateau that Esterhazy has lent him. But as I was obliged to drink the waters ten days more, and he intended to start for Aix-la-Chapelle on the 23rd September, I declined the invitation; under the agreement that it should hold good for a more favourable opportunity.

Marshal Blucher is still here, and has recovered considerably. I go to see him generally twice a day. The old Marshal remembered me very well, and he has taken rather a liking to me; he wants me to pay him a visit in Silesia, and promises that I shall have some good shooting and coursing there. His right-hand man, Count Nostitz, who saved his life at Ligny, and with whom I have been very great friends, insists on my going there.

The Countess Blucher, the son's wife, is a beautiful, and the Princess an uncommonly good kind of, person. They speak but little French, and the Marshal always speaks German; so that I am obliged to speak German to them, which I am rather glad of. The Marshal always plays a rubber of whist before dinner, and in the evening he plays again. He reminds me a good deal of my father. The upper part of his face and his head very much resemble him; then, the energy and expression of his speech and manner are like his. He also sits in the

morning with his feet in a kind of sack, which I remember my father used to do in his office.

Sir William Ingilby, who has been here three weeks, makes one of the Marshal's whist party. He is in every respect three parts a German—smoking a great deal, speaking the language very well, and wearing a large pair of whiskers; he is an eccentric, but a good and clever fellow, and desires to be kindly remembered to you.

I have been lately a great deal in the society of Count Capo d'Istria, the Russian secretary of State, who is a native of Corfu. He is a very superior man, full of knowledge, and extremely amiable and good natured. I am very happy to have had so good an opportunity of cultivating his acquaintance, for he has sought my society in a manner that has been very flattering to me.

I go from hence to Prague, and thence, on the 20th, to Count Czernine's, where I shall stay till the 20th October. I send my horses there to-morrow. After that I shall perhaps go and stay a fortnight at Count Sternberg's, not far from Glatz, where he has good boar and roebuck shooting. Count Sternberg is the greatest friend I have in this part of the world. He is a man of the most amiable manners and nature, I know, and his head is full of learning. He was sovereign Count of Mandersheid-Blankenheim, on the Rhine, and lost his sovereignty and domains in the revolution, when he retired to the estates he fortunately had in Bohemia. He is lineally and maternally descended from the daughter of James I. of England, who married the unfortunate Frederic V., the Elector Palatine and King of Bohemia. The royal Stuart blood also runs in his wife's veins. He is related to the first families in Europe, and the Duchess of Infantado, in Spain, was his aunt. The family are most delightful people; and in general the women in the Austrian States are extremely accomplished and well educated.

A letter from Hamilton may, of course, upset all this plan; but he may not answer for two or three months, and I cannot wait here so long. After this, I have not exactly decided whether I shall go, for a few days, to

Marshal Blucher's, or to Cobourg. I have a great inclination to go and pay my respects to His Royal Highness the Duke of Saxe Cobourg, whom I have the honour of knowing, and who, I understand, will receive me very well, and give me some shooting. I shall also have an opportunity of paying my respects to Prince Leopold and the Duke of Kent. And, as some of the persons of the Duke of Cobourg's court have told him I intend to go there, I think I could not do better than go for a few days previously to returning to Dresden, where I shall be by the end of November. As for the *fête de famille* of the King of Saxony, I have nothing to do there, and don't like court ceremonies.

Pray continue to write to me, and let me know what you do, and who you see. I am afraid the length of this letter will fatigue you, but I had so much to say.

Adieu, my dear Eliza, and believe that I am your fondly devoted and affectionate brother,

FRANK.

Gestithof in Bohemia,
6th October, 1819.

MY DEAR FATHER,

With regard to my professional prospects to which you allude, I do not despair. Whatever men are at the head of the executive government, I believe that I shall always be able to find employment in the diplomatic line; and if Lord Castlereagh stays in, I feel convinced he will ultimately do something for me. Both Hamilton and Planta will support me, but I prefer at present remaining quiet. I wish to convince the Foreign Office that I possess both prudence and patience. They are fully satisfied with me now, and I wish them to remain so, when I shall be able to profit by any favourable opportunity that offers. I know of no Consulship-General vacant. Hamilton, during the Congress, did not advise me to accept of one, but recommended me to continue in the profession. My residence at Dresden has been of great use to me, in giving me a clearer insight into the internal affairs of

Germany, and in enabling me to acquire the language. Length of service will always afford me a claim to promotion ; particularly now-a-days, when public opinion scrutinises so severely every step of the administration.

I have been here at my friend Count Czernine's, partaking of his hospitality, ever since the 25th September, and shall stay here till the 20th instant. The weather is not very favourable for hunting and shooting ; which is a great pity, as the stags are remarkably strong, and there is a great abundance of game. There never was a more numerous party assembled here of the first people of the country. We sit down fifty-four to table every day. A French and German play are in course of rehearsal for our amusement, and on the 16th we are to have a grand ball, when we are to have the company of the officers of the garrison in the neighbourhood, and a few ladies. We are expecting the Duke and Duchess of Bedford here every day. Prince Esterhazy, the Austrian ambassador in London, has recommended them to the Czernines.

* * * * *

Your affectionate son,
F. P. W.

Dresden, 12th Dec. 1819.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

You will have heard from my father that I had received the very affectionate letter you were so good as to write to me from Boudja, in the month of August.

* * * * *

The subject on which I presume you will most wish for information, is my health. It is, thank God, infinitely better than last year. The waters of Carlsbad, I verily believe, saved my life, though I am still subject to violent pains of a rheumatic nature. I am therefore obliged to adhere to a particular diet. All my digestive organs seem very liable to irritation. Coffee and milk disagree with me, so do vegetables, and wine unmixed with water. In proportion as my illness has diminished, my mind has also become more tranquil. The irritation that seemed to be

propagated from the stomach throughout my whole system, and which affected my temper, spirits, and mind, in an unaccountable and incredible manner, has almost entirely died away. } I feel, as it were, another person ; contented and happy, enjoying the blessings of life with thankfulness to the Author of all good, and reconciled to myself, to my lot, and to mankind : whereas, before, I felt apprehensive of going mad. I felt some impulse within me, quite beyond my own control, as if some devil had taken up his abode within me. Such sufferings, you may easily imagine, make me cautious of my health, lest I should fall into such a state again ; and the feeling of health fills me with gratitude to God, for having spared me to continue my probation and improvement in this world.

Thus far I have said a great deal about myself, all of which will, I trust, afford you pleasure. I am happy to think that your health, my dear mother, continues good. The plain of Boudjah is the most favourable spot I can think of about Smyrna, for driving in a carriage. Do any of the natives seem inclined to adopt such a conveyance ? What do they think of it ? I can easily imagine my father's repugnance to adopt the carriage, and I hope that God may grant him still long health and strength to ride. Does my father still take his old walk to the burying ground ? Frank, instead of Johnico, will now be his companion. Is Frank a favourite with my father ? I should like to have some detailed account of this young nephew of mine.

I will now, my dear mother, begging of you to write to me as soon as you can find time, wish you a merry Christmas, and a happy new year. I pray constantly that the Almighty may grant you every happiness and blessing consistent with your future salvation ; and

I am ever, my very dear mother,

Your truly affectionate and dutiful son,

F. P. W.

TO MRS. E. DARLEY.

Dresden, 7th May, 1820.

MY DEAR ELIZA,

I see no prospect of finding the leisure I could wish for to write to you, and you must therefore excuse this hasty and unconnected letter. All my spare time during this winter has been taken up with an enterprize, which I have not yet entirely brought to a termination. In the beginning of February, I was confined to the house by several large boils successively appearing on my shoulders. These visitors, while they improved my general health, prevented me from dressing, and I then undertook for my amusement the translation of a history of the Emperor Frederic II. This work meeting with the approbation of my friends here, I formed the design of publishing in England, with notes, and an appendix, containing a digest of the code of laws that Emperor gave to his kingdom of the Two Sicilies. The latter part of this design has imposed on me the necessity of reading through a great many old authors, and comparing them together. The translation will be finished in ten days, but I shall, perhaps, postpone the completion of the digest and notes until next winter. The period is very interesting, and the work is wanting in English.

I have several times thought of taking a trip to Paris to see you, when, perhaps, I might be of some use to you ; but the state of my money matters forbids it.

Whatever you do, I am sure you will keep clear of acquaintance with all people whose private or public character is tainted. Do not, under any consideration, even be seen with such persons. A—— must be kept at a great distance. I cannot commit to paper what I should like you to know, but I beg of you to pay attention to my advice on such points, because I have had, and still have, in my public situation, means and sources of information that every one does not possess. You mention also some titled persons, whom I recommend you to avoid.

Poor Hamilton is very ill. You will have seen by the papers that he is gone to Barrege. Cooke, his former colleague, died last month, after a very short illness.

His health was, however, broken long since. He was a man of remarkable abilities, experience, and knowledge, and had great influence with the present cabinet. I have lost a warm and powerful friend in him.

I see no prospect yet of promotion, but I continue to receive very warm and friendly letters from Downing Street ; yet I am not in a hurry to push forward ; longer service, more knowledge and merit, may make my employment perhaps desirable by Government itself. It is always more agreeable to be sought than to seek.

* * * * *

Your affectionate brother,

FRANK.

TO THE SAME.

Dresden, 24th July, 1820.

You are indeed, my dear Eliza, very good in replying so soon to my letter. I will not fill up the space that should be dedicated to better purposes by stating the circumstances that have prevented my writing oftener, several of them are peculiar to myself. You know what a mortal hatred I have for letter writing ; nothing but the apprehension of incurring the anger of my friends ever induces me to finish a single private letter. I find it a very, very, difficult task to open my heart even to you ; yet when I write to you I cannot content myself with doing less. I am, as you know, splenetic, and feel something that is not natural within me ; it may be gout, rheumatism, I know not what it is, but it is in a great measure beyond my control. My brain is full of strange images, scenes, reflections, and projects. I marshal them, and keep them in as good order as I can ; but at times I become dissatisfied with myself in the first place, and the world in the second. Then I think that this is impious, and that piety enjoins resignation to the order of things that God permits. I am then full of good resolutions, but fail in executing many of them ; I become mortified at my weakness. The standard of moral conduct I have formed is exalted, but my constitution is irritable and frail, and I have so many

failings that when the spleen seizes me I despair, fall into melancholy, hate myself and the world again, and try to drown thought in reading and study. All this is in a great measure constitutional, and proceeds from some inward derangement. When I get better, I wake up as it were, and rouse myself; reflection then tells me that I am here to acquire good habits, and discipline the spirit; that it is not enough for me to learn and know what is right, but that I must go forth and *under all circumstances do what is right*. I then return for a time to my duty. Such is the combat I am engaged in. I am not faint-hearted, but it requires more than courage, it requires perseverance; a quality that ardent temperaments such as mine do not naturally possess.

This warm weather agrees with me very well, and I go out of doors as much as possible, finding that the less I read and write the better I am.

How easy it is for you now, after all I have said of myself, my habits, and temper, to understand my silence, without thinking that I am less devoted to you. It is quite impossible for *me* to set the value *you* do on my letters; on a fixed and limited subject I can write with ease. An essay or a dissertation would cost me no trouble, but a letter to a person whom I love is what I never yet could write to my satisfaction. I will not attempt to say why.

I am quite grieved to think that you have had the tertian fever; it is a very tormenting disorder. I have had it twice. I recommend you at all times to avoid every kind of fermented drink, and to take care the water you get is pure and good. I do not believe that wine gives any strength whatever. It is an irritative, and excites spasmodic action in the stomach; while the subtle acid it contains is bad for the blood and finer vessels and membranes. One may accustom one's self to almost anything, but the thing is to accustom one's self to what is best for one's constitution. A glass of madeira or sherry now and then may be good to give tone to the nerves of the stomach, but it should be taken very sparingly, and never more than one small glass at a time.

King is an excellent fellow, of sterling merit ; I have a very great regard for him. He is not a man of the world, but understands individual character well ; he thinks that in living in society one must sacrifice something of principle, which I don't see the necessity of at all. He thinks the late hours I keep injure my health. I improve daily in this respect. It is, however, a difficult thing for anyone who has been so long accustomed to read and write in the way I have, to go to bed early. King is inflexible on this point. I believe he would break off a conversation with the Duke of Wellington himself, light his candle, and retire instantly on the clock striking ten.

I wish you joy on having escaped the snares—for such they must have been—of the Scotch peer. I clearly foresaw to what you would be exposed on your going to London, and words cannot express the anxiety and fear I have felt. I cannot conceive your having any inclination for a man so little favoured by nature, and think you condescended not a little, in receiving his attentions ; but a title, I know, fascinates women in a particular manner, as, indeed, it does too many men. He would, of course, have explained himself openly, had his intentions been such as to have admitted of it. There is an infamous degree of laxity in principles and morals, with regard to deceiving and seducing women. Many *pride* themselves on their success, and *boast* of the number of their victims. The basest artifices, the most vile and detestable breaches of honour, are frequently resorted to for such a purpose. Such persons having prostituted the tenderest sentiments of the human heart, turn them into ridicule afterwards. These men are certainly regarded with horror by every honest and right-minded being, but they stand their ground in society ; and the reason is, that there are, unfortunately, women in society of equally bad principles and conduct, but who, not daring *openly* to avow their vices, wage a perpetual secret war against virtue ; they are ready to go to any extremity to gratify their desires, and they detest everything that is honest, chaste, and

pure, for no other reason, that I can comprehend, but envy of what they have lost.

These things must be known to you. In dealing with the world, it is absolutely necessary to depend entirely on one's own conscience, and never to place oneself at the mercy or generosity or justice of any individual.

I am on the point of going again to Carlsbad for three weeks, and may, perhaps, pay a short visit to my friends the Sternbergs, who have just lost one of their daughters, the Countess Brühl; she died a few days ago of a rapid consumption, having been married but three years. These most excellent people will be plunged in the deepest affliction. I have myself been much shocked at her unexpected death: she was a most amiable and interesting creature.

Present my best remembrances to Mrs. Corry, and believe always, my dear Eliza, that my best wishes are for your welfare and happiness, and that my affection for you is unalterable.

Your devoted and attached brother,
FRANK.

Dresden, 26th October, 1820.

MY DEAR FATHER,

Several months have elapsed since I have been gratified by a letter from any of the family; I hope, however, to receive shortly a very full account of you all from William Beaumont, whom I daily expect from Vienna, on his way home.

I presume that your time is very fully occupied with the burthensome protection you are obliged to extend to the refractory Septinsular subjects. I trust Nat's time is more profitably engaged. The departure of two of my friends for Vienna, affords me a favourable opportunity of writing to you. My health has considerably improved. I take a great deal of exercise, going out a shooting three, or even four times a week; when I walk in rather a hilly country from six to eight hours a day.

The Minister and I are on the best terms. I see no

prospect of his moving. I did expect to have been more actively employed, and have had some correspondence with the office on the subject ; but their time is so entirely taken up with the Queen's business, that it is useless to expect they can attend to anything else, until that is disposed of.

That business is peculiarly unfortunate for all concerned in it. The constitution was sufficiently hated and despised by the radicals and the whigs of the present day, before the royal name and character were thus brought forward to be the butt of every ribald remark, and the subject of every kind of foul reproach. The head of the government cannot but suffer much in this unfortunate transaction ; the executive loses also a great deal of its weight.

For my part, I believe the Queen to be mad ; and the best policy would *perhaps* have been, for the King and his ministers to have refrained from bringing any accusation against her, until she committed herself so deeply with the radical party, at whose head she virtually placed herself, that no doubts could any longer be entertained of her projects. But old animosities and private motives, among those who had the ear of the Sovereign, made it difficult for the subject to be regarded in this point of view.

There is a report that Lord Castlereagh is going out. I do not believe it. As far as I am concerned, a change of ministry would not affect me. I should not stand so good a chance of promotion, perhaps ; but I believe that with patience, under any party, I shall ultimately get on. I sincerely hope you may see me promoted. I suspect it would afford you more pleasure than me. My ambition has entirely died away. Age makes me more doubtful of my own opinions. I see a power far superior to that of man guiding the events of this world. We are like the fly on the axle-tree of the carriage wheel, crying out, "What a dust I make !" I am growing afraid of responsibility, and see too clearly that, in enacting all the superior parts in life, one is engaged in a perpetual struggle with the ignorance and vice of the many. I could say much more

on this topic; but I know, my dear father, that you like few words; and you are right.

I shall probably accompany Lord Henry Moore for a few weeks to Vienna.

The sovereigns are to meet on the 29th at Troppau, to decide on the Italian affairs. The peace of Europe will not, I expect, be troubled. I should like much to hear some news of Ali Pacha, and whether the Porte has increased its power in Asia Minor.

The Duke of Cambridge passed three days here on his way to Hanover, and was extremely amiable.

My prayers are ever for the health, happiness, and welfare of you and my dear mother; and I trust you will believe me to be,

My dear Father,
Your very dutiful and affectionate Son,
FRANK.

Dresden, 27th November, 1820.

I hope, my dear mother, you will not be angry with me for writing to you so seldom. I find it at all times no easy matter to fill up a sheet of paper to you without almost exclusively speaking of myself; and though your maternal feelings, and the lively interest you have always taken in the welfare and happiness of us all, would render an apology for this egotism unnecessary; yet I cannot help saying, my dear mother, that I should feel much pleasure in having it in my power to speak more of you in my letters than of myself. Unfortunately I know too little of the details of your family circle, of your actual occupations, of your amusements, hopes, and fears, to enable me to descant on these subjects. Everything has so altered since I left you: your more intimate acquaintances have disappeared—in your own family a new generation has arisen. Nat's children I, however, presume surround you, and beguile the hours of the long winter evenings with their innocent prattle. It would give me great pleasure to have an accurate sketch of the way in which you pass your time, of the

characters of your grandchildren, and of your other social resources. I suppose you generally occupy the small room adjoining the drawing-room, in which there is a comfortable fire-place, and where a small book-case formerly stood on the left hand of the door, and where was a bust of my uncle under a glass shade. There my father used to read the newspaper, when he not unfrequently monopolized the whole of the lamp ; unless, as sometimes happened, the room was suddenly illuminated by the top of the paper catching fire, while he was reading a paragraph at the bottom. It was from this room I have so often taken my departure, after a good breakfast—a thing unknown in this country—for a shooting excursion to Boudgea. Do you remember our very early rides in the summer mornings from Boudgea by the stream that runs towards Kosagatch ? Nothing would make me more happy than to be able to recall those days. If I had the means, I would instantly obtain leave of absence and pay you a visit. Terrick Hamilton will not, I think, remain long at Constantinople. I expect shortly to hear from his brother, when I shall learn something on that point. My health is much improved. I am like a Russian horse, the better the more exercise and less food I have. My spirits are good, and I am happy. The only subject of uneasiness I have is in not being able to bring my finances into so favourable a state as I could wish. I am convinced that the only way to live is to save money ; whatever means one has, to spend a good deal less than one's income, because unforeseen events are constantly occurring. You may form some idea of the obstacles I have to contend with, when I assure you that we have not been paid one farthing of our appointments since the King's death. At this moment we are only paid up to the 29th January last. You will be pleased to hear that the minister and I continue to be on the very best terms. As to his manners and ways, at which so many take offence, everybody has something peculiar in this respect. We must take people as they are. We cannot make them according to our own notions.

The winter has set in very early, and with uncommon severity. The snow is knee deep where it has not drifted. The King's sister died yesterday, the Princess Mary Ann. She was advanced in years, but had enjoyed very good health until lately. She was a woman of a peculiarly agreeable conversation, lively, witty, and good-natured. Her moral character, like that indeed of all the members of the house of Saxony, stood very high. She was extensively charitable, and the poor have lost a friend by her death.

I hope this letter will find you and my dear father in the perfect enjoyment of health. Nothing in this world could make me happier than to see you once more in the enjoyment of those blessings, which I pray the Almighty to confer on you both for years to come. I suppose this letter will reach you about Christmas. I will, therefore, wish you all a merry one and a happy new year. Pray persuade somebody to write to me, and do not let me be abandoned by the whole family. Assure my dear father of my filial affection and duty. Kiss Nat's children for me; remember me kindly to his wife; and believe yourself, my dear mother, that I am,

Ever your truly dutiful and loving Son,

FRANK.

TO MRS. EDMUND DARLEY.

Dresden, 17th January, 1821.

MY VERY DEAR ELIZA,

Your long silence has excited innumerable conjectures. In the dissipation of Cheltenham I have found lovers and a husband for you; and I have sometimes installed you as lady of some stately manorial mansion, whose southern aspect stretched before a verdant expanse of lawn and park, in which the timid deer browsed in conscious security, whilst rich and varied plantations and majestic trees protected it from the bleak north-eastern winds. But, although I had assigned some favoured spot

in a substantial English county for the site of this baronial hall, I found it to possess no more solidity than a *chateau en Espagne*. Less agreeable visions soon succeeded these, and now recur so often that I can no longer refrain from apprehending that something has happened to you. I am afraid you must be ill. What, in the name of heaven, is the cause of your protracted silence? I have not heard from you since June last.

Jan. 23d.—I have this instant, my dear Eliza, read through your long letter of five sheets. The last page of it affected me extremely. You have had great influence over my father, and might still have, if you would keep up a regular and affectionate correspondence with him. I am sure he could no more resist your intreaties than myself, if you spoke to his heart. I have not only great respect, but even veneration for his character. He is an extraordinary man; and although he has, as all men have, great defects, he possesses many great qualities. It is astonishing with what enthusiasm I have heard some distinguished men speak of him. I remember my grandfather was exactly like him. His three-cornered hat, and ancient costume, and his house at Sawbridgeworth are as present to my mind as if I were there now. I was his favourite, and used to assist in his reading-room at the finale of his toilette, when he used to place his leg on my shoulder to button the knees of his breeches; after which he used to take out of the pocket of a long-flapped waistcoat, such as are now worn at court, a piece of paper containing white sugar candy, as a reward for my services. He was eighty-nine years old when he died, and was hale and strong to the last. He died in consequence of a severe cold he caught by getting wet through in a long walk. He was born, I believe, in 1702. I have a wonderful attachment to Sawbridgeworth; and when I retire from the service, shall try to get the house my grandfather occupied. It belonged to an old friend of his, Captain Jocelyn, granduncle to the present Lord Roden. Having been much at Hamilton's father's in that county, I know several people in that neighbourhood.

I am sorry to hear you are not well. I recommend you to drink no wine, and never beer, on any account ; they both destroy the digestion, confuse the stomach, and induce fever. But take care to drink plenty of good wholesome water. I find great benefit by drinking a large glass, ice cold, on going to bed, and on getting up in the morning : but you must bring yourself to this by degrees ; it gives tone to the blood-vessels, under the coats of the stomach ; and warm drinks, though they may be good, when ill, as sudorifics, produce the contrary. Charles Bell, who stands high in his profession, recommended this to me. I have improved my health considerably by shooting.

I get up by candlelight, ride eight or nine miles, shoot all day up to my knees in snow, lunch in the field, and come home by seven or eight in the evening. We have blocks of ice two or three feet thick on the ground, and the lakes are still frozen up. The Elbe was frozen over for six weeks, but a flood has now broken it up. The colder it is, the more cold water I drink ; and sometimes, when I have been out in the frost all day, I have drunk four decanters of ice-cold water. One is obliged to take very great care how one returns into a warm room ; for if this is done imprudently, you may catch a desperate cold and fever. On the other hand, one never catches cold in going out of a warm room into the cold air if properly clothed. Greater precaution is necessary for the face. It is better to bathe it for a quarter of an hour in the coldest water, with a spoonful of eau de Cologne in it ; this draws all the heat out, restores the skin ; and your face, instead of burning all the evening, is as fresh as if you had been in-doors all day.

Lord Castlereagh offered, some time back, to remove me to Copenhagen, if I wished it, as a change of scene ; but I declined it, because the change would have involved me in new expenses ; and Copenhagen is a very dear and dull place—because it would afford me no better hopes of promotion, and because I wish to cultivate the knowledge I have acquired of the language, history, and institutions

of Germany. I am, it is true, very tired of this place ; the society has no kind of charm for me ; I lounge about the saloons when I go to them, with inexpressible dulness and *ennui*.

Foresti must, I should think, entertain you ; he is a complete *study*. The contrast between his early prejudices and habits and his English education, produces a perpetual conflict in his mind. He is a very shrewd, intelligent fellow, and understands the motives of most men better than they do themselves. He is, besides, a kind-hearted man, and would not injure any living creature. In other respects he must not be judged by our own standard.

The conscience is formed in a different field of comparison in each individual. In persons of different nations the shades of differences are more discernible ; but, inasmuch as we cannot make the conscience of another person direct our own mental judgments, so it is not permitted us to judge the opinions of others by our own consciences. We may understand the process without feeling the same force of conclusion with which it operates on another's mind. Thus, we understand thoroughly how Don Quixote and Sancho were induced to think and act in the various ways they did, and admire the consistency of the conclusions they come to, starting from the opposite principles they did. All this appears very obvious ; but every day of my life I see people falling into the grossest errors because they will not bear these principles in mind.

Frenchmen judge of, and pronounce opinions on Englishmen and Germans, as if they had the same chain of thoughts, and comparisons, and reflections in their minds as a Frenchman has, and *vice versâ*. Here, Englishmen talk and write of the people of this country as if they were John Bulls. On this account Foresti's character is an instructive and entertaining study. He confounds together Greek, Italian, and English opinions, sentiments, and associations, and by this means often comes to very striking and correct judgments, though he

often suspects more dexterity and *finesse* than exists. But what is not much to his advantage in his intercourse with Englishmen, is that they judge of him, his motives, and intentions by very false grounds, owing to their prejudices, and the erroneous conclusions they always come to on foreign character.

Your ever devoted brother,
FRANK.

TO MRS. E. DARLEY.

Hanover, 30th October, 1821.

MY DEAR ELIZA,

I have been nailed to the desk ever since I have been here, and have therefore not the means of giving you a satisfactory account of the gaieties of the capital.

They have been very much interrupted by the indisposition which attacked His Majesty a few days after his arrival. He had a rather smart fit of the gout, that confined him to his room for the greater part of the time, and naturally put him considerably out of humour. The natives have consequently been much disappointed, and do not, indeed, seem inclined to make full allowance for these untoward circumstances. The King himself seems to have been so well pleased with his visit, that he has positively declared he will return next year.

There have been balls and parties every night, which were crowded with the most distinguished nobility of the Hanoverian and neighbouring States. I naturally have met here many of my old acquaintances, but I have had scarcely time to speak to any of them excepting the English who have dined at Lord Londonderry's table. I have, indeed, been but to two of the balls, and then but for a short time, having had so much to write. I was asked to the concert at the King's the night before last, when there were only some eighty or ninety people; but I could not get away from Lord Londonderry's, as we had two messengers to dispatch. At this concert His Majesty was to take leave. He scarcely, however, spoke to anybody, except to the Duchesses of Cambridge and

Cumberland, and was not very gracious, it is said. He left, however, yesterday, at twelve, and has offended the inhabitants, by not going through the city. It is a pity he has not made himself more popular, as they were so well disposed ; it is impossible to say what has annoyed him. Pray don't let fall in conversation that *I* have mentioned this, for I daresay it will appear in a pointed manner in the opposition papers.

Lord Londonderry was so overwhelmed with business that I had only time to speak to him of my own affairs for a few minutes just before he got into his carriage. He said I certainly had a fair claim to promotion, but that openings were very rare now. If no opportunity occurred of making me secretary of embassy shortly, I might, perhaps, obtain a change to a higher court as secretary of legation, and that he would bear me in his remembrance ; and, on my offering to get Lord Sligo to write to him, if he wished, he said he objected to what is called "*making interest*," and that he went his own road. Lord Clanwilliam, a very rising young man, and with whom I served at Vienna, promised to support my claims, and to do all he can to further them.

The Duke of Cambridge received me very graciously, and was particularly civil to me. I return to-morrow morning to Dresden. I wrote to my father yesterday. Lord Londonderry spoke highly of my father's zeal and service, and will convey the King's approbation of his conduct and thanks to him through the ambassador. This, I suppose, will please my father. God bless you, my dearest Eliza.

Aimez moi toujours ; and never doubt the affection of your loving Brother,

FRANK.

TO MRS. WERRY, SEN.

Dresden, 20th January, 1822.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

Your very affectionate letter of the 15th November reached me at the end of December. It would be

impossible for me to express on paper the various emotions which the perusal of it called up. The assurances of your motherly love touched my heart in its tenderest point, and filled my eyes with tears. I have read your letter, my dear mother, over and over again, and every time with the most conflicting feelings; pleasure, anxiety, affection, and alarm alternately agitating me. But I find comfort in dwelling on the devout spirit of resignation and confidence in the protection of the Almighty, which pervades your letter, and, as I so well know, animates every thought and action of your life.

It grieves me extremely to remark that your health is no longer so good as it used to be. This is, without doubt, to be attributed to the deprivation of your usual exercise and fresh air. I hope you have good medical advice, and that you will be shortly restored to the enjoyment of this greatest earthly blessing. I had not heard that my father had been ill. Thank God that he has quite recovered. The scenes of agitation, the anxiety and responsibility, together with the dangers and horrors to which you have been exposed, were of a nature to shock the most robust constitution. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that they have deranged his health. On the contrary, I feel thankful to Providence that he has been enabled to surmount such aggravated difficulties and evils. God grant that you may all weather out this tremendous storm in safety. I should have answered your kind letter, my dear mother, sooner, but have had a great deal of writing on my hands lately (some political memoirs and papers to submit to the office at home), and I have waited anxiously from day to day, in hopes of receiving a letter from my father or brother, in answer to mine from Hanover and from this place. None, however, has as yet reached me; and I begin to apprehend some accident may have happened to them or to the answers.

A few days after the receipt of your letter, I was greatly alarmed by reading in the newspapers an account of the horrible events that took place at Smyrna on the 23d November last. At first I hoped they might be exagge-

rated, though they frightened me extremely. Subsequent accounts, however, corroborated the first reports. I could scarcely muster courage to read a paragraph concerning Smyrna, to such a degree were my nerves agitated. While perusing them, I recovered my breath, as I found no accident had befallen any of you. But your situation must have been dreadful! I felt as if I were with you. Our embarkation on board the *Glatton* recurred to my mind, and I well knew how to complete the picture. Since this information reached us, I have eagerly expected a letter, but none has yet come. I suppose the vengeance of the Turks was roused by the news of the massacres at Tripolizza. The Porte, however, seems to have taken very energetic measures to punish the ringleaders, and to prevent the recurrence of such terrible scenes. The general tenour of our intelligence from Constantinople is of a much more pacific character than it has been for many months, and I trust in God that a war may be avoided. However, you, being so near the fountain-head of negotiation, must know better than I possibly can what turn the discussions take, and how the probabilities tend. I will not, therefore, waste my paper on conjectures.

* * * * *

Begging you to give my love and duty to my dear Father, I am,

My dear Mother,

Your very dutiful and affectionate Son,

FRANK.

TO JOSEPH PLANTA, ESQ., UNDER SECRETARY OF STATE
FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Dresden, 10th April, 1821.

MY DEAR PLANTA,

Your letter of the month of December was driven by floating ice and contrary winds into Heligoland, and did not reach me until the seventh week from the day it bore date. I received it at a moment when I was in the greatest possible confusion, having been suddenly driven out of my lodgings and obliged to take refuge in a tem-

T

porary one, until Lord Henry Moore, who then occupied the apartments I had hired, ultimately vacated them in March. Thus in the space of three weeks I had twice to move all my goods and chattels, amongst which are upwards of a thousand volumes. I had scarcely been established in my new quarters, when I was laid up for more than a month by a violent kick from a horse on the calf of my leg. Had I received it but two inches more to the left, it would have shattered both the bones; and as it was, I have been fortunate in escaping an internal abscess. I am now nearly recovered, can limp about, and even ride out.

This recital will, I trust, my dear Planta, appease your anger at my apparent negligence. Writing is at all times an effort to me, though it is only "*le premier pas qui coute*;" but this "*premier pas*" I can seldom find energy enough to take. And had *you* been the victim of all the evils that have lately assailed me, and *I* his Majesty's under secretary of state, I should have been happy to have contributed to your ease, by saving you the effort it costs me to write a private letter.

A flux of contrarieties (*wiederwärtigkeiten*) I cannot help looking on as of bad omen. I cannot help thinking that the affairs of this world, whether great or small, are mainly influenced by a long and complicated series of circumstances over which human conduct has but little control, and that control very often of a nature opposite to what the agents themselves intended. "*L'homme propose et Dieu dispose*." I think it more befitting my physical organization, my subordinate situation, and the wary character a diplomatist should possess, to absorb a copious dose of this calming and soporific philosophy, rather than tenaciously to adhere to the idols of my own imagination, whether in the shape of abstract truths, general principles, or ideal standards of right, virtue, or liberty.

The great stream of human events, and the obscure agency of man, are unintelligible to me; and in all my attempts in the *leisure of Dresden*, to explain inexplicable things, I have never once felt mad enough to suppose

that I could possibly comprehend the full extent of that wisdom that directs the deviations of nature, and the follies of man to the most beneficial ends. I thus float down the current of life with resignation,—my duty circumscribed to the navigation of my own frail bark; a duty that has its difficulties, and consequently, its merits.

I am extremely grieved to hear that Hamilton recovers so very slowly. We have no news here. My letter is already so long that I dare not enter on the vast field of politics. I beg of you to present my most respectful compliments to Lord Castlereagh.

I need not say how happy I shall be to hear from you, and that I trust you will forgive my long silence.

And believe me to be,

My dear Planta,

Very truly yours,

F. P. WERRY.

Dresden, 26th June, 1822.

MY DEAR PLANTA,

* * * * *

The Russian cabinet has long foreseen all the great difficulties and embarrassments to which it would be exposed in following up its ambitious and insidious policy in the states of the Grand Turk. Although what occurred in Greece originated in several very distinct and even opposing circumstances, coinciding in a very regular manner, still it may with truth be said, that these events mainly grew out of the former policy of the Russian government, which encouraged every such development as might prove embarrassing to the Porte. Now this ancient policy of Russia, by which she was bound, ever since the treaty of Kutchuk Kainardjik, to support the Greeks, comes into direct collision with the modern policy of the Russian cabinet under the Emperor Alexander, adopted in 1812. Under *its present form of government* Russia cannot direct its views to two such opposite points in

principle, as well as in geography ; but the present form of government is not the most stable in the world. The Russian Empire enjoys what no country in Europe can boast, except Great Britain—an internal organization and administration separate from the executive government ; a circumstance which makes it tend more to the form of a Republic than any other European state. I need not remind you of the spirit of the Russian nobility, of the growing prevalence of abstract reasoning, and of the change which has been effected in the public opinion of that empire, by the events of late years. The dissemination of the corps that was employed in France throughout the army, and the arbitrary measures adopted with regard to the military colonies, have tended much to increase this spirit. In short, great changes are rapidly taking place in that empire, and we may live to witness a new migration from the north. Should Russia undergo such a revolution, she would overthrow every power opposed to her with more ease even than revolutionary France did, and the military governments of Prussia and Austria will vanish before her close columns. The Turks will then be driven out of Europe, and all the continent will sooner or later find itself involved in a general revolution. This is the real danger with which Prussia and Austria are threatened, and I leave you to judge whether censors, Jesuits, or the monarchical principle, will afford materials to raise a dam sufficiently strong to resist such an impetuous torrent from the north. Such a defence can only be raised by seizing and realising the new interests and relations of society, and by calling *all* classes, not even excepting the printers' devils and students, to the defence of their native soil.

The idle field of political theories may be again abandoned to the ridicule of a new Hudibras, and to the grave speculations of the professors of Edinburgh and Leipsic, and statesmen must condescend to study and labour through the detail of the wants and interests of the middle and *lower classes* of the people ; of those who form the bulk and strength of the state. What all

this has to do with the Court of Dresden I leave you to guess!

F. P. WERRY.

Dresden, 14th January, 1823.

MY DEAR FATHER,

* * * * *

I hope you will escape any revolution or insurrection among the janissaries of your city, and that this letter will find you all safe and happy. We have had the Elbe frozen up ever since the 20th ult., almost to the ground, the cold has been so severe, frequently 20° of Reaumur. I take two or three hours' exercise on the river, skating almost every day, and find myself much better in health than I have been for a long time. My rheumatism having diminished considerably since a bad cough and sore throat I caught going to court and to the balls in heated rooms, and coming out of them into the cold air, in silk stockings, which is enough to affect the strongest person. I am not much of a courtier, but on New Year's Day I am obliged to pay my respects to the different branches of the royal family. On this occasion we have to walk from the apartments of one prince to those of another, in silk stockings, through the longest and coldest passages and corridors in Europe, and all the Corps Diplomatique regularly catch cold on these occasions.

* * * * *

Your very dutiful and affectionate son,

FRANK.

TO JOSEPH PLANTA, ESQ., ETC. ETC.

Dresden, 4th February, 1823.

MY DEAR PLANTA,

I have lately had a good deal of conversation with different persons who have recently come from Poland. They concur in stating that the greatest discontent prevails in that unfortunate country, especially in those provinces that have recently fallen under the domination of Russia and Austria.

In the present kingdom of Poland, the landed proprietors are much distressed for want of money. Commerce seems to be destroyed, and a total stagnation prevails. These evils are ascribed to the prohibitory system enforced by the government, and to the perpetual variations in the rates of duties made by successive tariffs.

The Poles, too, seem to think that the government acts in the most despotic manner, that its aims are to stifle the spirit of patriotism and liberty amongst them, and to force backward the civilization which has begun to spread amongst their countrymen, and to establish a degrading military despotism.

The constitution is, it appears, constantly violated at the convenience of the executive government. Arrests and imprisonments take place every day, and applications are made in vain to the tribunals to bring the individuals to trial, and many attorneys have been deprived of the right of acting as such, on mere suspicion of being unfavourable to the government. The feeling these measures have excited is so strong that the government takes every possible means of repressing the manifestation of the public spirit. Every conceivable means of espionage is resorted to ; not a paper is allowed to enter the country until it has been submitted to the censor at Warsaw ; every letter that is put into the post is opened ; every effort is used to corrupt the servants of the gentry, and make them spies ; public confidence is, in fact, entirely destroyed, and the social relations are disturbed to such a degree that the most intimate friends avoid meeting together in the capital. These severities press heavily enough on the present generation, but the views of government extend to posterity ; for it is positively asserted that strong measures are taken to put down the parochial schools, and that every obstacle is put in the way of education. For this purpose no Pole under the age of twenty-four can quit the country without the permission of the government.

This is a rapid and imperfect sketch of the grievances stated by those with whom I have conversed. I might go more into detail, but it will, I think, suffice to say that

all parties agree in representing the constitution as a farce, and in expressing their abhorrence of the Russian yoke. Such is the buoyant nature of the Polish character, that I am inclined to think the greater part of them look with considerable satisfaction at the prospect of the arbitrary governments of the continent being involved in wars and difficulties, hoping that events may grow out of them that may enable Poland to regain her independence.

I am inclined to think the eyes of a certain party in Poland are directed towards Mr. Canning. Hints to this effect have been thrown out to me, and a desire has been manifested by some persons to be put in communication with our Government. I recommended them to address themselves to His Majesty's Minister here, but this they declined doing. I then told them that I should consider it my duty to inform you of what I had heard with regard to Poland, and at this they expressed their satisfaction.

I am, &c. very truly yours,

F. P. WERRY.

Dresden, 7th May, 1823.

MY DEAR PLANTA,

Public opinion here is very strongly pronounced in favour of the Spanish cause, and the lower and middling classes take a lively interest in the Spaniards. The higher orders and those who take a more immediate part in the government, seem to feel considerably alarmed at the prospect of the war spreading, and deprecate the open discussion of the question, which they talk of as an appeal to the people. A person with whom I am intimately acquainted, and who has had most extensive means of forming a judgment on the state of public opinion at Vienna, tells me that there is great discontent amongst the men of letters and science. You may depend on it that the possessions of the House of Austria are much more likely than is generally supposed to receive the shock of liberal opinions, and that when it comes, it will not be so easily carried off as in the days of Leopold. The side from

which events are most likely to be looked for that would awaken this spirit is Hungary. A war between Russia and Turkey would again arouse the constitutional party in that country, and it is supposed to be on that account that Prince Metternich put in motion all the secret springs of his Machiavellian policy to alarm the Emperor Alexander, with regard to the views of the French Liberals on Poland. Some even go to the length of saying that the secret Academic societies of last year, &c., and the emissaries who repaired to Warsaw, were set a going by the Austrians themselves, in order to make the Emperor desist from his designs on Turkey. Be this as it may, I suspect that the support the Emperor of Russia has given to the Ultra-Royalists, has been given for the purpose of neutralizing the Liberals, of whom he seems to entertain a salutary dread. And it may therefore be within the range of probabilities that Prince Metternich might, on the unexpected success of the Ultras in France, enter into some secret understanding with the Liberals in hopes of bringing forward the young Napoleon as an ally against Russia. This suspicion deserves to be borne in mind, because it is a matter of universal notoriety that the same object was aimed at during and after the negotiations at Chantillon!!

F. P. WERRY.

Dresden, 22nd May, 1823.

MY DEAR PLANTA,

I have great reason to think that some alteration has taken place in the views and hopes of some of the leading men in Poland. Since the Russian cabinet has desisted from its views on Moldavia and Wallachia, and the failure of the Neapolitan revolution, they seem to have directed their attention more to the means that their own internal relations afford, than to the expectation of co-operation from without.

You are aware that by a ukase published last year, the Emperor of Russia invested the Grand Duke Constantine with the civil and military administration of the provinces wrested from the Republic of Poland by the two last parti-

tions. These provinces compose the six modern Russian governments of Bialystock, Grodno, Wilna, Minsk, Kamensk, Podolsk, and Volhynia. According to the expressions of the ukase the Grand Duke is entrusted with the powers of a commander-in-chief, that is of life and death. The concentration at Warsaw of the civil and military administration of these extensive districts has considerably facilitated the transaction of all official business, and the measure has on that account been very favourably regarded by the inhabitants. I now understand that the civil authorities are actively employed in assimilating the order of things to that which has been enforced in the kingdom of Poland.

The armed force in these governments has also been separated from the Russian. You are aware that the Lithuanian corps was formed exclusively of men raised in Lithuania; but now a large number of men from those parts of Lithuania torn from Poland at the *first* partition, have been drafted out of the corps, and the regiments raised in the provinces which were dismembered at the *two last* partitions of Poland, and now under the government of the Grand Duke, have been incorporated into the Lithuanian corps; so that from 40,000 men, its original number, it has been increased to 70,000. This body of troops forms a separate army, and is under the command of the Grand Duke; it has different facings to those of the Russian troops, and the Russian officers have been gradually removed, and Poles are now exclusively promoted.

Many persons are inclined to believe that the Emperor wishes to restore the Russian provinces to the kingdom of Poland, and make it virtually independent of the Russian sceptre, by placing his brother on the throne; but that he is afraid of giving too great umbrage in Russia. Some, who are near the person of the Grand Duke, say that the Emperor solemnly promised this to Kosciusko at Paris; that it is to the interest of the Imperial family to do so, to curb the liberal tendencies of the Russian nation and nobility; that the Grand Duke himself, detesting the Rus-

sians, and knowing that he is disliked by them, wishes to obtain the crown of Poland, because, they say, there is no example in history of that people ever having murdered one of their sovereigns; and that he has persuaded the Emperor that he is beloved by the Polish army, that he can gain over most of the nobles, and that with them, aided by a vigorous police, he will be able to suppress and control the spirit of liberty that animates the gentry and citizens, and make Poland an instrument for keeping the Russian nobility and people in check.

These are the speculations to which the recent measures have given rise amongst the Poles. What seems certain is, that after the sullen gloom that succeeded the disappointed hopes raised by the prospect of a Turkish and Italian war, new hopes, combinations, and expectations, were excited in Lithuania and Volhynia.

At all events, to divide in order to govern, has been as of old the maxim on which the Autocrat has acted, whichever way these measures may be regarded. As to their policy, and their practicability, I cannot now develop the grounds on which I form my opinion on this subject; but in my next I intend to send you a narrative of facts with regard to the state of public opinion in Poland, which will enable you to draw your own inferences.

I cannot, however, help remarking, that the government in this case, as unfortunately in most of those which occur now-a-days throughout Europe, has lost the *initiative*, and that all its policy is of a *negative*, instead of a *substantive* character; of a *defensive*, instead of an *active, leading* spirit. This shews conclusively, that they who direct it are not *à la hauteur des lumières et des circonstances du temps*; and that they possess the material, but not the moral, energies of the nation. How long they can wield the one without the other, I know not; but no reasonable man can expect them to resist the storms of revolutions, even when these storms only visit neighbouring states.

The late debates in parliament have been strongly felt throughout Germany, and have redeemed our national character from the odium it had contracted by its long and

unnatural connexion with the despotic governments of the continent.

Believe me to be, &c.

F. P. WERRY.

30th May, 1823.

DEAR PLANTA,

The following examples may give you some notion of the injustice that is perpetrated in the unhappy provinces under Russian government. A student of the university of Warsaw, M. Obinski, whose father is a deputy to the Diet, and was secretary to the Chancellor of Deputies in 1820, brought up to the course of study on the 3rd of May, last year, a book of considerable celebrity, and printed upwards of twenty years ago, entitled, "*Considérations sur la Naissance et la Chute de la Constitution du 3 Mai*," from which he read some extracts. Spies informing the police of the circumstance, M. Obinski was sent for by the Grand Duke, who first found fault with his uniform (for you are perhaps aware that the Grand Duke has abolished the national costume of the students, and substituted a kind of military uniform), and then showering on him a torrent of abuse, ordered him to be imprisoned. There he was detained some months, and it was not till his father had taken several humiliating and painful steps that he could procure his release.

All who have been imprisoned are on their release compelled to take an oath that they will never reveal a word of what has been done to them—that they will not quit the country, nor the place of their domicile. Breaking these conditions subjects them to a fresh imprisonment.

Besides the ordinary classes of spies and informers, the Russian Government makes use of agents, whose business it is to stir up discontent, for the purpose of trying the feelings of the people. These are called "*des agents provocateurs*," and are well known to the present government of France. It was one of these agents, formerly an officer in the Polish army, who was sent to Paris to ascertain

what the Poles there were about, and occasioned the arrests in the palatinate of Kalisch of several persons who had been imprudent enough to open their minds to him. His name is Karski; but I am happy to state that he failed in his mission to Paris.

An order has just been issued prohibiting the gentry of the Russian provinces, and those of the kingdom of Poland, from residing at Cracow; and thus this ancient city, with its University founded by Casimir the Great nearly 500 years ago, must fall into utter decay, being only maintained in its present mouldering state by the residence of the Polish gentry and youth.

It would be an endless task to enumerate the arrests that take place in direct violation of the Constitution, on bare suspicion of persons being somehow or other connected with secret societies.

At Warsaw nothing takes place but religious processions and reviews.

The Jews have been ruined by the measures directed against them, and have in many parts turned thieves and robbers. The Censure is extremely severe, and is so much in arrears, that the almanacks for this year were not issued until Easter. The Government is also at such a loss for money, that there is a deficit in the receipts, which obliges it to levy the greater part of the taxes in anticipation.

In short, whilst the Polish nation is tormented by the most vexatious and arbitrary acts, its property is ruined by an oppressive and vicious administration. The result of the Russian occupation therefore is, that Poland remains in a state ready charged for combustion, connected with France by the Prussian monarchy as a conductor, which will infallibly convey the shock of explosion from France to the opposite extremity of Europe.

Believe me to be, &c., &c.,

F. P. WERRY.

Dresden, 29th May, 1823.

MY DEAR PLANTA,

I understand, from very good authority, that just

previous to the late changes in the ministry at St. Petersburg, the Emperor of Russia was seized with an apoplectic fit, and that he had had a similar one about two years ago.

The ministerial changes took place on his return to his country residence from Grasinge, the country seat of General Aratchieff, and a courier was sent off to Capo d'Istria to desire him to repair immediately to St. Petersburg, to take the post of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

There are two different reports afloat here with respect to these changes. The one asserts that Aratchieff had revealed to the Emperor a secret correspondence between Metternich and Nesselrode; the other, that he laid open to him a conspiracy amongst the officers of the army.

Yours, &c.,
F. P. W.

Dresden, 9th June, 1823.

MY DEAR PLANTA,

Letters received here from the Prussian Rhinal provinces state that great excitement prevails there on account of the war now carrying on by the French Government against the Constitutional party in Spain, and it is asserted in these letters, which are from men of rank, that the great body of the people look on this war as that which is to decide whether they are to live in future under a civil or a military government.

As an instance of the combustible matter existing on all sides which the smallest spark may ignite, I will cite an instance that occurred in Bohemia about a month ago. The peasants on one of the largest lordships in that kingdom rose *en masse*, seized the civil authorities, and refused to perform the *corvées*, alleging that the weight of the taxes demanded by the crown made it impossible for them to submit any longer to such unreasonable burdens. A regiment of Hussars was sent to reduce them to obedience. This occurred at Gitchinoves, an estate belonging to Count Schlick, and it is remarkable that the regiment of Hussars sent to reduce the peasants to subjection,

happened to be the one in which he holds the rank of Major!

Similar insurrections are by no means uncommon, both in Bohemia and Moravia; in those which took place in the latter country the year before last, many lives were lost. The peasants, when put down by the military, prosecute their cause before the civil tribunals, and are supported in their appeals, both at Prague and Vienna, by the lawyers, who are accused by the aristocrats of favouring their cause.

* * * * *

In this country it may be said that the want of simplification in the system of government renders it as unintelligible to the mass of the people, as were in all probability the hieroglyphics to the Egyptians. Forgetfulness of, and a total want of recurrence to, first principles, together with a general indifference to the progress of knowledge, form a striking contrast to the spirit of the age, and public opinion amongst the people. Indeed, nothing can keep the antiquated and rusty machine going, but the steady and gentle hand of him who directs it with so much prudence and mildness. The personal character of the Sovereign makes him beloved by his subjects; and on account of his age and his sufferings, the people submit to a system that no longer commands their respect, and are satisfied that the character of the monarch affords them a strong guarantee for the moderation of his ministers. But hence has arisen the laxity of the government, the delays, abuses, and corruptions that are practised under its complicated and antique forms, and the contempt with which it is regarded. And thus, although it has been as gradually formed as is a coral reef in the depths of the ocean, an abrupt barrier has been raised between the opinions and the habits of the people, between the laws and the morals of society; and amidst such contradictory and irreconcilable things, liberal opinions must become rapidly diffused. The mass of the people in this country are very capable of appreciating the advantages to be derived from the application of modern discoveries to

political economy and the art of government ; and as a greater equality exists here in the division of property than in almost any other country of Europe, peculiar facilities offer themselves for the adoption of improvements. But notwithstanding the loyal and enlightened state of the people, scarcely any concession has been made to the spirit of the times ; and this induces the restless and impatient to think that nothing short of a revolution can ultimately effect a reformation ; since they who possess the power of concession adhere obstinately and tenaciously, as elsewhere, to the antiquated order of things which has now brought the interests of the few in direct opposition to those of the many, and verified that famous saying of Lord Bacon's, that an "Obstinate adherence to custom is as turbulent a thing as innovation ;" so that we now see "its slaves likely to become the sport of time."

I will not prosecute this subject any farther ; but I cannot finish this letter without mentioning to you the hostile feeling which has been excited against our government amongst the liberals of Germany, by some reflections contained in a pamphlet called the "State of the Nation for 1823," and which is universally believed here to have been written under the immediate direction of the British Cabinet. I have not the pamphlet at hand, but one of the paragraphs in question characterises the spirit prevailing in Europe as a spirit of Jacobinism, a desire to murder kings, priests, and nobles, and to involve Europe in general anarchy. Now you must know that not a man in this country, whose opinion is at all held in respect, believes this to be the object of any, even of the most violent party. It has been attributed to the liberals of Germany, to blacken them in the eyes of the world ; but as they themselves command public opinion in this part of the world, the attempt has recoiled on its authors. The cries of Jacobinism, revolution, &c., are considered here as rallying cries used by the interested few to excite the rabble against the citizens ; but such a *ruse de guerre* can be of no use here, where the citizens excite neither the hatred nor envy of the lower orders ; so they are harmless

bugbears, not even frightful enough to alarm the old women of Germany!

As far back as last October, the liberal writers publicly professed themselves ready to abide by the text of the Holy Alliance, and directed their arguments exclusively against the policy deduced from that treaty, by the ministers of the allies. To prove their principles perfectly compatible with the kingly power, they said it was not necessary for them to refer to Joseph II., or to Frederick the Great; but that, as there had been liberal kings, so there may be kingly liberals. Such arguments, indeed, could only be required against those who are more royalist than the King, or more catholic than the Pope.

* * * * *

I am afraid it is too well known to need repetition, that knowledge is more diffused throughout the middle and lower classes of Germany, than in any other country of the globe. Some time back I found my groom reading "Leibnitz on Pre-established Harmony;" and my cook's son has taken his degrees at this University, and is now attending a course of lectures on mineralogy and botany. This is by no means an extraordinary case, and the young man has received no other support than what his parents could afford him.

The events of the last thirty years have let so much light in on these classes, that it is no longer possible to use them as blind and passive instruments. I cannot help thinking that the great fault of the Allies has consisted, as far as this part of the continent is concerned, in not duly appreciating the spirit of the times, which must be characterized as a spirit of progression.

The liberals, moreover, cannot be brought to believe that the British government was not fully aware what were the views entertained by them. Hence their indignation at the reproaches directed against them. They loudly accuse our government of a Machiavellian inclination to the spoliatory and despotic governments of the continent. Their attacks are principally levelled at our high-church principles and aristocratic practices, mono-

polies, corporation, orangemen, and exclusive system ; and Ireland never fails to be a fertile source of arguments and examples. I have had innumerable discussions on these subjects, and I need not assure you that I have used every effort to support the honour of the King's government, by representing the difficulties of its position, the necessity it is under of using such instruments as it possesses, and the impracticability of always creating new ones. But I have felt it to be my duty to state thus openly to you the opinions of those with whom I converse, together with what I can collect from the papers known to be the organs of that party in Germany.

"Fas est ab hoste doceri" is somewhere said, and if truth is ultimately to liberate the world, it must now-a-days begin by freeing us from prejudices ; and, notwithstanding the violence of party spirit, I think I may venture to state to you the opinions of a party that has attained almost exclusive influence over the public mind in Germany, without exposing myself to the censure of being their indiscriminate apologist, or of adopting any of their principles, but such as appear to be founded in truth.

My business, if at this post I have any, is, I conceive to be, to keep you informed of the state of parties and opinions, and of the probable flux of events.

The points that have called forth the animadversions of this party of late, have been the general recognition, by the Hanoverian ministry, of the principles laid down at Carlsbad, Troppau, and Laybach, and the flattering manner in which the Hanoverian Envoy at the Diet at Frankfurt received the notification of the proceedings at Verona, not even making a comment, much less a protest thereon, although the government of Wurtemberg felt itself called upon to do so. The internal administration of the kingdom of Hanover is also a subject to which they frequently recur, for the sake of proving the close connection between our policy and that of the Holy Allies, with feelings of peculiar hostility. Some rescripts, too, that have been lately despatched from Carlton House, have greatly excited their satire.

I am fully aware that in speaking so openly, I may very possibly create prejudices against myself, but I beg of you to believe that neither this nor any other consideration of personal disadvantage will ever induce me to flinch from, what I conscientiously feel to be, my duty.

Believe, my dear Planta, that it is with no ordinary feelings of esteem that I remain,

Most sincerely yours,
F. P. WERRY.

Dresden, 10th July, 1823.

MY DEAR PLANTA,

The following is a concise statement of what I have been able to gather of the state of affairs in Russia.

Nobody there has any longer the least confidence in the Emperor, who has alternately deceived everybody, and now deceives himself.

His Imperial Majesty cannot be brought to look into any kind of civil business; his ministers are sometimes months without being able to lay their work before him, for his approval. The only branch of the public service that engages his attention is the army.

The whole of the papers, and business of the State, have been secretly given over by the Emperor to General Aratchaieff, who is the very soul of the empire, and a kind of Grand Vizier, although he holds no responsible situation as a minister of state.

This man is busily employed in a scheme of forming an *Imperium in imperio*. His grand object is to divide, in order to govern; he is, as you know, the author of the "Military Colonies;" the notion of which he took from the establishment of the Jesuits at Paraguay. Some idea may be formed of his principles and policy, when it is known that at a Council of State, some person at the table having made use of the word *Ometecmbo*, which is in Russian equivalent to the Latin word *Patria*, Aratchaieff deliberately rose from his seat, and gravely said that he knew no other patria than the will of his gracious lord and master, the Emperor.

In the prosecution of his projects, Aratchaieff finds it necessary to employ the most subservient instruments. All men of family, independence, worth, or principle, are either studiously neglected, or forced by oppression and injustice to quit the service. In the army, even in the guards, the common soldiers are raised so rapidly to the rank of officers, that in one regiment (of the guards), in the space of five years, only one of the former officers remained in it; and notwithstanding this quick promotion, the soldiers are so tormented by these upstarts with drills and harsh punishments, that they are far from being in a wholesome state of subordination. Their animosity is, however, principally directed against the Emperor's brothers, who amuse themselves by exercising them, and to whom that occupation is allowed, for the express purpose, it is supposed, of rendering them unpopular.

The whole power of the government is exerted for the extirpation of everything like opinion; and every art is had recourse to to effect the dispersion of the nobility and society. Amongst the means adopted for this end may be mentioned the large establishment of troops in the metropolis, whose sustenance raises the price of provisions and provender to an enormous height. 50,000 soldiers and 40,000 horses were maintained the whole of last winter in St. Petersburg, whilst never more than 5,000 were ever quartered there during the reign of the Empress Catherine. That some other object than the gratification of the military mania of the Emperor is aimed at may be inferred, from the previous cantonments of these troops, and the regulations adopted.

Commerce and trade have suffered severely from the heavy and variable duties imposed by fluctuating tariffs. Dearth of money and great distress prevail throughout the empire, and the greater part of White Russia and some districts in Poland are still suffering under famine. Money, the state has none. It cannot, therefore, march an army, particularly against the Turks, and the Jews will not lend any more, on account of the enormous expen-

diture of the empire, and the generally impoverished state of its resources.

The line of conduct adopted by Lord Cathcart towards the nobility and society of St. Petersburg (against which, you may remember, I wrote so strongly to Hamilton in 1812), has been unfortunately followed up by his successor. The effects of this policy (if such it can be called, for it is of a negative nature, and its faults are those of omission) are now fully apparent to all reflecting persons.

The powerful party that existed at St. Petersburg in the days of Lords Whitford and St. Helens, exists no longer. The English have now no friends in Russia worth their salt. We are now only connected with a few isolated characters, vile agents of a viler agent, without influence or power.

Monsieur de Bray, late Bavarian minister at St. Petersburg, and who has been recently appointed to Paris, passed through this place a short time since, on his return from St. Petersburg; and all his conversation tended to confirm the tenour of the above statements. He said that the Emperor is much afraid of the French giving a constitution to Spain; and that Metternich has managed to gain the confidence of the Emperor, whose overweening vanity he flattered, by treating him as the arbiter of Europe. M. de Bray further said that Lepzeltern leads Nesselrode by the nose without giving himself the least trouble to conceal it from the Russians. It is worth while observing here, whilst speaking of Nesselrode, that he has become of late prodigiously rich, which he ascribes to certain manufactories at Jamburg, near Narva, a place that is said to be a *dépôt* of smuggled goods; but others strongly suspect the riches he has so suddenly acquired to flow from the Austrian treasury.

F. P. WERRY.

TO THE SAME.

25th September, 1823.

A Mr. Timson, who was lately in Russia, tells me that he was followed throughout the country by spies, having

taken charge of a letter from the Governor of Moscow, Prince Gallitzin, for St. Petersburg. This shows their apprehension of your entering into communication with the nobles of Moscow. I know from the very best authority, though I am not at liberty to commit names to paper (particularly when my letters may be read by ultra-Protestants), that the Emperor dreams day and night of conspiracies and green bags, and that very gloomy apprehensions pervade the minds of all those who are obliged to return to St. Petersburg.

In reference to the proposal I made in my No. 11, of the 6th of August, by Mr. Begbie, I have been again applied to, with expressions of surprise at having received no answer to their first communication. These people attribute their being sacrificed to the incapacity of our diplomatists. They might look to a further cause in the chain of circumstances; but, at all events, they do not calculate on incapacity in Downing Street now. I could reveal the secret to them and the world. These persons have, I sincerely believe, the very best intentions. You must not mistake me. I have volunteered nothing, and have always received their communications without encouragement of any kind. I don't see how you could commit yourself by being put in communication with them. Would it not be advisable to send somebody on that special service to St. Petersburg to act in subordination to, and concert with, Sir C. Bagot? Do not think I want to make a post for myself. That is quite out of the question; for the person employed on such a service should be of a character the least likely to excite suspicion, and the Russian agents know me of old, and hate me as the devil does holy water. Should you think fit to send anybody on such a service, I *can* give him a letter, which will place him in communication with persons, who can and will give you the most ample and accurate information with regard to the state of parties in Russia. I should doubt their being willing to give that information to your present agents; they would wish rather to be placed in communication with a more confidential agent of Mr. Canning.

Mr. Wilcocks, who left this place yesterday on his way to Persia, seemed (I am told, for I did not see him myself) to have very little idea of the subtlety of General Yermoloff, than whom there is not a more shrewd man in Russia; and the same may be said of the officers of his staff. Some of my friends, however, put him on his guard against them.

Believe me to be, &c., &c.

F. P. W.

Dresden, 25th September, 1823.

MY DEAR PLANTA,

The want of money in Bohemia is so great that the walls of Prague are covered with placards, announcing lotteries of large landed estates.

It is supposed here that the meeting of the two Emperors was partly resorted to for the purpose of frightening the Turks. This object seems now to have been attained by the change which the Sultan has made in the ministry, in dismissing the inflexible Djanib Effendi.

The hostility of Austria and Russia towards Great Britain would certainly be increased by our encouraging the establishment of a free state in the Morea; but such a state, situated on their flank, would tend considerably to control them, and facilitate any offensive operations against their front on the side of Germany, in the sense of the policy of the league of Smalkalden. The internal embarrassments of these two powers are of a nature to render their alliance permanent, and the defensive nature of that alliance obliges them to offensive measures. Witness the invasion of Spain, and the system of compression and espionage carried on throughout Germany.

The Austrian president of the diet at Frankfort resided here for two years on a commission concerning the navigation of the Elbe. He had been for several years previously at the head of the police of the kingdom of Bohemia, and then resided at Prague; and it was then thought that he directed the police of Austria over the north of

Germany. I know him very well. He is an extremely quiet, silent, observing, penetrating, mild, wily personage. His subserviency, and his perfect knowledge of the intricate paths of political intrigue, have recommended him to the protection of Metternich. Everybody here says he has been employed at Frankfort to organize a general Austrian police throughout Germany.

The press is here under the severest Censure. It is not permitted to print a line against the Holy Alliance or in the cause of civil liberty. I tried to get a pamphlet printed by a third person a few days ago, but in vain. In the meantime, anybody might print folios of abuse of England and her administration.

Monsieur de Wagenheim has taken up his residence here. The Russian minister is now absent from this court; but on his return, as I know he tried to get the Spanish chargé des affaires sent away, I should not wonder if he tried to get Monsieur de Wagenheim sent somewhere else—where I cannot guess, unless it be with the two hundred proscribed from Switzerland to the United States of America; whither at last all honest men must go, if things continue in this way much longer.

In Prussia everybody about the court is ultra; whilst the body of the nation and the whole army, except the guards, detest the Holy Alliance.

Believe me to be, &c.

F. P. WERRY.

Same date.

There never was a time when the truth of the old Spanish proverb, "Preserve me from my friends, and I will protect myself against my enemies," has become so practically evident to all mankind. If the Whigs did themselves great injury some years back by intemperately advocating the cause of Napoleon Buonaparte, it cannot be denied that the Tories are now doing their cause incalculable damage by gratuitously connecting it with that of the spoliatory and despotic governments of the continent, for

no other intelligible object than that of struggling a little longer against the tide of events, and of preserving for a time the Irish hierarchy intact.

Should the two imperial despots give occasion, by attacking the Turks, for the popular feeling of Germany and Poland to show itself, depend upon it that proceeding upon the policy you have done, you would no more be able to form a party in this part of the Continent, than you were in Spain. Despotism on the Continent has had the twofold effect of stimulating the development of a spirit of knowledge and independence, and of counteracting the power of the aristocracy, by introducing a system of uniformity. The consequence will sooner or later infallibly be, that this spirit, aiming at a general reformation, will never more tolerate political or commercial monopolies, privileges, or exclusive ranks; particularly where Presbyterianism, as throughout Protestant Germany, has overthrown the hierarchical colossus of Papacy.

F. P. W.

At the end of the year 1823, Mr. Werry was recalled to London to await the decision of the Foreign Office, with regard to certain misunderstandings that had arisen between himself and Mr. Morier. The circumstances were examined into in a just and impartial spirit, and the matter decided in such a manner as to be substantially satisfactory to both parties. But the anxiety was harassing in the extreme to a mind morbidly sensitive to the least shadow of blame; and while weakened by illness, and a prey to the melancholy forebodings induced thereby, a domestic misfortune of a peculiarly painful nature fell upon him. His mind reeled under the shock; no friendly hand was near to recover him; what measures were taken, were of a violent, injudicious kind; he was confined for two years in one of the old-fashioned barbarous private asylums, and left it, with his mental faculties completely prostrated, no more able to control or exert them, no longer master of his will.

The remaining years of his life, and they were many,

were passed in the country, in as much comfort and tranquillity as his state would admit of. His mental condition had many alleviations, his memory was perfect, his affections unchanged, and his sense of religion was so strong that his devotional exercises became not only the solace, but the business of his life. Some letters remain, written during this period, that will show how little his feelings were affected by his mental malady.

In a letter to Dr. Kreysig, of Dresden, dated 1831, there occurs this passage:—

“The afflictions of various kinds with which it has pleased the Almighty to visit me since I saw you, have been so great, that I am beyond measure surprised how I have borne them. But great as they have been, greater even has been the mercy of the Almighty in enabling me to bear up under their burden.”

And one of later date, 1834, to his mother, begins thus:—

“MY DEAR MOTHER,

Your kind and affectionate letter of the 1st Nov., 1833, from Boudjea, came duly to my hands. It grieved me much to learn that your health was so indifferent, and that you were so low in spirits; this has not tended to help my recovery. I am much obliged to you for the few domestic details you have given me of your house, the persons who reside with you, and your visitors; they enable me to form some idea of your life: it gratifies me much to hear your account of Nat's daughter.”

After desiring to be remembered to sundry old friends, he concludes with, “I should like to know whether any of my more humble acquaintances of Boudjea are living; the Turkish Aga, the keeper of the Catieef shop, and Panaiotti, the tinman and sportsman, because my mind goes back very frequently to the places where I used to go a shooting. Remember me to these acquaintances, if they be alive, particularly to the tinman.

“I offer up my prayers always for you in particular, as

well as for all of you. I place my trust in GOD with regard to you, my dear mother."

A few years before the date of these extracts, his wife had joined him ; for he had married, a year previously to his leaving Dresden, a Danish lady, to whose exertions the retrieving of his pecuniary affairs, and subsequent comfort, were principally owing. She bravely ventured in search of him—young, inexperienced in the way of the world, and totally ignorant of the English language—and found that he had shut himself up with his sorrows in a lonely house in Buckinghamshire. Here he was giving himself up to melancholy, while his servants were plunging him daily deeper in debt. Mrs. Werry's task was a hard one ; and she did all that could be done. She discharged the dishonest servants, reduced his establishment within the limits of his means, and paid his debts ; but she could not "minister to a mind diseased," and she had not funds to command the aid of an enlightened and humane physician. The means to do so came, and were tried in after years, when it was too late. The last five years of his life were spent in Mrs. Stilwell's establishment, at Hillingdon, and much benefit was derived from the regularity of the life there, the amusement without excitement, afforded by the beautiful grounds, and the kind society of the medical gentlemen ; but it was too late for a cure.

An attack of influenza and bronchitis terminated his life on the 20th January, 1859. His last articulate words were addressed to his wife—"Mary, pray for me, the terror of the Lord is upon me."

THE END.

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